

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



London

SOMETHING that happened in the latter half of 1946 broke the magic which was protecting the British Labor Government against serious opposition from its own followers. When the storm came its gusts beat against the foreign policy of Ernest Bevin.

Even in the early months of the Labor regime, there was muffled grumbling from a small socialist minority about Britain's role in world affairs. The first test came last spring when Bevin himself forced a showdown. At a meeting of Labor members of the House of Commons in March, 1946, he put his conduct of foreign affairs to a vote of confidence. Of 394 Labor members, most of whom attended the meeting, only 6 voted against him and he received an ovation.

The next trial came three months later, at the June convention of the Labor Party. Addressing the convention, Bevin showed himself sensitive to the trend which a few months afterwards was to culminate in a revolt inside his party against his policy. Bevin's speeches on foreign affairs in Parliament had frequently won approval from the Conservatives, contrasting with uncomfortable silence from the Labor benches. "I can't help it," he told his fellow socialists at the June convention, "if Tories sometimes cheer me."

After Bevin had spoken, one resolution after another denouncing his foreign policy was withdrawn or heavily defeated by a showing of hands. But during the summer a change set in. British-American relations with Russia were deteriorating. Was Russia alone to blame? British Labor thought otherwise.

In any conflict between a conservative power and Russia, British socialism traditionally has sided with Russia. This attitude goes back to 1920,

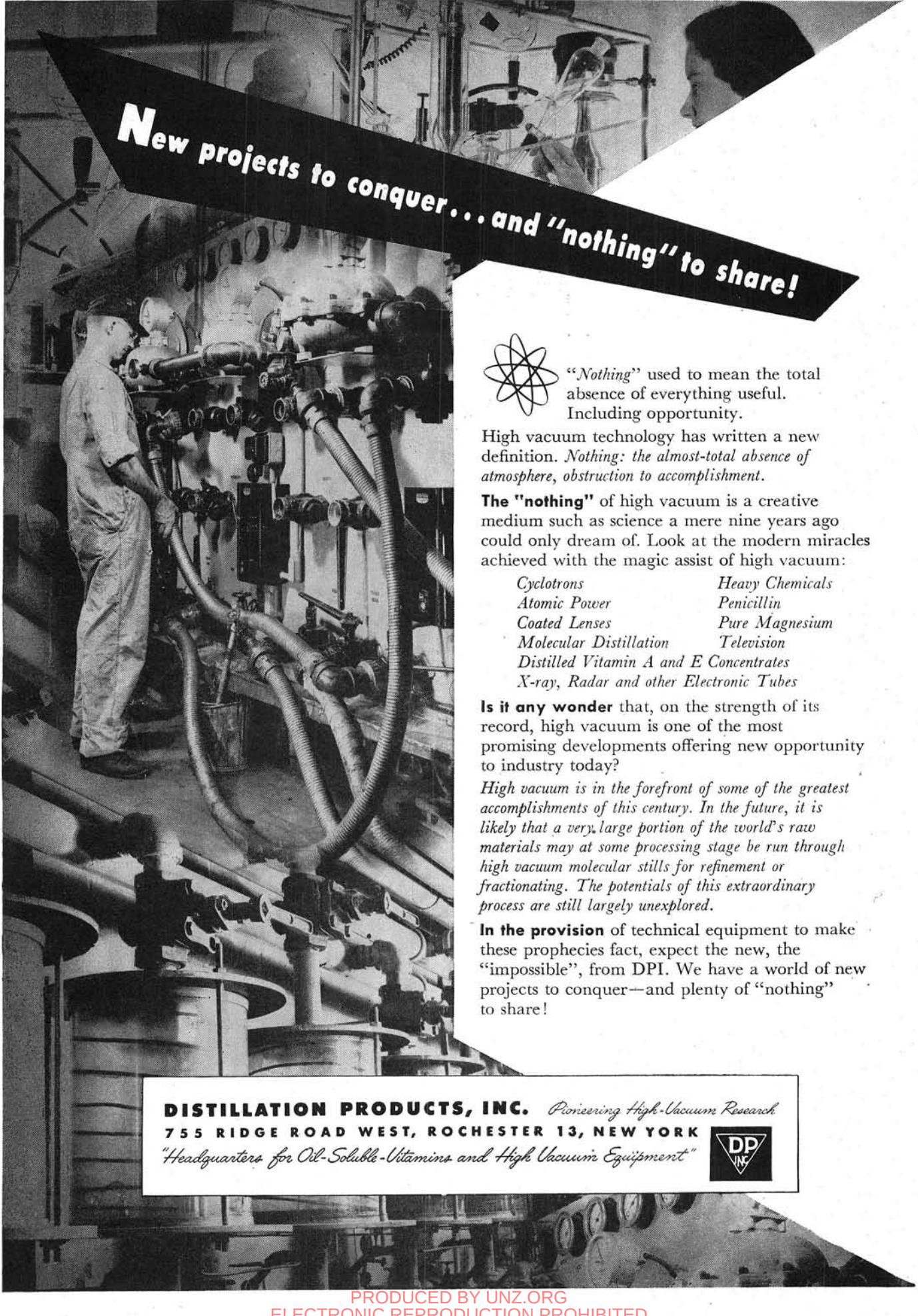
when, in the midst of the Polish-Soviet war, British dockers refused to load munitions ships bound for Poland. By last October the chill blackness which had descended upon British-Russian relations was being ascribed to "Anglo-American domination, isolation of the Soviet Union along with the tying of Britain's economy to that of capitalist America."

The rebels speak out

These thoughts were packed into a resolution presented at the British Trades Union Congress in October. Other grievances against Bevin's policy also found a place in the resolution: Britain was accused of easing the return of the reactionary Greek monarch to his throne; Britain's continued economic and diplomatic relations with Franco were said to be sustaining Spanish fascism in power; failure to denazify in the British zone of Germany was arraigned.

On October 22, Bevin devoted one hour and fifty minutes in Parliament to defending his international policy. On October 24, Prime Minister Attlee appeared personally to tell the Trades Union Congress* that the resolution on which the delegates were about to vote, condemning the Government's foreign policy, was the sort of thing one expects from Communists and their dupes. Yet on the day after Attlee's warning it came as a shock when delegates of 40 per cent of British organized labor voted for the anti-Bevin resolution. It was beaten by 3,557,000 to 2,444,000. A majority would have meant repudiation of the Labor Government by its bedrock following.

The outcry from the trade-unions gave fresh heart to critics on the political wing of Labor, who rallied their forces for a new attack on Bevin in Parliament. The climax of this 1946 campaign came less than a month later in the House of Commons.



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On the eve of the parliamentary episode an influential group of Labor members wrote Attlee of their uneasiness concerning the Government's foreign policy. Their opinion was in part echoed by an Oxford don who said British policy might be summed up as: "Find out what the Russians are doing and tell them not to."

There was much more to the critics' grievances than this, however. A principal point of the letter to Attlee was the Government's alleged one-sided preoccupation with Russia's expanding influence, contrasting with the absence of British comment on the extension of United States strategic bases in the Pacific and Atlantic, the American monopoly of the atom bomb, the size of America's military budget, and what was described as the capitalist expansionist nature of the American economy. An exposed spot was touched when the letter pointed to the burden of Britain's armed forces, "which may fatally cripple our plans for socialist reconstruction."

The revolt in Parliament

The issue was brought to a head in the Commons on November 18 when Richard Crossman, a young writer who had been on Eisenhower's political warfare staff, moved an amendment to the King's Speech at the opening of the new session of Parliament. The amendment demanded a British socialist foreign policy to forestall "an otherwise inevitable conflict between American capitalism and Soviet communism." When the House voted on the amendment, about one hundred Labor rebels abstained, or in other words refused to support their own Government.

In its earlier stages criticism of Bevin was diffuse and directed against such widely scattered targets as British policy towards Greece, Spain, Palestine, and Russia. Now it was focused against what was considered something approaching an Anglo-American alliance against Russia. The parliamentary revolt led by Crossman brought out the feeling of unrest concerning the 1,385,000 men still in Britain's armed forces and the 600,000 kept in the munitions industries. Even the independent London *Times* backed the rebels to the extent of demanding "whether Britain with her crying need for increased production and much expanded exports will long be able to keep in the field and arm and equip armies on the scale now contemplated."

What had this to do with foreign policy? The rebels answered, "Everything." Britain, they said, is supplying an inordinate share of the manpower behind Anglo-American policy in Europe and the Middle East. British youth will continue to be conscripted in peacetime for eighteen months, during which their absence from productive work must

accentuate the country's severe labor shortage. The refusal of the Labor rebels to endorse the Government's foreign policy suggests the limit beyond which Bevin cannot press the Anglo-American partnership without risking a split in his party.

The fear of an American slump

What Crossman called Britain's gradual drift into the American camp has a further economic aspect. If Britain's fear of being dragged into an American war with Russia is comparatively remote, British concern lest an American slump pull Britain down to economic disaster is alive and immediate. Viewed from London, American business is the guide scaling a slippery crag, and Britain's puny economy is scrambling along at the end of the rope. The British people are nervous as to their fate if the guide misses his footing, and some of them would prefer to loosen or cut the rope.

They remember America's 1929 crash and its reverberations in Britain, where stagnation and unemployment followed. As Britain sees it, America has made a business depression even more certain by abolishing price control before the switch-over to peace production had gone far enough to raise output to meet demand. The British see no escape for America because they believe that it is impossible to stabilize a complex modern economy without much more extensive controls than the American people are willing to accept.

What do the British fear? They foresee American prices toppling and cheaper American goods flooding world markets. They fear that America will sell better articles at lower rates, undercutting British exports. British exports would then be in danger of falling at a time when Britain is committed to enlarge the volume of her export trade to 175 per cent of the pre-war level. The 175 per cent target would have to be lifted even higher if American competition should force down British prices.

There are Anglo-American agreements which it is feared might expose Britain to the cold variable blasts of an entirely unplanned economy and of unregulated international markets, throwing the British balance of payments off its fulcrum. Can Britain with her state-controlled economy insulate herself against an American economic blizzard?

The Labor Government is today armed with controls which were lacking at the time of the last big American slump. First, the state is master of all foreign exchange transactions, so that another panicky flight of capital from Britain could be prevented. Secondly, under the Supplies and Services Act which Parliament passed soon after Labor came into power, the Government has retained many wartime controls over industry, production, and



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distribution. Thirdly, state control of imports and exports enables the Government to avert a complete upset of Britain's foreign trade balance. Fourthly, by nationalizing the Bank of England the Labor Government has tightened its grip on the supply of credit.

The strength of British industry

The absence of industrial disturbances is today the major bull point for Britain. In the first year after the end of World War II, 3 million working days were lost through strikes, compared with 34 million days in the same period after World War I. Employers have shown an unexpected coöperativeness with the Labor Government, while trade-union leaders are saying little or nothing about higher wages and are telling the workers — who would once have shouted them down for such a suggestion — that they must produce more.

Full employment reigns over almost all Britain, and this is a great social gain for the whole nation, though in terms of industry this means a serious labor shortage. Of the total working population of 20,400,000, more than 98 per cent are employed, as compared with 85 to 90 per cent between the wars.

Unemployment is most evident in the Glasgow district and in South Wales, but in these areas and on England's northeast coast nearly 400 new factories, started after the end of the German war, are built or building, half being financed by the Government and half by private enterprise. Thanks to state planning, the Government is able to order the erection of new industries in regions where unemployment is most likely to recur.

The war years saw a drift from older industries like textiles to newer ones like engineering. This is an asset. Lancashire has lost many markets in countries which have built their own textile mills, but the future for Britain's engineering products is bright. British shipbuilding is booming. About half the world's ships now under construction are being built in the United Kingdom.

British steel production, at the rate of almost 14,000,000 tons a year (compared with 10,300,000 in the corresponding period of 1938), is impressively higher than ever before. But it still stands below the 16,000,000 ingot tons current yearly consumption.

Other strong points may enable British industry to cushion future shocks. Skilled labor is available at lower wages than in other industrialized countries. Furthermore, in the past, British industries won strong commercial connections all over the earth, which are still valuable. And, like the United

States, Britain can supply herself with most of the machine tools and the other accessories an industrial nation wants.

The weakness of the British economy

Britain's economy is now healthier than most people realize, but her industry nevertheless has grave weaknesses. Foremost among these is the permanent lack of raw materials except coal. Britain must look abroad for her oil, cotton, wool, timber, rubber, and linseed oil; for most of her iron ore; and for 40 per cent of her food. Her industry is also handicapped by slum factories, especially in the textile, foundry, and tanning fields. These defects are not new.

Today, however, British industry is suffering from a fresh weakness: added to the physical and spiritual weariness of British workers is the serious lack of incentive due to the shortage of consumers' goods.

What can the miner or bricklayer do with the remainder of his wages after paying for food and shelter and after purchasing the few garments his clothing ration allows? He can buy a ticket to a football game, bet on a dog race, or knock off work for a day. He can hardly buy a new hat or shoes for his wife, or curtains or furniture for his home, because such articles are either tightly rationed or very expensive.

If he could have more fun for his money and buy nicer things, the miner might willingly work extra hours. The incentive to work is also taken away by heavy direct taxation. The normal tax is 45 per cent of income. If the laborer works an extra day, almost half his pay goes to the tax collector.

The coal shortage puts another constant brake on British industry. Gone are the days when Britain financed many of her imports by selling coal abroad; today she has less than enough to go around at home. British miners have grown old, and younger men are reluctant to descend into the pits; so efforts to coax more men into the coal fields have failed. Mining installations, moreover, are antiquated.

Another weak spot is the textile industry, which has lost one fourth of its pre-war laborers. Women who worked in the Lancashire cotton mills went into aircraft and munitions plants and after the war either returned to housework or stayed in engineering trades at much higher pay. The solution of Britain's textile crisis, however, is not to lure women back into that industry, but to install modern equipment. Despite the several advantages British industry enjoys, it has excellent reasons to fear American competition in the world's markets.

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The Far East

ASIA, like the rest of the world, has been profoundly affected by the great switch in Russian policy. The first startling manifestation was in Azerbaijan, where the Russians failed to contest a crackdown by the Iranian government which had strong American moral support. The complete lack of any Russian incitement of the Azerbaijanis to resist the Teheran forces was in the strongest possible contrast to the tough Soviet attitude last spring, when the withdrawal of Russian troops from Azerbaijan was delayed for two months.

On the eve of military action the Soviet Ambassador proffered a "friendly admonition" to Ahmad Ghassemlou's Teheran government. According to one report (and it is remarkable how many reports from Iran read as if they were written by cloak-and-dagger alumni of General Donovan's OSS or Colonel Schwartzkopf's seminary for Iranian cops), a Soviet emissary then flew from Teheran to Tabriz to warn the Azerbaijanis that the jig was up. The American Ambassador, on the other hand, was quoted as believing that the use of troops was "quite normal and appropriate." *Pravda*, in Moscow, called this an indication of "a desire to provoke armed conflict."

From then on, the Russians straddled the issue. Jaafar Pishevari, the Soviet-trained Azerbaijanian leader, was apparently allowed asylum in Russia. The Soviet press showed concern over violence and murder in Azerbaijan, arrests of minority leaders all over Iran, suppression of their newspapers, and the breaking up of labor organizations; but at the same time the Baku radio tush-tushed the Azerbaijanian leaders for not compromising in time.

Are the Soviets in retreat? Does their retreat include repudiation of their satellites? On the other hand will Anglo-American policy accept the "soft" Soviet line as a bid for compromise, or will it tighten up

control over British and American satellites and increase the pressure against Russia in both Asia and Europe?

American policy, at least for the time being, is triumphant. Russia has either been stopped or has stopped of her own accord in order to avoid a showdown with America.

How we subsidize Asia

American policy is, however, enormously expensive. Compared with any policy of neutralization and non-armament (a different thing from disarmament), the project for control of Pacific islands and bases will entail expenditures in billions. Heavy industry and employment will benefit, but they will be engaged in sterile production.

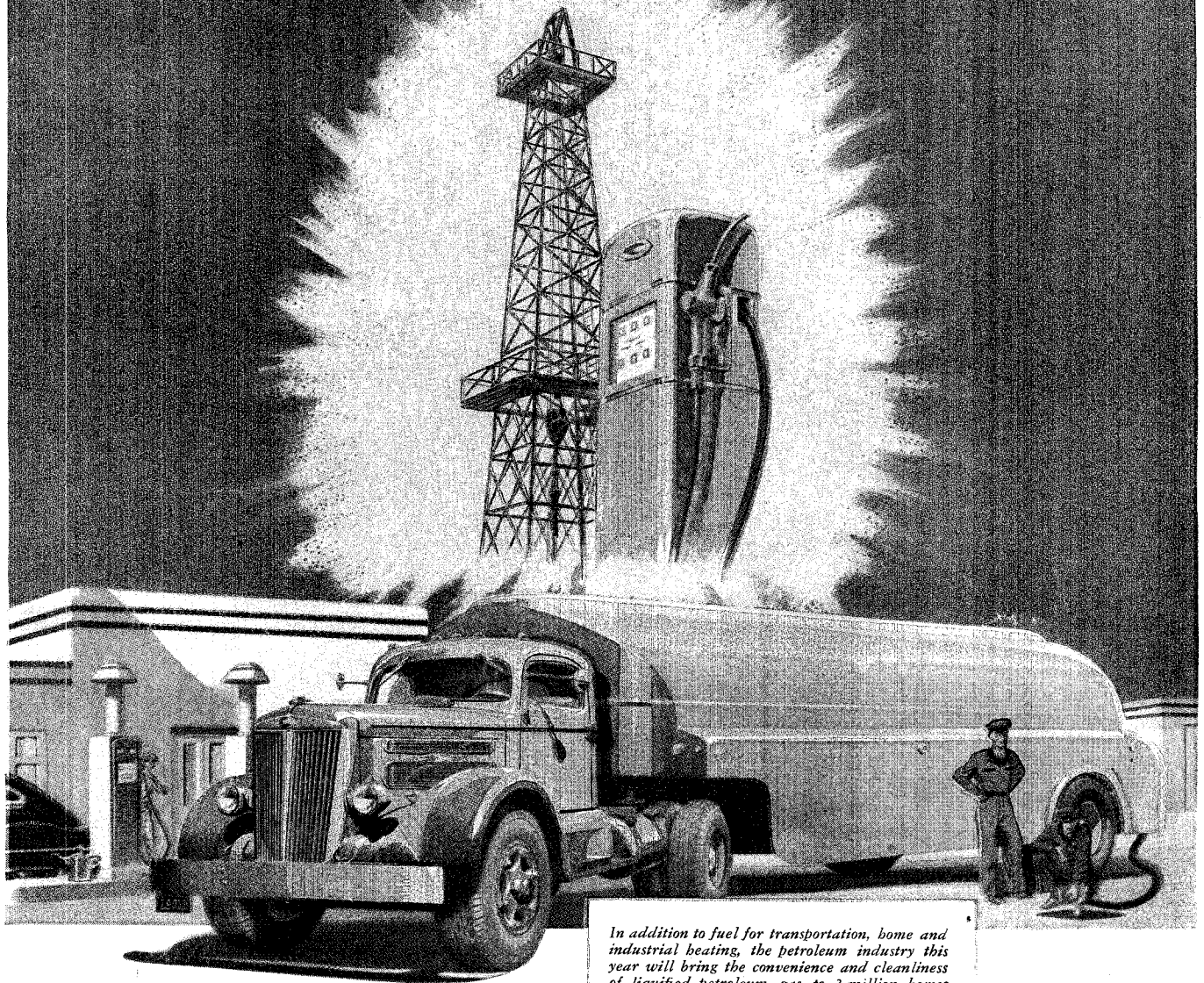
In Japan, costs of the American occupation are running to a minimum of half a billion dollars a year; the figure is much higher if we add the depreciation of installations and equipment.

Japan, like Switzerland, has an industrially skilled population, marginal food production, a shortage of coal and iron, and plenty of hydroelectric power; but Japan is not solvent. To make Japan solvent, either the present largely fictitious capital values must be wiped out, by expropriation of the Zaibatsu corporate owners, or we must refinance Japanese industry with big American loans.

Our policy is heading straight toward the big-loan alternative because, in order to prevent confiscation of private property in Japan, we are willing to subject private property in America to the slow but debilitating drain of political loans.

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The Weather

Weather map, weather in other cities, Page 6.

U. S. Weather Bureau.

Local — Heavy snow probably changing to sleet late Monday extending throughout state. High lower 30's. Low 20-25. Little temperature change Tuesday and continued mostly cloudy.

Temperatures

12:30 p. m. 29	7:30 p. m. 25
6:00 p. m. 27	6:00 p. m. 23

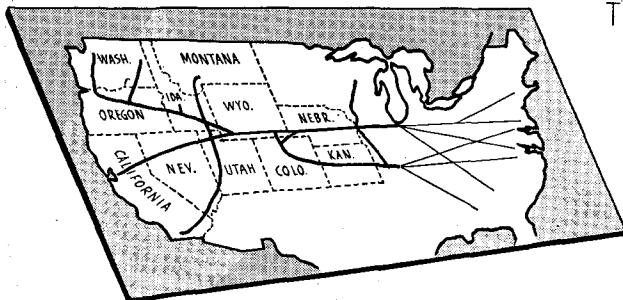
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criticism of our unproductive political charity to China is now coming from banking, business, and industrial interests.

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Then the machinery began to change hands, week by week. Not one of the successive owners has even uncased it. This valuable inventory simply serves as a medium of speculation in China's jet-propelled inflation.

Our total economic subsidy to China, in money and goods, since V-J Day, now exceeds our three and three-quarter billion dollar loan to Britain and is running ahead at a rate which is likely to reach not less than a billion a year and perhaps two billion a year. Most of Nanking's revenues are going into civil war. The effort to keep up civil war accounts for the accelerating decline in production. American financial aid, equipment, and goods account for the ability to keep up the civil war.

Republicans who like to purr contentedly over the project of a sharply reduced national budget should probe cautiously into our expenditures in the Pacific and Asia. They are likely to amount to a goodly slice of their dream budget, depending on how much is laid out for fortifications and how much for political loans and credits.

British worries

Britain has been more skillful in conserving as much as possible of her old position east of Suez than America in staking out new positions. But the British position is now deteriorating, because the scope of British policy is more and more curtailed by an American policy which decides which of Britain's interests to adopt and which to override. The friction between American interests and British interests is consequently increasing, and the backlash of policy in Asia on politics in Britain is much more severe and painful than has yet been realized in America.

A sullen, obstinate deterioration of morale continues among colonial troops. The Indian Army, once a superb instrument of colonial policy, can no longer be used at will either in India or out of India, especially in Moslem countries. The use of Moslems against Moslems is politically dangerous. The use

of Hindus, Sikhs, or Gurkhas against Moslems is becoming even more dangerous.

The touchiness among Indian troops that had not fought the Japanese prevented drastic action when Indian officers were court-martialed for serving in the Japanese-organized India Liberation Army in Burma during the war. Because of concern for Army morale, men who by ordinary colonial standards of discipline would have been summarily shot had to be let off with comparatively light sentences.

To the loss of enthusiasm among colonial troops there must now be added a growing resentment among British troops in England against being shipped out for service in the Near East and Far East, a growing homesickness among British troops whose service in Asia has been protracted far beyond the end of the war, and a growing irritation among civilians against the continuation of conscription.

The latest symptom of trouble brewing has been a series of embarkation snafus among troops going aboard ship in England for service east of Suez. Refusal to go aboard ship has been based on protests against food and accommodations, and thus a showdown on the deadly word "mutiny" has been avoided both by the men and by the authorities.

The significance of the storm signal, however, has not been missed in England. After the First World War, the insistence of Winston Churchill on intervention in Russia roused at last that mulishness which is seen occasionally among the British, and is known as "fed-upness." It was this fed-upness among his constituents which compelled Ernie Bevin, though he was as anti-Communist then as he is now, to organize strikes which crippled Churchill's anti-Russian policy. He had to give the labor unions the leadership they demanded, or be superseded by some other leader.

That cycle is now repeating itself, but with Bevin as Foreign Minister in the place of Churchill, and with R. H. S. Crossman as leader of the opposition within the Labor Party in the position of Bevin. Crossman is as anti-Communist as Bevin ever was; but he is close enough to the men and women who vote to realize that he must give them what they want or be discarded. What they want is what they wanted a quarter of a century ago: an end to what they are convinced, rightly or wrongly, is an anti-Russian policy that is keeping the boys from coming home and preventing post-war recovery in England.

Little Kuomintang

Intervention within Asiatic states is thus compelled to look for military resources, as well as political sympathy, within the society which is being subjected to intervention, which means reliance on class

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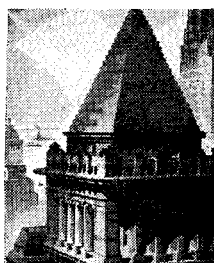
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conflict. In the recent campaign in Azerbaijan, the Azerbaijanian autonomy movement was first split by bringing over to the government side large landowners and tribal chieftains with armed forces of their own. It was these private forces which settled local political scores by tracking down and killing all peasants who had defied feudal authority.

The result, restoring the control of landowners and a prosperous urban minority over a nation of peasants and shepherds, confirms in a striking way the tendency toward use of a Kuomintang type of satellite political party in Asiatic states. The trouble with these "Kuomintangs" throughout the Middle and Far East is that they are insatiably corrupt. They can drink up incredible quantities of American money in loans and credits, and their party boys have quite an appetite for automobiles, refrigerators, and porcelain plumbing; but the peoples they rule never seem to prosper or to develop really large markets for American-made goods.

Ferment in Asia

In India a rapid deterioration is going on which undermines the apparent gains made by Anglo-American policy in the Near East. The more sensational aspects of threatening civil war between Hindus and Moslems distract attention from the two real keys to the situation: India is no longer a dependable base for use against the growing industrial and economic power and political stability of the Soviet position in Central Asia, and at the same time the Russians do not have to spend either money or manpower to keep the pot boiling in India.

An interesting symptom of British loss of confidence in India is the changing balance in capital reserves and ownership of enterprises. During the war, India exported heavily to support the British war effort, and thus accumulated huge sterling credit balances which were frozen in London, because the British simply could not afford to pay them back freely.

Using control of these funds as leverage, the British could have kept control over the industrialization of India. But far from advancing confidently toward new enterprises, the British are even pulling their own capital out of stable enterprises of the old colonial type, such as tea plantations, which Indians are willing to take over as a hedge against inflation.

Indonesia and Indo-China are now conspicuous as the two important Asiatic countries in which the attempt to set up a Kuomintang type of indirect control has failed. The Dutch have 100,000 men in Indonesia, but the British estimate that it would take another 50,000 men even to begin to force on the Indonesians decisions which the Indonesians resist. The Dutch still hope, by protracting final negotiations to 1949, to bring some of the more

conservative Indonesians over to their side. On the other hand the Indonesian coalition, by a tough policy of bluff and force, has gained confidence and built up cohesion.

It is ironical that while the Dutch borrowed the "colonial federation" idea from the French in Indo-China in order to head off Indonesian demands for full independence, the French are making a last appeal to force and intimidation in the hope of not having to concede as much in Indo-China as the Dutch have in Indonesia. The time limit on France's efforts to capture full control in Indo-China is being set by the rate at which the de Gaullists of militant persuasion are losing ground in France.

The French in Indo-China are still dominated by Admiral Thierry d'Argenlieu, a priest who returned to the armed forces for the war against Germany, and an exponent of the de Gaullist mystic authoritarianism. The dispatch of the famed General LeClerc to support d'Argenlieu increased bloodshed without leading to a solution. LeClerc is much too tough and implacable to handle the modern type of colonial nationalism.

The great Russian switch

In turning to a cautious estimate of the Russian policy switch, it would seem that we can at least say that Russian expansion is no longer the major issue. But the Russians are not in a weak position. America now holds the initiative, with a not altogether willing Britain in tow; but it is America which now has to run the gantlet of liberal criticism throughout the Western democratic world, and of suspicion throughout Asia.

Both Iran and Turkey are busily suppressing labor organizations, opposition parties, and newspapers; and Iran and Turkey are America's friends, not Russia's. In China it is America's friends, not Russia's, who are receiving aid and arms. And in India and Southeast Asia the friends of liberation and self-government cannot be suspected of being American puppets.

It may be that the Russians have withdrawn themselves as the spearhead of opposition to American and British policy because they are banking on the ability of local, largely non-Communist oppositions, in Asia and in Europe too, to dish up more trouble than Britain is willing to stomach or America to continue to pay for indefinitely.

The two major political determinants in Asia now are the slow frittering away of British power and the rapid expenditure by America, in political boondoggling, of sums surpassing the imagination. The next development will take the form of a British effort to get out from under.



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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

THE only reservation about the appointment of General Marshall as Secretary of State is that he is a military man. But a military man does not necessarily have the narrow outlook known as the military mind. General Eisenhower hasn't, nor has General Clay, who is running our affairs in Germany, and those who know General Marshall are confident that his intellectual processes have breadth and penetration.

Marshall is a born statesman. To his natural gifts there is joined an experience in foreign affairs, both as Chief of Staff and as Mr. Truman's special emissary to China, which gives him a very special qualification for the Secretaryship of State. In China he has seen eye to eye with the State Department. There has been close accord in policy, which Marshall himself helped to draft; and in the working out of it, the admiration expressed for Marshall by Foreign Service officers is unbounded. One of them said a week before the appointment: "Just as schoolboys nowadays read Caesar's *Gallie War*, so schoolboys fifty years hence will be reading Marshall's dispatches from China."

With China of major importance in our relations with Russia, it is significant that the new Secretary is thoroughly briefed in Far Eastern affairs. Hitherto, nobody in the State Department above a Division head has been to China.

Mr. Byrnes has built for himself a unique standing with the American people as a man who has the knack of dealing with the Russians. His going was really due to ill health. There was no question of differences on policy, though Mr. Truman in the past has had personal difficulties with Byrnes.

The readjustment is bound to be difficult. Relations with Russia are singularly personal, and Mar-

shall will have to build up his contacts with Moscow to get over an initial period of suspicion.

Mr. Truman reports

The President in his report on the State of the Union came to grips with the problem of the Executive's relations with an opposition Congress. He does not conceive his duty to be acquiescence in Congressional government. The impression in the first weeks after the election was that he would be a rubber-stamp executive. But shelving the veto power would have distorted the lawmaking process set forth in the Constitution.

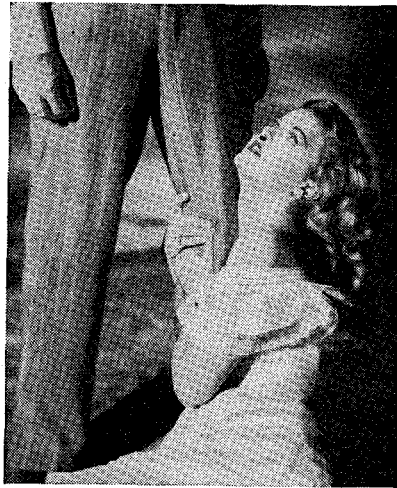
It is now clear that President Truman intends to live up to the demands of his office. In this respect he will be following the example of another President — Hayes — in a parallel situation. Although both houses were against him, Hayes did not hesitate to use the veto. And he was generally able to muster the necessary one third plus one to back his veto.

Our economy: balanced or dipping

The report of the Council of Economic Advisers is being assiduously studied for signs of the ideology of the advisers. Already the President has taken issue with the Council's cagily-worded suggestion of "a dip in 1947." The President's economic report based on the Council's conclusions is being studied by a joint committee of Congress.

Edwin G. Nourse, Leon H. Keyserling, and Dr. John D. Clark are the members of the Council of Economic Advisers. Mr. Nourse is chairman and is best known, for he was vice-president of the Brookings Institution. His views, judging from his writings, are rather orthodox, and the Council's report bears the imprint of his philosophy. The report disavows the ability of a government of limited

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powers to maintain economic stability. This is a job for labor and management.

The government can help, of course, but only in a minor degree. The pump primers get exceedingly short shrift. Such advocates of "this single-track doctrine of fiscal policy" are likened to the men of ancient Rome who dispensed bread and circuses.

Nathan analyzes for the CIO

The Council's report appeared on the heels of a report made to the CIO by Robert R. Nathan, a New Deal economist. This again was an innovation. The CIO, preliminary to its current campaign for general boosts in wages, asked Mr. Nathan to survey the national economy. The result was a heap of statistics and charts by way of justifying CIO demands.

Mr. Nathan points out that rising prices are feeding profits and reducing the buying power of wages. He argues that corporate profits before taxes now are as high as "at the lushest period of war prosperity" and that corporate profits after taxes are about 50 per cent higher than at the war peak and "utterly without precedent in our national experience." After taxes are paid, corporate income today is up 183 per cent, he claims, whereas private wages and salaries have increased only 150 per cent. He argues that the present balance between wages and profits is unsound, and can only result in depression.

Mr. Nathan finds that manufacturing industries could now give production workers a 21 per cent increase in pay without a price increase, without any further expansion in volume, and without reducing return after taxes on net worth to a rate below that of 1936-1939. Industry as a whole, he feels, could easily stand a 25 per cent increase in wages on the same basis.

One trouble is that Mr. Nathan's remedy envisages the American economy as a single corporation. In point of fact, it is composed of millions of enterprises, all with different balance sheets. Some can afford to give a wage increase, others cannot. Even within a single industry there are variations.

The Council of Economic Advisers reminds the country of this variety of performance. It says that jobs depend upon very specific wage-price-cost relations. Other objections to the Nathan Report are now providing a battle of economic theory. The National Association of Manufacturers issued an appraisal of the report which protests in detail that Mr. Nathan's argument "is based on misrepresentations of economic facts and fallacious economic reasoning." The NAM analysis blandly concludes, "Economists, like all others, are entitled to be wrong on occasion. Mr. Nathan has over-

exercised his license in this respect by being wrong on every point in his analysis."

Second thoughts on labor

Labor legislation is by all odds the number one item before the Eightieth Congress. A good deal of rethinking on the subject is going on. For instance, Senator Ball, who used to believe in compulsory arbitration and the closed shop, has turned thumbs down on both. He now believes they are abridgments of personal liberty.

Others feel that the basic principle of labor legislation should be to keep the government out of the process of collective bargaining. Labor courts and fact-finding boards result in government regulation of the economy. Another principle animating some of the legislators is that all that needs to be done is to revise the Wagner Act to put labor and management on equal footing, and to require labor unions to open their books.

At a time when big wage demands are being formulated, the unions are prosecuting claims for portal-to-portal pay. Literally billions of dollars in back pay and damages are involved.

The Supreme Court set the ball rolling at the instance of John L. Lewis. In the Jewell Ridge coal case it held that the Fair Labor Standards Act required that time spent in traveling underground from the mine portal to the level at which coal is mined must be paid for.

The Supreme Court followed up this ruling with the Mount Clemens Pottery decision. Here it held that the time spent by employees walking to their jobs after punching time clocks or doing certain preliminary tasks must be paid for as working time, "regardless of contrary custom or contract." Soon afterward a flock of suits were filed on the basis of this decision. The confusion is incredible.

In some cases a composition of the claims against fresh wage demands has been made, but there is no such relief for many employers, especially those in states where there is no protection from statutes of limitation. The need is for some fresh determination of working time. This will mean a revision of the Fair Labor Standards Act to offset a decision of the Supreme Court which, unless corrected, would have the effect of putting a good deal of American industry in bankruptcy.

The customers say "No"

Such uncertainties put a question mark over business prospects for 1947. Already there is a softening of prices which may be the prelude to general recession. In this case, however, the price readjustment is held by many to be a healthy correction. Many

prices last year went out of line, particularly those of farm products and of construction.

The President in his message to Congress inveighed against manipulation by giant organizations. He said, "Whole industries are dominated by one or a few large organizations which can restrict production in the interest of higher profits and thus reduce employment and purchasing power." This criticism is based in part upon the rigging of butter prices by the New York milk producers. Mr. Truman calls for a rigorous enforcement of the antitrust laws.

In recent months there has been much greater watchfulness on the part of individual consumers and considerable buyer resistance. Price and quality have again become criteria, and the feeling is that this is all to the good for the national economy. No longer can things be sold at any price over the counter. High-priced furs have dropped as much as 50 per cent. Jewelry, silk lingerie, men's lounging robes; expensive handbags, umbrellas, and wool dresses; and other luxury items were sold by department stores in pre-Christmas clearance sales at drastic markdowns.

We are out of the reconversion woods, according to the final report of the Civilian Production Administrator, John D. Small. This outcome has been accomplished without any letdown in employment such as was predicted a year ago. Indeed, we finished the year with employment at 58,000,000, or 6,000,000 above that of V-J Day, and 14,000,000 more than in the prosperous year of 1939.

It is not the leveling off of prices that will promote recession, but uncertainty and consequent under-investment arising out of strikes and the threat of strikes and the elaborated absurdity of portal-to-portal demands.

Italy needs help

How we shall implement our credit and relief policy abroad is brought sharply into focus by the Italian appeal for aid. A sum of \$100,000,000 is supposed to be set aside for stricken Italy. But the Export-Import Bank insists that Italy is a poor risk, like Austria and Greece, whom we are likewise pledged to aid under our post-UNRRA policy. This policy Mr. Byrnes laid down late in November. It envisages help for our friends among the world's democracies, not only on humanitarian grounds but also on those of high policy, on a unilateral basis.

All reports concur that the democratic position is slipping in Western Europe. This is particularly the case in Italy, whence a mission headed by Premier de Gasperi arrived in Washington in the new year, bearing a strong plea that assistance be granted promptly. Food is short. Materials are lacking.

The combined effect is a setback to the anti-monarchist victory in the elections last June, when the Christian Democrats under de Gasperi were voted into the saddle of a coalition anti-monarchist government. It was at Mr. Byrnes's suggestion that de Gasperi came to Washington, and a movement is on foot to make the resuscitation of Italy a project for the whole hemisphere. To this end the delegates of the Pan American Union have entertained de Gasperi. The Latin American countries can help to siphon off Italy's surplus population, while the United States can give the Italians the credit and goods of which they stand so sorely in need.

France, too, needs more help. Her application for a loan from the World Bank has now been filed, complete with documentation, and it is likely to be the first advance of the new institution.

It would seem as if Canning's saying that he had called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old has a fresh application: the New World may have to redress the balance of the Old, if only to guard its own Atlantic approaches, let alone prevent, in Jeffersonian policy, the subjection of the continent to one power.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

Only by a miracle will there be the coöperation that President and Congress have pledged. Even in foreign affairs Senator Vandenberg has injected an ominous note. He says that bipartisan unity is strictly confined to the treaty-making in Europe. He omits Palestine, the Far East, Latin America.

The broad public regard for General Marshall eases the way for those who would create a genuine bipartisan policy. The General's new job ought to reassure the statesmen of other lands in this respect, regardless of what they may think about our appointment of military men to high civil posts.

The Republican penchant for special investigations into the Roosevelt era bodes ill for Executive-Congressional collaboration. Partisanship demands its day. If there were more good will, a way to better coöperation is available.

The Democrats have set up a Senate Policy Committee. If the Republican Steering Committee would consult with this Democratic committee, Congress would then have the nucleus of the joint legislative-executive council contemplated in the La Follette-Monroney report. Incidentally, Speaker Rayburn prevented the inclusion of the council idea in the La Follette-Monroney bill. He said, "These young men are trying to take away my powers," and cut out the council item.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

MEXICO is undergoing significant changes. In spite of appalling inflation difficulties, the Mexican Republic achieved a relatively large industrial expansion during the war, and private fortunes were piled up by home-grown free-enterprisers and stock traders.

The results are beginning to show up in the administration of Miguel Alemán, inaugurated President on December 1. In spite of the new administration's overwhelming labor and radical support, the newly rich business elements have managed to move in close to the centers of power in the incoming government, and Alemán — one of the few civilian presidents in Mexican history, and the first president for thirty-five years who did not fight in the 1911-1912 revolutions — has come close to appointing a businessman cabinet.

Successful industrialists and financiers have replaced leftist economists or shopworn revolutionary politicians in such key posts as the Ministry of National Economy, the governorship of the Bank of Mexico, and the top administrative spot in Petroleos Mexicanos (Pemex), the government corporation operating the nationalized oil fields. The change effected by the Alemán administration parallels the restoration of free-enterprise ideology in the revised Truman administration.

In general the business groups appear to be aiming at increased tariff protection for Mexican products and at an enlarged freedom from government regulation and from labor union domination, which affect industry especially. Ostensibly in the interest of securing greater production and a "more abundant life" for the Mexican people, the financial and industrial leaders would like to see the boards cleared for an industrial and stock investment "boom or bust" experiment in the republic.

This is not saying, however, that the leftist revolution is in immediate danger of over-all liquidation. The new government is planning a vast program of land reclamation and agrarian resettlement, and Antonio Bermúdez, the successful Chihuahua distiller who has taken over the oil administration, has made it clear that foreign oil corporation management will not be invited back on any lease or royalty arrangement.

At the same time there is apparently to be a stronger emphasis on individuals and titles than on communal — *ejido* — principles in the resettlement program. Oil Administrator Bermúdez — who, incidentally, rode roughshod over an oil workers' strike in his first month in office — insists that his major objective is to make Pemex pay.

In short, Mexico, which moved from the far left of President Lázaro Cárdenas to dead center with the accession of President Manuel Ávila Camacho in 1940, now appears to be taking another step. Unless some internal crisis upsets the direction chart, the Alemán government will lead her further to the right than she has been since Porfirio Díaz.

How fascist is Argentina?

Now that Perón, the behind-the-scenes manipulator of Argentine's political development for more than three years, has been President for nearly eight months, it is possible to summarize his achievements. The most comprehensive way of putting it is to say that the machinery for operating a fascist economy, a fascist political state, and a fascist society in Argentina has been almost completely installed. The outstanding items are as follows: —

1. Through control over all loans and deposits in the republic by the central government bank, Perón has the fate of all large and small business in Argentina in his hands.

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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

2. The government Institute for the Promotion of Trade has authority over exports and imports. It can decide what commodities can be exported from Argentina, in what quantities, and on what terms of exchange or barter. It can decide from what countries Argentina's imports may come, and at present it is contemplating rigid restrictions on American machinery and luxury imports.

3. Perón has complete control of Argentine education from kindergarten through postgraduate courses in the universities. He appoints the rectors of the universities; his government appoints all educational executives and teachers, and prescribes courses of study. Hundreds of university professors and thousands of public school teachers have been dismissed during the past year for opposing total government authority over education, or Peron's nationalistic principles of education.

4. Perón's military training system, which takes both boys and girls under its wing from the age of twelve on, is a replica of the systems of Hitler and Mussolini.

5. A grandiose "five-year plan" just adopted by the Argentine Congress has as its main objectives the building up of the industries, armaments, and communications needed for Argentine military dominance in South America.

6. Argentine foreign policy toward neighbor states in South America accords with the worst totalitarian militarist traditions. A loan of \$150,000,000 to Chile, recently, is conditioned on the building of free port facilities at Valparaiso, on the Pacific, and the construction of strategically invaluable rail-ways and a vehicular tunnel through the Andes. Attempts were made to starve Bolivia and Uruguay into collaboration with Argentine political policies, and to bring about election victories for pro-Argentine political parties, by curtailing or shutting off food shipments.

7. Some of the façade of pre-Perón democratic institutions is still retained. Congress still functions, for instance, with overwhelming Perónist majorities — just as the Italian Parliament continued to meet in the early years of fascism under Mussolini.

8. The constitutional freedoms of party organization and of elections remain. But with the government in control of all business and economic activity in the republic, and with the hordes of indoctrinated youngsters pouring out annually from the Perónist educational mill, it will be increasingly difficult for the opposition to win an election against the Perón dictatorship.

9. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are nominally maintained, but government control of imported newsprint allotments and of the newspapers' banking accommodations makes freedom of the press highly precarious.

10. Technically, the independent judicial system is intact, but at present four out of the five justices of the National Supreme Court are undergoing impeachment on the cynical charge that they legalized the "unconstitutional" acts of the provisional military government which opened the way for Perón's rise to power and election.

Not all of this new machinery, especially in the economic fields, is in full operation as yet. But to set it in motion requires little more than the pressing of a few presidential push buttons. And in the Casa Rosada intimate advisers, like Heinrich Doerge, Ludwig and Rodolfo Freude, and Fritz Mandl, familiar with the workings of fascist machinery in Europe, are at Perón's elbow to see that it runs smoothly.

Secretary Marshall and the Republican majority in Congress, in short, are not confronted simply with the rise of a new personal dictator in Latin America. They are confronted with a new kind of state in the American hemisphere — a state as antagonistic to the aims of United States hemisphere policy as Germany was, and one that is potentially as dangerous a troublemaker in Latin American affairs as Nazi Germany was in Europe.

Perón: partner or pariah?

Any real straightening out of the Argentine policy problem requires a truce in the months-old feud between Ambassador Messersmith and his chief, Spruille Braden, the Assistant Secretary of State in charge of inter-American affairs. Mr. Braden and Mr. Messersmith disagree on the question of whether the Perón administration has carried out its commitments to the other American republics and the United Nations to suppress Axis economic activities in Argentina and to deport Axis agents.

In the background, too, are even sharper disagreements: as to whether the Perón government is not imposing on the Argentine people a totalitarian fascist regime dangerous to the peace and security of the neighboring Latin American nations, and is not working so hard to destroy the unity of the American republics as to be an unacceptable partner in an all-American hemisphere defense program.

Assistant Secretary Braden believes that Argentina's compliance with its anti-Axis commitments has been insufficient, and that evidence of totalitarianism and of deliberate inter-American troublemaking by Argentina is too glaring to be overlooked.

For almost a year and a half he has stood firm against including Argentina in a hemisphere defense treaty which, among other things, would make allotments and easy purchases of American arms available to the Perón government.

Ambassador Messersmith, on the other hand, considers that Argentina has lived up to her agreements to suppress Axis activities better than some other Latin republics now in high favor in Washington; that the fascist traits in the Perón state are either illusory or unimportant; and that, in the frequent charges that Perón is trying to organize an anti-U.S. bloc among the South American nations, the dictator has been wickedly maligned.

The Ambassador consequently believes that the Perón government should be accorded equal treatment with all other American republics in a hemisphere defense and rearmament program.

It is time to decide

Ambassador Messersmith's Argentine position accords rather better with the Republicans' attitude than does Mr. Braden's. From the point of view of most Republican members of Congress, it is not the business of our foreign policy to protect the Argentine people from the brand of government which their duly elected president chooses to dish out to them — fascist or otherwise. But to ditch the Braden policy now would entail a considerable loss of face for the Administration.

Because of his freedom from partisan ties, Secretary Marshall may stand a better chance than his predecessor of escaping direct collision with the G.O.P. majority in Congress over the key problem in our Latin American policy. As a result he will be freer to support the "Braden line" than Mr. Byrnes could ever have been. General Marshall takes office sufficiently fresh from his experience with rightist totalitarianism in the Chinese Kuomintang to recognize it in Argentina.

There is the logical prospect, too, that General Marshall will maintain the basic foreign policies set by his predecessors. On the other hand, the lifelong habits of thought of a professional soldier might incline General Marshall to be more in favor of a military "understanding" with Perón than a civilian Secretary would be.

In any case, the General's appointment appears to indicate an early end to the Braden-Messersmith feuding. A better organizer and a sterner disciplinarian than Mr. Byrnes, Secretary Marshall is unlikely to tolerate a situation in which one Argentine policy prevails in Washington and another in the Buenos Aires Embassy.

One thing at least remains certain. Neither the Democratic administration nor the Republican majority can hammer out a coherent hemisphere policy until the facts about the new Argentina are openly faced, and the decision made as to whether we are going to woo it or segregate it.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"A Strange Alliance for Monopoly"

Sir:

"A Strange Alliance for Monopoly" by Robert R. Young (December *Atlantic*) is one of the most significant studies of American industry and finance ever written — a courageous and brilliant conception, superbly executed. I have never seen or read or heard quite so candid a statement coming from the head of one of our largest industrial and financial enterprises. Future historians will find this of indispensable source value.

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER
Simon and Schuster
New York City

Sir:

I have read with considerable interest the article by Robert R. Young concerning the railroad monopoly. I deplore Mr. Young's rambling and, at times, incoherent style. The information contained in his article, however, is of the utmost interest and, so far as I know, has never before been presented through as effective a medium as your magazine. I feel that what Mr. Young has to say is of importance to all taxpayers and all citizens concerned with the economy of the country. You do great credit to your magazine running such a controversial article by a man who has made himself the foe of the financial houses on Wall Street.

In the future I hope that you will publish articles exposing similar dangers and unconscionable chicanery.

MERRITT LANE, JR.
Newark, N.J.

Sir:

Robert R. Young's article will, I hope, receive the full attention that it deserves.

The conditions portrayed therein — the evidence of collusion, one might say, between the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the Wall Street bankers

and insurance companies — smell to high heaven. This is shocking reading, especially since it concerns two large and important governmental agencies. Here is a subject worthy of complete investigation by the new Congress.

GEORGE VAN RIPER
Wilton, Conn.

Sir:

"A Strange Alliance for Monopoly" brings to mind an address delivered before the Boston Ministers' Meeting more than thirty years ago. The speaker was Louis D. Brandeis, then an attorney in Boston, and a leading critic of the railroad managers of that day. Mr. Brandeis denounced the men who were responsible for waste and extravagance and pointed out that the practice of economies should be favored rather than the extortion of higher rates from the public. At the close of the address one of the ministers asked why this subject was presented to a body of clergymen since preachers are neither financiers nor railway executives. It seemed as if Mr. Brandeis had been waiting for that question, for, rising to his full height, he shook his long forefinger at his hearers and exclaimed: "You can teach the people conscience!"

The words of the famous jurist have lingered long in the mind of one hearer at least, and now Mr. Young's indictment makes clear that the need of putting conscience into business is still acute. Preachers and teachers have a big task laid out for them, and it is heartening to have the *Atlantic* lend a hand and make the need so apparent.

REV. W. M. MACNAIR
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

I'm thankful that at least Mr. Young has scratched the surface of the faulty crust upon which our financial structure lies. And thanks to the *Atlantic Monthly* editors for their courage and honesty in presenting the facts.

However, is it possible that Mr. Young is in bed with these wizards of wealth, but is crying for a bed of his own?

BILL BANNING
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sir:

I was particularly struck with the power of "Enemies of Production," by Robert R. Young, in the November *Atlantic*. Right or wrong, we are certainly going to need businessmen with guts to speak out, and, I hope, intelligently.

ARTHUR H. MOTLEY
*President, Parade Publications, Inc.
New York City*

"What's Wrong with the Family?" (Continued)

Sir:

My November *Atlantic* caught up with me late, so I've just had a chance to read Della Cyrus's fine piece, "What's Wrong with the Family?" She has said things that have been spinning around in my head for years. It was a genuine pleasure to see them put into coherent form.

(MRS.) KATHARINE H. BRETNALL
Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

Thank you for printing "What's Wrong with the Family?" It is the most shining and down to earth article on family life I have read.

CLARA P. WILSON
Newark, N.J.

Sir:

I am glad some writer had the insight and some magazine the intelligence to publish "What's Wrong with the Family?" Unquestionably, the American family is an institution in distress. It is not necessary to agree with all of Mrs. Cyrus's conclusions in order to be grateful for her excellent presentation of the problem. The more clearly we see the trouble, the more able we shall be to find adequate remedies.

MRS. ARTHUR B. MUSGRAVE
Amherst, Mass.

Sir:

Today Columbus Town Meeting presented as its topic "What's Wrong with the Family?" taken from the *Atlantic* article by Della Cyrus.

During the question period in the latter half of the program, the topic drew one of the best responses of any program in the fall series.

JACK JONAS
*Press Representative, Columbus Town Meeting
Columbus, Ohio*

Sir:

Thank you for that splendid article, "What's Wrong with the Family?" It's time someone had the courage to write it.

There will be no doubt many shocked readers who will hasten to reply and quote their fears as to the meaning underlying this document. Are mothers revolting—they who have been the one

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Atlantic Repartee

stronghold of faith and security in this unpredictable, struggling world? Unbelievable!

No, we aren't revolting entirely. Some of us do question a system under which a young woman is given freedom to conduct her life in the matter of choice of career, social activities, hobbies, companions, in the certainty that she will always be unrestricted, and then, because she finally chooses matrimony, is thrust into a life so devoid of freedom and so cluttered with monotonous, energy-consuming tasks that she cannot hope to give her husband and her children the best of herself, her accomplishments, her maturity, her strength.

Of course, I'm speaking mainly of the years when the children are young. What comes later I shall learn soon enough, but I feel I shall still be in accord with Mrs. Cyrus's progressive ideas.

She has presented the case with amazing factuality and sincerity. It would seem that there are many persons, particularly parents and heads of families, who would gain much from reading her article.

(MRS.) E. MARJORIE KRAMPE
Woodstock, N.Y.

Sir:

What's Wrong with the Family? is a good topic and should be thrashed out, but What's Wrong with Our National Life is not the kicking around that family life gets, but neglect of small and important details.

This was acutely pointed up for our family a while ago and the *Atlantic* plays a part in it. The occasion was a furlough, when our eighteen-year-old was permitted home for a few days, after seven months spent mostly, one gathers, in picking up stones with his fellow conscriptees, and carrying them in their helmet liners to fill up holes in the parade ground, pending General Eisenhower's inspection and approval.

We noticed, after the novelty of Mom's cooking and the raids on the milk supply wore off, that he invariably headed for the stack of old *Atlantics*. It provoked the questions, "What's the idea, Bob, are you behind in your reading? Doesn't the Post Library keep current magazines available?" His reply brought us up short. We were almost as speechless as when he asked us, on the way home from the railroad station, "Mom, is my bed made up with sheets on it?" Sounds queer. But not when we understood their rigid peacetime training for the next war. No sheets! Of course not. Not for soldiers! Not even a chair permitted in their barracks. If they wanted to sit down and were permitted to do so, the foot locker was adequate. Good training for the foxholes of Korea. But about the magazine. "The *Atlantic*," we were told, "is an officer's magazine. The GI doesn't have access to it and is not supposed to be interested in that type of reading."

Now our family, in common with a good many hundreds of other American families, gives some thought to the quality and quantity and availability of good reading material for the home. And the education of this boy, while we are emphatically and properly grateful for the institutions which permitted him to become a college junior (science) by the time he was drafted at the age of eighteen, after the close of hostilities, has depended in part upon his home; upon the discipline and example set before him there; and upon the culture of that home as created from the potentialities of American life. It seems little enough to ask that any or all reading matter commonly available to the boys be included among the things to which they are exposed while in service — in peacetime.

We are not permitted to send him an *Atlantic* or a packet of other selected reading materials without a specific request from him, which request is inspected by the postal clerk and then duly stamped and canceled to prevent its re-use next week or month. We are not permitted to send him more than one package a week under any circumstances, regardless of the number of requests the soldier makes. Probably these would be good regulations provided the boys received the packages, but since they receive only one package in three, it amounts only to another pointed irritation.

The Draft Act is a grand piece of democratic American legislation, rigorously endorsed by the politicians of the American Legion, rigidly and unintelligently enforced by their lesser satellites. Now that peace is presumably here, may the Act soon rest in that peace it so well deserves by virtue of the injustices carried out in the name of patriotism — on a per diem basis.

If regimentation is to be our lot, can we not carry along with us some of the amenities of American life? Though that does seem rather futile, in the face of peacetime conscription with its implication that war is inevitable!

BARRY LANDSDOWNE
Evanston, Ill.

I Personally —

Sir:

I enjoyed Walter Lippmann's article, "A Year of Peacemaking," in the December *Atlantic* and believe it to be in general a very sound exposition of very vital problems.

I particularly liked his final reference to Castle-reagh's comment that "no effectual progress can be made in business until some plan of European settlement can be prepared ready to be submitted." In my opinion, the problems which confront us now are very much like the problems which confronted England at that time, and just as British sea power contributed to a general period of peace from 1815 to 1914, American sea power can and should make a similar contribution in the years ahead.

VICE ADMIRAL FORREST SHERMAN
Deputy Chief of Naval Operations
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

May I compliment you and Mrs. Morrow on her article, "President Neilson of Smith," in the November *Atlantic*.

In the article she discusses the reasons why Mr. Neilson accepted the invitation to become President of Smith College—an action which involved his leaving Harvard.

I want to tell you about the amusing reason which he, in his own humorous way, gave at a dinner of the Worcester Harvard Club shortly after he went to Smith.

"In and about Cambridge," he said, "I am being much maligned for deserting the noble profession of teaching men at Harvard, for the purpose of going up to Smith College to fool around with a lot of girls. Nobody knows that my real reason for going was to train those girls to become fit mates for my Harvard boys."

WILFRED B. FEIGA
Judge, Superior Court
Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

I should like to congratulate you on "Stars, Proteins, and Nations" by Dr. Philippe Le Corbeiller (December *Atlantic*), in which he demonstrates the manner in which the mass of wondrous detail that comprises our surrounding world can be assayed to isolate and recognize a fact. Dr. Le Corbeiller shows that the successful method consists not in extravagance of imagination, but in the patient search for numerical identities that relate varied sets of circumstances. Such related circumstances, after they are recorded, classified, and verified by other workers, constitute the facts of the physical sciences, and the type of reporting that limits its conclusions to the publication of suspected or proved identities has come to be known as the scientific method. This discipline, which at first glance might be considered confining, has indeed let us view the heavens with increased sight and has furnished our modern society with devices of marvelous complexity.

Of greater significance is Dr. Le Corbeiller's observation that physics and chemistry must of necessity grow toward maturity at an earlier date than biochemistry and biology, since the latter sciences are dependent on the former for research tools, and by the same token, that the social sciences will require a considerably longer time to reach a similar stage of maturity.

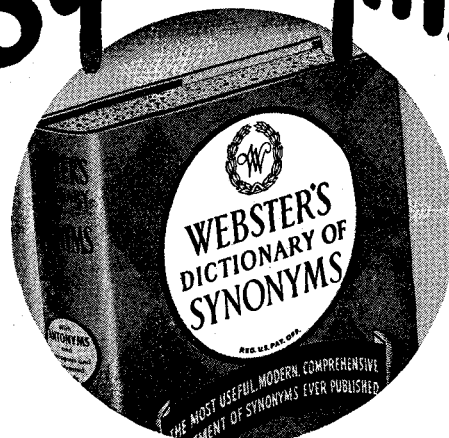
Can we afford to wait two hundred years for the development of techniques that will measure our desires and number their intensities? The politician is the practitioner of politics, the executive is best informed in the field of business, the newspaper reporter is the expert observer of current events, the shop expert is the workman. If these broad groups of our body politic could learn the habit of mind that supports sustained and unbiased inquiry, this very achievement would lend us an increased fortitude to wait for the dissection of our inner selves.

DAVID JACOBUS
Hoboken, N.J.

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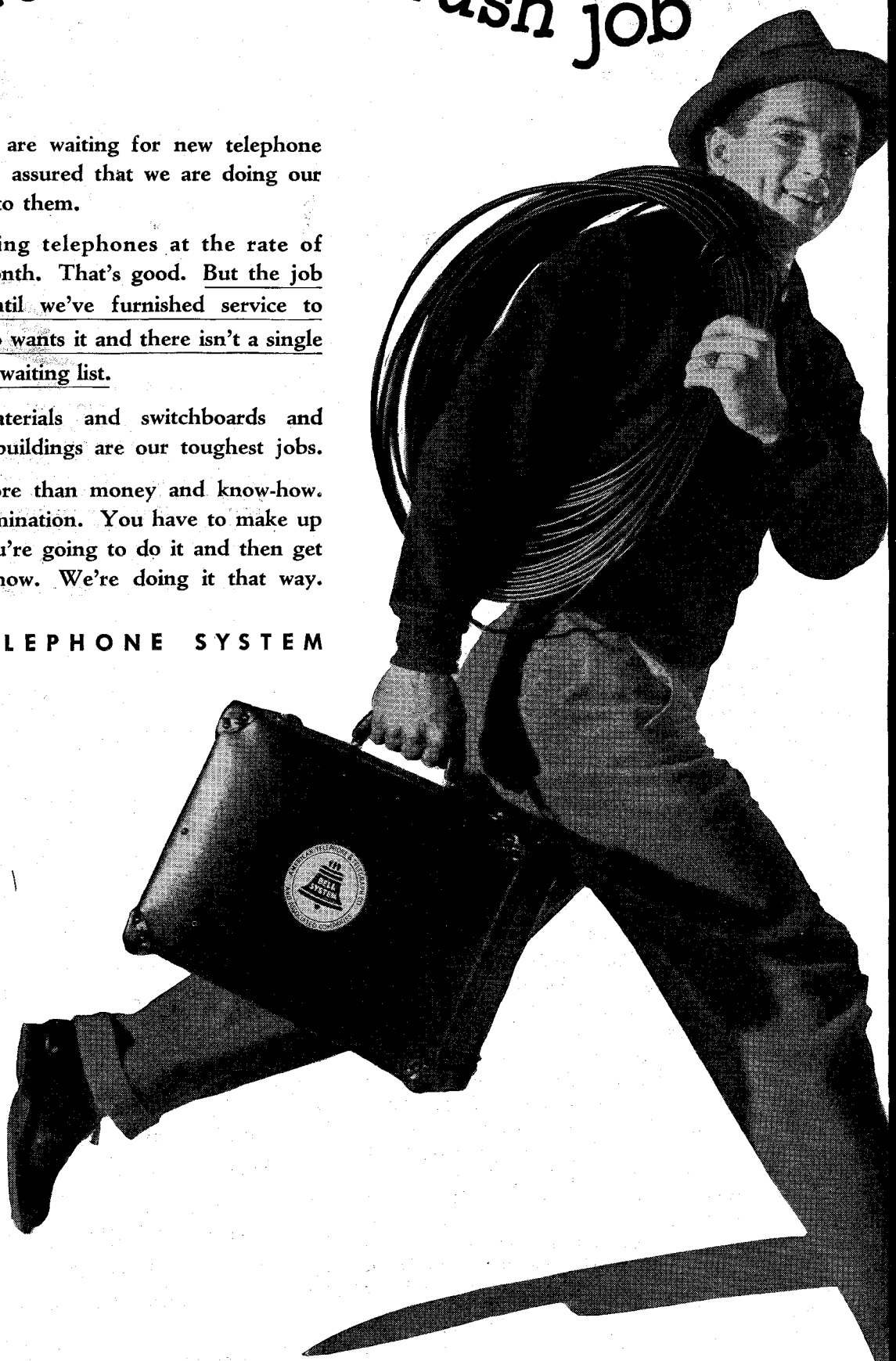
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90th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

PRESIDENT TRUMAN TO DR. COMPTON

After reading Dr. Karl T. Compton's article, "If the Atomic Bomb Had Not Been Used," which appeared in the *Atlantic* for December, the President wrote Dr. Compton a note which we are reproducing because of its historic import.

THE WHITE HOUSE

December 16, 1946

DEAR DR. COMPTON: —

Your statement in the *Atlantic Monthly* is a fair analysis of the situation except that the final decision had to be made by the President, and was made after a complete survey of the whole situation had been made. The conclusions reached were substantially those set out in your article.

The Japanese were given fair warning, and were offered the terms which they finally accepted, well in advance of the dropping of the bomb. I imagine the bomb caused them to accept the terms.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY S. TRUMAN



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THE RIGHT TO STRIKE

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

I

IN ALL the discussions, in all or most of the pontifical editorials dealing with labor unrest and strikes, we encounter the familiar phenomenon of a debate carried on in general terms which are wholly undefined. If you and I are discussing Liberty or Democracy or Human Rights, I want to know exactly what those imposing words mean to you. You ought to know what they mean to me. Otherwise the discussion ends in frustration and each of us departs convinced only that he is a sound logician and his opponent an evasive person, if not actually dishonest.

During the last coal strike, Mr. Lewis was on familiar ground when he defended the Right to Strike and inveighed against involuntary labor as servitude and an infringement of essential human rights. The government claimed that the public's interest was paramount and that the rights involved must be curtailed for the protection of the whole community. Well and good, but obviously we could meet on a more comprehensible level if both of us took the trouble to define exactly what we mean by rights, if we understood what they are, how they came to exist, and what their status is in the involved complexity of modern civilization. For here the gravest confusion exists. Definitions in legal dictionaries are clearly inadequate. The rights involved mean all things to all men — as do the concepts summed up in the words Liberty and Democracy. It is the part of wisdom to know exactly what we are fighting for and about.

At present many attempts are being made by our deepest thinkers to formulate a definition of rights and a codification of the ones thought to be essential to modern society which can be accepted in a world-wide sense. The *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science devoted its January, 1946, issue to a symposium dealing with "Essential Human Rights," discussed under the following headings: "International Importance of Human Rights," "An International Declaration of Human Rights," "Human Rights in Selected Areas," "Na-

tional Legal Protection of Human Rights," "International Procedures for Protection of Human Rights," and "Future International Action."

The United Nations, among their multifarious activities, enjoy the services of a Commission on Human Rights, charged with the formulation of an International Bill of Human Rights. I have before me the outline of such a bill, prepared by a committee of eminent citizens for presentation to the Commission — a sort of unofficial indication of how a group of the best people think the Commission's deliberations should eventuate. Of the nineteen articles presented in the outline, the first two establish the international character of the document, the third limits the exercise of rights "by the rights of others and by the just requirements of the democratic state," and the last one has to do with enforcement. Each of the remaining fifteen articles begins with the words: "Every person has the right" — let us say, to trial by jury, to education, to social security, to "receive from the State assistance in the exercise of his right to work," and so on.

No one will quarrel with the laudable purposes behind such a document. They are not only benevolent; they evidence a sincere intention to codify a world-wide insistence on the dignity of the individual. Their formal expression is plausible and a reading of them makes us feel noble and generous as co-workers for a better world. The only trouble with them is that they are all wrong. They convey a totally erroneous impression. They tell us we are entitled to a blank check on society, that we own something which we do not possess. They are upside down. They are hind-side before. They might have been written in topsyturvydom.

What do these good people mean by the rights they have enumerated in a document which crystallizes confusion and gives it a kind of official sanction? What are the character and the governing principle of these rights? Are they *agreements* which have been arrived at in one way or another? Are they permanent or transient? Or are they inherent, "natural rights," mystical, almost divine, with which every creature is endowed on entering this vale of tears?

A great many people say "Yes" to the third question, and there is respectable authority for such an

Wishing to get clearly above the bitter bickering over wages, profits, and prices, we publish this view of the fundamentals involved in "the right to strike," by RICHARD E. DANIELSON, President of the Atlantic Monthly Company.

answer. Our own Declaration of Independence states as a self-evident truth that all men "are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." Further endorsement of this conception may be found in the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen (1789) and in many other enthusiastic and hopeful generalizations.

It is a pleasant and ennobling thought — that God endows each one of us with a ready-made assortment of inalienable rights and justifiable claims against the rest of the world. As a basis for eighteenth century political metaphysics, it is as fascinating an assumption as may be found. But it is an assumption, nothing more nor less, and worth no more than any other unprovable hypothesis. Dogmatists may base a system of theology on the assumption that a babe, born or unborn, is the possessor of an immortal soul; and if you grant that assumption, the theology which follows it is unassailable. If you deny that major premise, the logical theology based on it becomes nonsense.

Let us begin by asking whether there is justification, other than a pious hope, for assuming the existence of mystical, inherent, natural, divinely endowed "rights," and examine briefly the nature and structure of those "rights" whose existence all of us acknowledge in some form.

2

OUR ancestors, in their long and stubborn struggle to conserve their ancient liberties and to expand them, consistently referred to their established "rights and privileges." We might do well to assume that this phrase describes a likeness and not a difference. We may fairly base our definition of rights on the theory that they were and are privileges, granted to us at one time or another as the result of all kinds of pressures and forces, which — if justified in experience — become embedded for a short time or a long time in our fundamental law as rights. There is nothing sacred or inherent in this conception or definition of rights. They are based on bargains brought about by conditions which were intolerable without regulations and concessions.

Many rights and privileges have been granted which turned out to be valueless or vicious. *Le Droit du Seigneur* has been relinquished for various reasons. The Divine Right of Kings, the principle of the rightness of autocracy, was at last extinguished to the accompaniment of much suffering and bloodshed. The right to own chattel slaves was a right of incredible antiquity, dating back at least to the beginnings of recorded history. It persisted into modern, enlightened Anglo-Saxon civilization until almost yesterday. It was enshrined in law and statute until only eighty years ago. It was passionately defended by good and honorable men, willing to fight and die to protect its sanctity. Senators and clergymen, in all

solemnity, described the "peculiar institution" of slavery as a fundamental right, approved by God and sanctioned by Holy Writ. This right was abolished in our country at the cost of four years of dreadful civil war.

Such instances show that rights come and go: they expand and contract; they are canceled by common consent or as the result of force; they are constantly being abridged by circumstance, or they expand through what seem to be logical accretions. This fact, alone, vitiates their claims as inalienable endowments by Providence.

At this point we may establish Principle No. 1 regarding human rights: *They are amendable, transitory, impermanent arrangements.* A certain set of conditions produces certain justifiable claims. These claims are admitted by society as valid and are embodied in law and enforced by public opinion. They become accepted as "rights." Conditions change and the claims appear to be invalid; the law is amended, and the established "rights" are abridged, modified, or canceled altogether. They are always and forever subject to amendment. I know of no exception whatsoever to this general rule or principle. The only quality of permanence enjoyed by a human right is its impermanence, actual or implicit.

Another general principle characterizes human rights. Consider the foremost claimant among them: the right to life, the right to live. The naked, newborn infant is in no position to make good his claim to this proud privilege. If left alone for a few hours, he dies, and his little soul, immortal or not, his little puff of energy, flutters away — to what end or purpose we do not know. Someone, therefore, assumes the obligation of keeping him alive. Someone pays the bills which his existence entails. Someone or some people fight and pay for his food, his health, his training, his clothing, his education. In other words people *pay* for the *right* to keep children alive. If this right were not paid for, it would cease to be.

Society has not always granted even this right. In a community living always on the edge of starvation, public opinion has justified the "exposure" of infants, particularly of infant girls. The right to bear and bring up children was, under those conditions, sharply curtailed. On the other hand, in more prosperous communities the rights of parenthood are forever expanding. Parents nowadays demand as a right that, when they are unable themselves to provide proper facilities, the public shall give vacations and prenatal care to expectant mothers; that babies shall be delivered in free hospitals, their health attended to by physicians and nurses supported at public expense, their education assured by a system of free schools, and so on. These increased rights are acquiesced in by the public as in line with enlightened public policy, but let no one assume that they are inherent rights. They are privileges, granted by the public and paid for by the public because the public believes it is well to make such payment for the public good and the future of mankind.

Here we may formulate the second universal characteristic of all human rights: Principle No. 2, *Someone always pays for them.* They are not inherent; they are bought and paid for, by someone, somewhere, sometime. *Always!* To buy a right — that is, to establish its valid claim — may require payment in the form of a war or a revolution. It may have been decided ages ago, but if so, it was at the expense and sacrifice of somebody or some group. And, because of such sacrifice, as Clough wrote: —

Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown.

The right to own private property is an ancient right, but it took thousands of years — and how many lives! — to establish that right and make it good. It is not clear-cut today. There are barbarous tribes which still own all things in common. The communists would revert to that primitive practice and establish the title of the state to all property — *at the expense* of everyone who owns private property. Even under capitalism the right to own property is subject to many qualifications. Every measure of taxation is an interference by the state in the perfection of private ownership. The state says, "We shall have to take so much of your property every year to pay for implementing the rights of other people. This is not only good business for them, but for all of us, you included." How fairly and honorably this is done depends on the character of the state, which, in theory, is you. The right of eminent domain is a direct denial of private property rights whenever the interests of the people as a whole seem to be involved. In that case, you are the Forgotten Man, but your predicament will serve to remind you that the right of eminent domain is no exception to the rule that, to maintain a right, somebody always pays.

If the "general relativity of rights" is demonstrated by their amendability and by the payment principle, which I have called Principles No. 1 and 2, it is further illustrated by Principle No. 3: *In all rights, the individual is nothing, the public everything.* Apparent inconsistencies with this rule will not bear the light of analysis and examination. This, in itself, would seem to invalidate the mystical endowment theory and, in fact, does so. As an individual you have no right or claim to anything. This is where our Bills of Rights become documents of confusion. Let us say you claim the right to a free education. You are utterly wrong. The world does not owe you an education or a living — contrary to the assumption which is gaining considerable acceptance in this country today. The public assumes that its future condition will be happier if you are literate than if you are not. Therefore it consents to pay the bills for your education. If the net result — as our Army tests indicate — is disappointing, the fault lies in the nature of the education provided or the human material involved, or both, not with the genial willingness of the public to provide you gratis with

what you blithely assume to be your due, to throw away, ignore, or maltreat as you choose. Your descendants may safely assume that, if free education is ever admitted to be a complete failure, the right to it will vanish into thin air. An inexpedient right, or one whose exercise is contrary to the general welfare, simply ceases to exist. **KEEP OUT** will be placarded on Public School No. 3, and little Willy will turn back to the parental jungle for his instruction.

It is therefore with a certain dismay that one reads, not the shoutings of soapbox orators, but the considered thought of eminent, humane, and educated persons on the subject of human rights. Those fifteen articles which I have referred to, beginning "Every person has the right to" — should they not read: "The undersigned governments pledge themselves, as circumstances and the public good permit, to provide" trial by jury, free education, and so on? It is distressing to find eminent people considering human rights as fixed, permanent institutions, to be embalmed in immortal law, as things to which we are naturally entitled, when a slight consideration of their nature shows them to be only agreements, good for a certain time and place — to be fluid, changing agreements, subject to indefinite expansion, subject also to contraction or nullification. It is true that behind them nowadays is a consistent motive, an insistence on the dignity of individual man. That motive may express itself in a thousand gestures on the part of society in the granting of all manner of rights and privileges, but the rights and privileges, themselves, are not fixed and permanent. They have no quality of permanency. They are transient. Aside from a common motive, they share no inherent principles which I have been able to discover except the three referred to above: that they are temporary, that they are always paid for, and that they depend without exception on the "public good."

3

NEITHER union officials nor executive vice presidents are notorious students of abstract truth. Their concerns are with immediate and specific problems the merits of which I do not propose to discuss. But it is significant, wholly aside from questions of pay or conditions of labor, that both sides base their contentions on an abstract principle which they have not defined: in this instance the Right to Strike and its inevitable corollary, that involuntary labor is servitude.

Therefore the one issue which must be met if there is to be any healthy and reasonable determination of these labor controversies is the valid interpretation of this abstract principle. The public cannot decide whether an 18½ cents per hour wage raise is desirable or a 19½ cents per hour raise is undesirable. It is quite unable to pass on the question of how much an industry shall earn or at what price a ton of steel shall be sold to

manufacturers. Nor can it always — in moments of emergency — decide on the ethical merits of conflicting claims and positions or determine which party is at fault.

Was the New York tugboat strike of 1946 due to the greed of owners or of workers? Were the cattlemen who withheld beef from the market in 1946 in effect striking against the public for their own private advantages? When bankers elect to withhold credit, are they combining in a strike of capital? The public seldom has all the facts on which to base a decision as to the rights and wrongs of specific instances. On the other hand, public opinion becomes a determining factor when such a controversy clearly involves either the abuse or denial of a human right or the general principles underlying such a right, because it is the public itself which has granted that right in the first place and pays for its maintenance and proper exercise.

Mr. Lewis has, to the thoughtless, ample authority for standing firmly on the inalienable, permanent, ancient, indestructible, inflexible right to strike at any time, anywhere — it being, in the popular mind, generally conceded that enforced labor is servitude. Thomas Jefferson was equally sound when he justified revolution on the basis of certain inalienable, inherent, human rights, bestowed by God. Robert E. Lee, who would probably have freed his slaves gladly, was nevertheless compelled by his conscience to fight for the right to own them. All three were right in their logic. All three were wrong in their assumptions.

Mr. Lewis, to confine the discussion to modern instances, is utterly wrong in the assumption that all men have the right to strike — to cease their labor — at any time and under all conditions. Such a right simply does not exist. It has never been granted by society. It has been advanced by the lunatic fringe of labor and has been definitely rejected by public opinion. The Boston police strike after World War I provided a clear veto by the public of such extravagance. Policemen — and by tacit assumption firemen, postal employees, and other public servants — cannot be allowed to strike; if soldiers and sailors refuse to labor, their action is called mutiny and is subject to the severest penalties. Nor has the general principle that involuntary labor constitutes servitude been accepted as universal. This country has twice — once in time of war and once in time of professed peace — drafted its young men into the involuntary and disciplined labor of the military services, involving, besides labor, the dreadful prospect of wounds and death. The right to strike is therefore subject to the principle of limitation and amendment.

Mr. Lewis and his colleagues are undoubtedly fully aware of the fact of limitations on the right to strike, although they are reluctant to admit it. But they, like the rest of us, are not clear in their minds as to how far those limitations may extend. Have, for example, 3500 tugboat operators the *right* to tie up

and paralyze the Port of New York, bringing distress to millions? Can 10,000 transit employees be allowed to cut the lifelines of 3,000,000 in Philadelphia, or a smaller group of electricians in the Pittsburgh district to short-circuit the nerve centers of a great community? Can 400,000 coal miners be permitted to plunge a whole country into economic dislocation and consequent misery? How far does the right to strike go, when so many innocent bystanders are involved? Have not too many been asked to pay too much for the benefit of too few? These are the questions which must be answered, and neither management nor labor, arbitration boards nor fact-finding commissions dealing with particular issues, have yet been able to answer them, or to do anything but provide temporary stopgaps and pinchbeck conciliations.

4

BUT, in so far as the major strikes or threatened strikes of 1946 have been strikes against the public rather than strikes against private ownership and management, they have served indirectly to clarify the general issue. They have created or confirmed the belief that strikes "against the public" which affect the necessities of living are intolerable. The public pays for the right to strike, according to Principle No. 2, but it cannot be asked to pay to the extent of its own great injury or destruction. It will not put private benefit above public good. To ask the public to permit a group of disputants to cut the public's throat is to approve anarchy as a normal process.

Our common purpose in living and working together is, I suppose, to achieve a kind of civilization which permits a maximum amount of fairness and equality of opportunity, a maximum of compassion toward the handicapped, and a hope of reasonable happiness for all. This is an immensely complex and intricate business; it involves all manner of concessions, of give-and-take; it involves injustices and their rectifications, advantages and disadvantages which must be equalized. It is almost a miracle that it succeeds, here and there, in existing at all. An orderly city street where robbers and murderers dare not tread, where lights shine and houses are heated, where children walk in safety to school, where milkmen deliver milk and postmen deliver mail — this phenomenon, which we take for granted, represents a coördination and coöperation of human effort so widespread, an integration of divergent interests so involved, as to stagger the imagination. *It is a condition possible only where private interests are subordinate to the public good.*

If certain members of society combine to dim and extinguish those lights; if, as a result of their action, houses are cold, children are at the mercy of the hoodlum and the thug, and enforced unemployment stalks the streets, those members of society have committed a crime against the civilization of

which they are themselves a part. They have exercised a right which ceases to be a right and becomes an agent of anarchy.

Not only labor leaders and members of militant unions, not only the writers for *PM* and the *Daily Worker*, but all men everywhere, owners of property, white-collar workers, managers of businesses, all of us, must think more clearly before we invoke our particular rights or prate about human rights in general. Let us consider always what the unlimited applications of an individual right may involve before we push our argument to the brutal absurdity of an attack on society in general.

A better method of settling disputes between labor and management in the public services and public utilities and in the vital industries and services, a better solution, *must be found* than the paralysis of the strike, local or national. It must be found because that method is intolerable and contrary to the public good.

What that method may be is the business of the people through their representatives to determine. The process will be one of trial and error and it will involve much grief, but it must be undertaken by all men of good will. It may be that a pledge of relinquishing the right to strike — in return for proper considerations — will be made a condition precedent to employment in the public utilities. It may be that, as the management of railroads is subject to the rules and regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, so the employees of railroads will be made subject to the regulation of an Interstate Labor Commission. It may be that the coal miner who wishes to continue in his hard and dangerous occupation will be told to forgo the luxury of belonging to a national union which can throttle the whole country at the word or the silence of one man. It may be that he will be asked to enlist in an Army of coal miners, pledged to certain services in the public interest and enjoying corresponding privileges.

It may be that we shall be forced into public ownership.

But let no man think that in this process of adjustment he is being deprived of an inalienable right. If he is a man who lives by labor, he must accept the limitations on the right to strike which are now in the process of being determined. If he is an owner of property he must admit the public's interest in the way he handles and uses that property. In each instance he must be prepared to return to society the full and unlimited exercise of certain privileges which have been granted to him by society, when that full and unlimited exercise becomes harmful to society, of which he is himself a member.

The machinery of the United Nations is hopefully designed to avert warfare between its members. To that end each nation yields a necessary portion of its sovereignty, something of the rights on which it might insist. A similar machinery or its equivalent may well be set up in our own country to avert industrial warfare. If either machine is to function successfully it must be controlled by men too civilized to be wholly selfish, by men who seek something more than their own advancement or a benefit for their class, or race, or nation. They must be men who remember the third and most important principle governing the exercise of human rights — that the public good is always controlling.

Except as you subscribe to and support this doctrine, except as you admit the "mutuality" of society, you are not entitled to the exercise of any right of any character whatsoever. The public is not an abstraction. It is everyone, the mass of us trying somehow to build things better in a sorry world. It includes the housewife and the clerk, it includes the farmer and the young mother, it includes John Lewis and the miners of coal, it includes doctor, merchant, lawyer, chief, the student, and the soldier. The rights of each must yield to the public good. And the public is you.



» Peace was in the balance when Litvinov met the American Ambassador, Norman Davis, at the Brussels Conference. War could have been averted by an agreement for collective action. What was the trouble?

HOW WE LOST THE PEACE IN 1937

by RAYMOND SWING

I

THE opportunities of this generation to avoid World War Two are by now common knowledge. They began with the failure of the United States to join the League of Nations and make it effective, and they ended with the appeasement at Munich. Among the earlier moments was the Stimson-Simon negotiation in 1932 for an Anglo-American *démarche* to warn Japan. The Nazis could have been forced to withdraw the armies they had sent in to occupy the Rhineland, and they could have been called to account for abrogating the Locarno Treaty. Vigorous action to curb German-Italian intervention in Spain would have made the world climate less inviting to the aggressor. If Italy had been punished for its attack on Ethiopia, Hitler would not have ventured on an expansionist program.

In this sequence, the Brussels Conference of October, 1937, can now be recognized as having been perhaps the last really promising opportunity. Here the nations could have acted as they were unable to do later. The momentum toward catastrophe had not gathered a speed too great to be checked. If it was not to be done at Brussels, it plainly could not be done at Munich. One reason is that at Brussels the Western democracies gave up the hope of coöperation from the Soviet Union in preserving the peace. Munich not only was a surrender to Hitler, it also was the *de facto* termination of the Franco-Soviet alliance. Britain and France made the deal without consulting Russia, although that country was pledged to come to the aid of Czechoslovakia. In effect they consigned Russia to become an object of German designs.

But the year before, at Brussels, Russia might have been retained as participant in any genuine effort to save the peace. Moreover, the failure of the Brussels Conference meant defeat inside Russia for the men who favored coöperation with the West. Brussels was Litvinov's last chance to remain at the helm of Russian foreign policy. Some

months were to pass before he was removed, but his policy was shattered at Brussels, and it was there that the subsequent Ribbentrop-Molotov pact of 1939 was made possible. Later, when Great Britain gave to Poland the guarantee that proved to be the move which made the war inevitable, the Soviet Union again was not consulted, though without Russia's aid the guarantee was meaningless.

Aside from severing Russia from the Western democracies, the Brussels Conference gave substantial encouragement to aggressors. It demonstrated that no possibility remained for an active Anglo-American collaboration to police the world.

The Brussels Conference was not wrecked by diplomacy. The most careful plans had been laid. The British, having learned with increasing dismay how shortsighted had been Sir John Simon's rejection of Secretary Stimson's offer in 1932, were ready this time to go as far as the United States to stop Japan. Winston Churchill, at that time not in the Government, but as always well-informed about British policy, made the British attitude plain before the conference convened. "There is one simple rule," he told his constituents in making an impassioned attack on Japanese ruthlessness; "we must act in support of the United States. If they are prepared to act, you are quite safe working with that great branch of the English-speaking countries. If our two countries go together, I doubt whether any great harm could come to either of us. Alone we cannot intervene effectively. It is too far off and we are not strong enough. Our rule must be to give more support to the United States. As far as they go, we will go."

Lord Halifax outlined the objective of the Brussels Conference in a more subdued statement on behalf of the Government. "The policy we intend to pursue," he said, "is such a policy which may lead, if it can, to the termination of conflict between China and Japan on a basis that the moral opinion of the world would accept, a basis which would offer the hope of being durable, and a basis for the development of China in which all countries could play their part."

But neither of these statements gave the real text

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of the Brussels Conference. That had been supplied by President Roosevelt in the celebrated "quarantine" speech of October 5, 1937. Read today, the quarantine passage of the speech may not appear so explicit as the times called for. Having expatiated on the spreading epidemic of lawlessness in the world, Mr. Roosevelt had merely said: "When an epidemic of physical disease starts to spread, the community approves and joins in a quarantine of the patients." But the President intentionally kept this passage vague. The purpose of the Brussels Conference was not to devise a quarantine, but to draw up a settlement of the Far Eastern crisis for Japan to accept. Only if the Japanese declined, would a quarantine come into consideration. The fact that the power of a quarantine was envisaged, and had been publicly referred to, was counted on to induce the Japanese to accept.

President Roosevelt saw that the hope of peace lay in collective action. In the speech he said: "If we are to have a world in which we can breathe freely and live in amity without fear, the peace-loving nations must make a concerted effort to uphold laws and principles on which alone peace can rest secure. The peace-loving nations must make a concerted effort in opposition to those violations of treaties and those ignorings of humane instincts which today are creating a state of international anarchy and instability from which there is no escape through mere isolation or neutrality. . . . The peace, the freedom, and the security of 90 per cent of the population of the world are being jeopardized by the remaining 10 per cent who are threatening a breakdown of all international law and order." And he continued: "The will for peace on the part of peace-loving nations must express itself to the end that nations that may be tempted to violate their agreements and the rights of others will desist from such a course. There must be positive endeavors to preserve peace."

Mr. Roosevelt no doubt felt that he could not recommend explicit action before he had aroused home opinion to the peril of the disintegrating world. And one objective of this address was to arouse his countrymen. "Let no one imagine," the President warned, "that America will escape, that America may expect mercy, that this Western Hemisphere will not be attacked, and that it will continue tranquilly and peacefully to carry on the ethics and the arts of civilization." And if the worst should come, he said, borrowing from an anonymous warning, "there will be no safety by arms, no help from authority, no answer in science. The storm will rage till every flower of culture is trampled and all human beings are leveled in a vast chaos."

We had remained outside the League and thus had contributed to its failure to save Ethiopia from Italy. Now Mr. Roosevelt saw the need of achieving the original purpose of the League. As an instrument the League was discredited. But the

Wilsonian principle was undimmed and must be applied. Time was late, but peace might be saved if we and the British were willing to lead. President Roosevelt was willing.

So were the British. Inside the British Government the facts had only been learned belatedly about the Stimson offer to Sir John Simon. Sir John had rejected this offer without referring it to the British cabinet, doing so after personal consultation with only a few of his colleagues. This had been presumptuous treatment to accord a great and friendly nation, though much in the story was forgivable. Mr. Stimson made his offer by transatlantic telephone, the first time it was used to initiate a major policy, and the British, who were not accustomed to transact state business by telephone at home, were even less ready to do so internationally. Sir John was at Geneva and had to receive one of the calls in a booth at the League of Nations. He had not been able to arrange for stenographic notes to be taken of the conversations, and so could not study the precise words of what had been said, and weigh their implications. Mr. Stimson had been subdued in outlining a joint course for the United States and Great Britain to pursue, with the result that Sir John had doubts about the proposal's having substance. Also he had grave and not unjustified question about the willingness of the American public, then in the throes of the depression, to support a policy that might lead to the use of force against Japan. And he was all the more inclined to be skeptical because, at a press conference at Geneva and on other occasions, he himself warmly defended the Japanese aggression in Manchuria.

2

THE real story of the Stimson offer was not known in London in 1932. Only later was it to be realized that the United States had foreseen the gathering of the storm over China and had offered to do something about it. The episode was cause for humiliation and remorse. When the facts became known inside the Government, they expedited the transfer of Sir John to the Home Office. And at last the British were alert for the coming of a second American offer. It came, and as Mr. Churchill expressed it, the British would go just as far as the United States was ready to go.

Mr. Roosevelt did not need to make his quarantine speech more explicit for the British, and he did not care to be more outspoken for his own public. He knew that the new policy would encounter strong resistance in this country. He would have to do battle for it, as he was to have to fight for his policy of aiding the Allies in 1940 and 1941. But if no other deep trouble preoccupied the country, he was confident he could gather support as he needed it. The Brussels Conference gave him

his occasion, and he laid hands on his opportunity.

Norman Davis was to be the American representative at Brussels. He had been spokesman for the United States on many occasions, and had become a master of dissimulating the lack of commensurate concern on the part of the American government as the world went from bad to worse. He was elated to learn the broad outlines of the new policy of Anglo-American coöperation. For a change he could represent the United States at a conference which was to do something positive. The week-end before he sailed for Europe he spent with President Roosevelt at Hyde Park, and the details of the new policy were worked out. There was no commitment of a formal nature to Great Britain, a fact that enabled President Roosevelt to announce: "Mr. Davis will enter the conference without any commitments on the part of this government to any other government." And the evening before Mr. Davis's arrival at Hyde Park, Mr. Roosevelt explained: "Mr. Davis is going to Brussels to represent the country at a meeting of the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty. . . . The purpose of the conference is in conformity with the original pledge by the parties in 1922 to have a full and frank exchange of views with regard to the Far Eastern situation. . . . As I said in my broadcast of October 12, [1937], the purpose of the conference will be to seek by agreement a solution of the present situation in China." These were guarded words, but in their context they were unmistakable. Sol Levinson, the Chicago attorney who had been chief architect of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, remarked that in the light of the quarantine speech Mr. Davis would not be a mediator at Brussels but prosecuting attorney.

The proposal which the United States and Great Britain were prepared to commend to the conference has never been officially divulged. The only news about it to be published at the time came from the Japanese Domei Agency, on November 9, 1937. According to this source, it was a "Roosevelt proposal," and consisted of four points. Japan was to withdraw all its troops from China except legation guards. In return China was to give tacit recognition to the regime in Manchukuo, undertaking to refrain from action against the new state. China also was to recognize Japan's "economic advance" in China. And the execution of the program was to be watched over by an international committee.

It was foreseen that opposition to this program might arise at the conference. Italy was expected to be hostile to anything that appeared to be embarking once more on the road to possible sanctions. France also might be obstructive, as the French government at that time was conducting an even stronger pro-Japanese policy than had the British under Sir John Simon. But if the conference balked at the plan, the British and Americans were to sponsor the program by themselves if need be, and

carry it through. They were in a mood to move forward quietly but with determination, and to give the impression that they were ready to support the settlement by any action required. How clearly they defined to themselves the risks they might run we have yet to learn. But the odds appeared great that a proper firmness at the start of the policy would avoid future trouble, and not only would peace be brought to the Far East but it would be saved for the world. As Mr. Churchill had put it, "If our two countries go together, I doubt whether any great harm could come to either of us."

All this preparation went for naught. Though Mr. Davis had spent his last hours before sailing with President Roosevelt working out the plan for Brussels, by the time he arrived in Europe his instructions had been canceled. Instead he was told to do nothing, and to commit the United States to nothing. Mr. Litvinov came to him privately at the start of the conference and gravely exhorted him to produce a strong policy of international action to curb Japan. He informed him that this was the last chance for the West to obtain the coöperation of the Soviet Union. The sands were running out against the Kremlin's policy of support for collective security. Mr. Litvinov frankly told Mr. Davis that if the Brussels Conference produced no results, his own days in the Foreign Office were numbered, as Russia would go into isolation. Mr. Davis had to inform him that his instructions made it impossible to take the course Mr. Litvinov desired. The disconsolate Russian Foreign Commissar returned to Moscow even before the conference came to a close.

Though in his opening address at the conference Mr. Davis stated that the United States was prepared to share in the common efforts to find a basis for a peaceful solution of the conflict in Asia, he did not produce the essential concrete proposal. Japan had refused to attend the conference, and this provided the theme of the final resolution. It went no further than condemning that country for its absence, and reaffirming the principles of the Nine-Power Treaty. Even on this meaningless resolution Italy cast a negative vote. Thus Italy and Japan boldly testified at Brussels to the safety they felt as the fateful years of 1938 and 1939 drew near.

In his poem on the sinking of the *Titanic*, called "The Convergence of the Twain," Thomas Hardy described how

. . . while was fashioning
This creature of cleaving wing,
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything

Prepared a sinister mate
For her — so gaily great —
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate. . . .

Alien they seemed to be:
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history.

The iceberg that sank the Brussels Conference was the business recession of 1937.

3

By 1936 the New Deal could point with gratification to a steadily rising volume of business. In the course of the depression the thoughts of economists and political scientists had been focused on the business cycle and the means by which it might be kept under control. Two lessons had been formulated. One was that the business cycle must not again be allowed to carry the country so far down into the morass of contraction; and the other, that it must not be allowed to expand business too rapidly and beyond a point where it could be sustained.

Though the Roosevelt administration had been roundly abused for its unorthodox spending, its economists were convinced of the basic wisdom of that policy. But they were all the more insistent on the need for controlling the business cycle at the upward end of its gyration, perhaps to demonstrate that they were really conservatives. Since the United States appeared to be well on the way to recovery, they felt strongly that the country must be rescued in good time from another boom to be followed by another bust. So in the workshop of their best intentions they had been busy devising mechanisms to control the upward trend of the business cycle. In devising them they may have been overanxious, but no one can charge them with irresponsibility.

It is, of course, poetic license to say that the economists devised new mechanisms, for the instrumentalities finally used were not novel. Nor did the financial agencies work together. The Federal Reserve Board took steps of its own, the Treasury resorted to its own measures. The Federal Reserve Board increased the required reserves on demand deposits with the Federal Reserve System. The cover had been set in the summer of 1936 at 50 per cent over statutory rates. Later an increase was announced up to 100 per cent in two more stages. The Treasury for its part started a policy of selling interest-bearing bonds to buy incoming gold, which then was put in storage. Previously the gold had been monetized. Thus a normal expansion of the currency was to be stopped short.

These were both familiar methods of curbing overexpansion. The question today is not whether they were good but whether they were appropriate. No one can deny that they were resorted to in a sense of apprehension lest the rising prosperity of America should be transformed into a boom. The intent was to assure the country a leveling off to a high plateau of well-being. But if these devices were not new, they had never been used before in such circumstances. In retrospect one can see that the American recovery was not near to a boom, or

not in early danger of reaching one. But the economists of that day had no inkling of the vast potentialities of the American system which were to be demonstrated by production during the war. What the Federal Reserve Board and the Treasury did was to put a brake on the American economic machine.

The idea of using a brake was not novel. But American prosperity had been induced by new methods and the idea of applying a brake to control the upward turn of the business cycle was new. No one could be quite sure what the response of the machine would be. A stronger brake might be needed, or the brake might be too strong. We now know it was much too strong. Perhaps it would have been enough to cease monetizing gold. Perhaps the increase of reserves on demand deposits would have sufficed. The two actions together proved to be staggering. They did not bring the economic machine to a full stop, but they shook it seriously. Now we are painfully aware that it is much easier to stop business than to start it. The New Deal had worked for years to get it going, and in a matter of months business was slowed down by what was thought to be no more than a delicate correction.

The stock market was the gauge to watch for the working of the brake. It reached its high in the course of the recovery on March 17, 1937. Then it broke. By August it had recovered nearly enough to achieve its March peak. Then after Labor Day the bottom slid out and stocks started falling. The index (Standard Statistics) of 401 stocks had been 136.6 in March; it was 111.6 on Labor Day, 94 in October, and 87.6 in November. On October 19, 7,287,990 shares were traded on the Stock Exchange and more than seven of every ten declined in price.

It was before Washington could know that the brake had been too strong that President Roosevelt made the quarantine speech. The day of heavy trading on October 19 was the day before Mr. Norman Davis went to Hyde Park to perfect the final plans for the Brussels Conference. We have no record of what was said at Hyde Park, so we do not know if it was suggested there that the plans might have to be canceled because of the threatening economic situation. Mr. Davis in his personal conversation about the Brussels Conference in later years made no attempt to conceal the sense of tragedy that overcame him on finding his instructions withdrawn.

Between the time of Mr. Davis's departure for Europe and his arrival there, President Roosevelt reached two basic conclusions. One was that the country was headed for a business recession which was sure to monopolize the concern of the American people. The other was that the opposition to the quarantine speech was, if anything, more vigorous than had been anticipated. From one end of the country to the other rose the winds of protest

that converged on Washington. The dislike for the New Deal and for President Roosevelt seldom came to stronger expression than over this speech. Opponents felt that the President, having committed all the cardinal sins in his domestic policy, now had added warmongering to his misdeeds.

The overwhelming desire of most Americans in the face of the mounting discord abroad was to cling to neutrality. Only those who realized the futility of this course welcomed the Chicago speech, and they were in a weak minority. President Roosevelt acknowledged to himself that he could not hope to prevail against the double tide of this reaction and the difficulties attendant on a business recession. He could not count on winning support for collective security in the time at his disposal. With a sober bow to the axiom that politics is the science of the possible, he sacrificed the Brussels Conference. He thus gave up his aspiration of

carrying the American people with him for an active policy to save the peace.

Who is to say today that the President was mistaken? If he had tried to superimpose on the business recession a strong policy toward Japan, and if the country had not gone with him, the repudiation of the policy might have injured us far more than the failure of the Brussels Conference. If blame is to be assessed, it must be against the overwhelming belief in the country that neutrality was a safe policy in a world disintegrating into anarchy. That, however, was not Mr. Roosevelt's fault. He acted as wisely as he knew how, both in planning to make the Brussels Conference the beginning of a new era in international relations, and in canceling the plan. It was to take a second world war to convince the majority of the American people that self-interest is better served by responsibility than by isolation.

RUSKIN AND THE WOMEN

Edited by PETER QUENNELL

We are indebted to PETER QUENNELL, the editor of the *Cornhill* magazine, for his illuminating editing of this biographical find, the unpublished letters which at last tell the truth about John Ruskin's marriage to Effie Gray. The entire correspondence will be published by Scribner's in book form this spring under the title of *John Ruskin and Effie Gray: The Story of a Marriage*. — THE EDITOR

AMONG prophetic voices raised in England during the nineteenth century, Ruskin's was one of the most harmonious, sustained, and nobly representative. It would be convenient, no doubt, were such voices disembodied: if all that we knew of them was the message they brought us. In fact, our appreciation of each message is qualified by our vision of an individual personality.

Hitherto the catastrophe of Ruskin's married life has been examined almost exclusively from Ruskin's and from his parents' standpoint. Now a mass of papers in the possession of the descendants of Sir John Millais (who became Euphemia Gray's second husband in 1855) illuminate the relationship from an entirely different angle. We see John Ruskin through the eyes of his wife, a young woman of great attractions and considerable shrewdness. We watch her good resolutions being gradually undermined by the possessive machinations (which may well have been more than half unconscious) of Mrs. Ruskin senior; and we note Ruskin's emotional subservience to the household on Denmark Hill.

In one respect, he had never fully developed: he

adored the child in the woman he had married, but adult femininity, except as it was exemplified by his mother, disgusted and alarmed him. Years later, he was to pursue and lose another childish phantom in a precocious adolescent, the ethereal Rose La Touche.

Towards his wife, as a grown woman of perfectly normal instincts, Ruskin's attitude would appear to have been neither generous nor understanding. Yet, when the phantom was still a phantom, before the wraith had begun to solidify in a distressingly physical guise, there can be no question of the deeply romantic emotions with which Euphemia Gray inspired him. John Ruskin's letters to her, written after their betrothal, in the years 1847 and 1848, finally dispose of the suggestion (which Ruskin had encouraged) that he had never really loved his wife and had married to please his parents; and they throw a vivid light on the writer's psychology. They are touching letters, and also tragic — in so far as they show a deep and passionate affection utterly incapable of making any genuine human contact with the object that has provoked it.

November 11, 1847

... Evening. My Mother gave me a message for you yesterday — which I forgot! an important one, too, that you must not — though — of course — you will know this without her telling you — but it may be as well to remind you — that any dresses you may be buying for next year, had better be of the plainest kind — for travelling — of stuffs that will not crush — nor spoil, nor be bulky in a carriage — for you know we shall be *four* — and very simply made — you will only want one of any more visible or exhibitable kind — in case we might go to opera at Paris — or be seen a day or two here, before leaving. You may guess there is no *dressing* at Chamouni — the higher the rank commonly the plainer the dress — and it would be no use to leave handsome dresses behind you here, merely to find them out of fashion when you come back. . . .

When we are *alone* — You and I — together — *Mais — c'est* inconceivable — I was just trying — this evening after dinner — to imagine our sitting after dinner at Keswick — *vous et moi*. — I couldn't do it — it seemed so impossible that I should ever get you all to myself — and then I said to myself "If she should be dull — if she should not be able to think but of her sweet sisters — her deserted home — her parents — giving up their chief joy — if she should be sad — what *shall* I do — And — if she should *not* — what shall I do — either — how shall I ever tell her my gladness — Oh — my own Love — what shall I do indeed — I shall not be able to speak a word — I shall be running round you — and kneeling to you — and holding up my hands to you as Dinah does her paws — speechless — I shan't do it so well as Dinah though — I shall be clumsy and mute — at once perfectly oppressed with delight — if you speak to me I shall not know what you say — you will have to pat me — and point to something for me to fetch and carry for you — or make me lie down on the rug and be quiet — or send me out of the room until I promise to be a good dog; and then you let me in again — I shall be worse — What *shall* I do?" . . .

Ever my dearest — fairest — kindest Effie

Yours beyond all telling.

November 30, 1847

MY BELOVED EFFIE,

I never thought to have felt time pass slowly any more — but — foolish that I am, I cannot help congratulating myself on this being the last day of November — Foolish, I say — for what pleasure soever may be in store for us, we ought not to wish to lose the treasure of time — nor to squander away the heap of gold even though its height should keep us from seeing each other for a little while. But your letter of last night shook all the philosopher out of me. That little undress bit! Ah — my sweet Lady — What naughty thoughts had I. — Dare I say? — I was thinking — thinking, naughty — happy thought, that you would soon have —

some one's arms to keep you from being cold! Pray don't be angry with me. How *could* I help it — how can I? I'm thinking so just now, even. Oh — my dearest — I am not so "scornful" neither, of all that I hope for — Alas — I know not what I would not give for one glance of your fair eyes — your fair — saucy eyes. . . .

I hardly know *how* great a misfortune it may *yet* turn out to be — that I was not permitted to engage myself to you long ago — it would at any rate have saved me from much loss of health — a loss which I think it unlikely I shall ever altogether recover — and it would have given me two or three years of happiness — which — come what may now, are *lost for ever* — irremediably lost — and three years of human life — spent thus — or thus — in Paradise — or in thorny ground and barren — *are* something — humanly speaking — But divinely speaking — and in God's sight, they are *not*. They are *nothing* — and so I strive to consider them — first because it does no good now to regret them — secondly — because it is right and just so to think — . . . Only — whatever philosophy I may bring to my aid, of this severe and stoical kind — pray do you still maintain the other side of the question — and act as if I were no philosopher at all — by receiving me — that is — at Bowers Well as soon as you and Mama *possibly* can — and by naming a day as close as close can *possibly* be upon Easter Sunday. For you know my Father's birthday is the 10th of May, and we must — God willing — be at Denmark Hill for that — Therefore *yours*, which is Sunday, will be the last day we can spend among the lakes — Monday and Tuesday we must allow for getting home — so — even at the best we cannot have more than a week among the lakes, and that is very little — however we shall have better hills and lakes in prospect, and perhaps a week — or — including travelling days — a fortnight, is as long as it would be wise in us to trust ourselves with each other alone — at first — lest we should quarrel!

Then we may stop in Switzerland — or go on to *Venice* if we like — I said I should be afraid — just as I said in almost my first letter that I would not take you abroad alone — The new happiness, new anxiety, — and excitement of travelling, are too much for most people — and in the course of my travelling on the continent I have heard — of oh — such and so many sad things happening on these bridal tours. Still if I find that I have my senses about me at all (which I do not think likely) — and that you are strong and well, I do not say I will not — but it will depend upon your feelings, and my Mother's advice. Mama's plans about Chamouni are just mine. . . .

— Your wearying — happy — devoted servant,

March 13, 1848

... I do not think you will often see me committing the sin of discontent — after I am with

you. I may sometimes be mortified or vexed with myself — but I trust that my regrets of things quite past are now nearly at an end. If people do right they will never be but cheerful and I do hope to be enabled to do right — not absolutely of course — but in the main, right, hereafter. I am truly rejoiced to hear you are so happy, my love: and — don't think me vain — I suppose it to be because I am coming —. But you must not only be a very happy creature — but a very clever creature — or the old Judges would not give you whole hours of *tête-à-têtes*. Lady Trevelyan is very kind — not that I was not sure that everybody would love you and think well of you — still, her saying that you are worthy of me is very delightful — because, you know, it is a compliment — no — a testimony to us both. . . .

And now love — I have not another letter to write to you, I hope — for many a day to come — I wish this was a better letter — but I have had much to do today . . . and so I have only time to say that I hope the next letter I write to my dearest Effie, how long time soever may intervene — will be more fond and kind — far, than any of these — and will have for its chief purpose to express my deep joy and gratitude, in and for the more than fulfilment of all my dearest hopes: and the possession of far more than ever I hoped — though I seem to hope — yes — and to believe of you everything that is pure and lovely, and as your own *Changeless* name signifies — of good report — and if there be any virtue and if there be any praise — I think of it as in you — Ever — my dearest — and for ever — Your faithful and entirely devoted lover — servant — and soon, God grant — your own husband —

John Ruskin and Euphemia Gray were married in the small drawing room of the bride's home at Bowerswell near Perth on April 10, 1848.

2

SO FAR as her parents could judge, the course of Effie's honeymoon was tranquil and unclouded. An affectionate and well-brought-up young woman, she sent home from Scotland and the Lake District long enthusiastic descriptions of local food and scenery. Landscapes were duly impressive, inn rooms warm and comfortable.

But the honeymoon soon came to an end, for John was anxious to start work on the proofs of a second edition of *Modern Painters*, and towards the close of April they returned by rail to London. Mr. Ruskin met them at Euston Station in his carriage, a vehicle that struck Effie as "very nice and handsome being all newly painted and lined, and Powell in new coat with Numerous capes, and hammer-cloth, etc., in honour of our arrival." From Euston they drove to the family house on suburban Den-

mark Hill, where they were welcomed by Mrs. Ruskin amid her servants in all the spreading splendor of prosperous middle-class gentility: —

. . . When we arrived at the gate of the garden the carriage stopped and the Gardener presented me with the most splendid bouquet of Geraniums, Orangeblossom, Heath of the most delicate kinds, Myrtles, cineraria, etc., all tied in ornamental Paper and with White Satin ribbon. When we came to the door the servants were all standing with Mrs. Ruskin to welcome us, the women looked so nice with their neat caps of white net and ribbon and green and stone colored mousselines up to the neck with their muslin aprons. Mrs. Ruskin had on a most splendid rich drab or pale brown satin with rich fringe on the front and a white blonde cap. She and Mr. Ruskin never saw John looking half so well and are quite delighted to see him so happy — and she bids me say how happy she is to have me here and she hopes now I will feel quite a daughter to her, but to go on — When we had dressed and gone into dinner a band of Germans came and played delightful music before the windows all time of dinner and it was a great treat. We spent the evening very happily. I played to Mr. Ruskin and Mrs. R spoke to John and me and made kind speeches. Mrs. R has given us the top of the house and very comfortable it is. Mr. Ruskin, John and I go tomorrow to the private view of the Academy where we shall see all the *nobs*.

Effie's desire to consort with nob received, for a time at least, the complete approval of John's adoring parents; and Mr. Ruskin on May 24, writing to her father, observed that he was "glad to see Effie gets John to go out a little. He has met with most of the first men for some years back but he is very indifferent to general Society and reluctantly acknowledges great attentions shown him and refuses one half — Seven years ago he refused to spend a month at the Duke of Leinster's. . . ."

There could be no doubt, on the other hand, of Effie's social gifts and instincts. With the excitement of a young girl and the gusto of a newcomer, she proceeded to make her way on John's arm through the elaborate ceremonial of a mid-Victorian season. Clothes delighted her, and she wrote of them at length: even today the colors glow, the texture of silk and velvet gleams or glistens. Thus for a private view — "You know," she reminded her provincial audience, "it is a great compliment getting these tickets and you only meet there the artists themselves and the nobility" — she had worn her "pale glacée silk, White lace bonnet, black Mantilla, pale gloves, etc.," while John for his part was "also very well dressed."

Her parents-in-law professed themselves "entirely pleased" with their new domestic acquisition, and she herself was delighted with her new life and with the homage she continued to receive

from her husband's distinguished friends. Samuel Rogers invited her to breakfast, showed her his *bibelots*, and said she had a fine taste. Turner, John's idol, entertained them with wine and biscuits in his "bare and miserly" room. There was a sumptuous dinner party given by Lady Davy, at which Effie was "much amused and enjoyed all I saw." Grisi and Lind sang for her delectation. No shadow had yet appeared — none, that is to say, was reflected in her letters home. "I am happier every day with John," she informed her mother and father, "for he really is the kindest creature in the world and he is so pleased with me. . . ."

On both sides the contentment was superficial. In Ruskin's busy mind was already germinating a new project, presently to take shape as *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. And when, after a visit to Oxford (where they attended parties with "fine music and scientific pleasures such as looking at the circulation through a living Frog in a microscope"), husband and wife embarked on a tour of the English cathedral cities, Effie learned that they were to be accompanied by old Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin. These expeditions *à trois* had been a habit in the Ruskin household, almost a rite indeed, consecrated by John's love of his parents and by the intense unwearying solicitude with which they had surrounded him since childhood.

Effie was entirely normal and healthily energetic. John having caught cold, she was astonished at the tremulous anxiety displayed by both old people. "If Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin would only let him alone. . . ." But to release their hold upon their ewe lamb, their delicate and brilliant child, a man who had entered his thirtieth year but whom they still treated as an ailing youth to be guided and protected, was something that his parents neither would nor could do.

Did the pampered son really resent their authority? As an elderly man writing *Praeterita*, he was to discuss their effect on his adult growth with considerable frankness. But, although he was aware of the bond, he did not during their lifetime attempt to shake off his servitude; as early as 1848 it had begun to sap the foundations of his fragile relationship with Effie and to give an odd and disastrous turn to his whole emotional existence. "You who are so kind as a son will be a perfect lover as a husband," Effie had once written to him during their engagement; but in fact he was too devoted a son to take his place in her life either as a husband or a lover. For those who remain, as Ruskin remained, in an unnaturally retarded state of emotional development — held back by the claims of a possessive mother or father — there exists very often a disastrous dichotomy between real and ideal love.

Of his love for the virginal, remote, childlike, unreal Effie, Ruskin's letters provide abundant proof. But the vision and the reality could not be reconciled: he could not, when the moment came,

translate romantic love into terms of adult passion. His marriage was never consummated; and Effie, at first amused and distracted by the pleasures of her new position as the unusually appealing wife of a young and famous writer, grew gradually more bewildered and at length disillusioned and embittered.

3

LETTERS hitherto unpublished make it possible to dismiss two suggestions frequently put forward by writers about Ruskin. It is not true that the marriage had been engineered by Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin, for we now know that they were reluctant to give their consent until it became clear that John was deeply and desperately enamored. And it is equally untrue that Mr. Gray, by his daughter's advantageous marriage, hoped to benefit financially; his financial affairs, at one time parlous, eventually recovered without assistance from the Ruskins.

The young people, having returned to their new house in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, continued to live up to old Mr. Ruskin's highest expectations. They entertained, and they were entertained. In December, at dinner with Sir Robert Inglis, Effie met Macaulay and was impressed by the dazzling exuberance of his dinner-table conversation: —

December 2, 1848

. . . Mr. T. B. Macaulay sat opposite and he is quite a Lion at present from his very clever History from James II down that everyone is reading just now. I never heard such a man at conversation, he goes from St. Chrysostom's sermon at Antioch to the people not to pick each other's pockets in Church to M. Thiers speeches twenty years ago, gives them word for word, then back again to Greek Mausoleums 4 Centuries B.C., gives you all the names of the people who built them contemporary with the battle of Salamis, then to Seringapatam streets and mud houses and going at such a pace. . . .

But at Christmas she felt ill — so ill that she was pronounced unfit to accompany John and his parents on a Swiss tour they had planned for the spring months of 1849; and instead she was packed off north for a holiday at Bowerswell. Her illness was described as a "nervous ailment." Ruskin must have suspected its origin; but, although he was himself tired and despondent, the old affection still persisted, and, from Paris, he wrote to her in the familiar adoring strain: —

April 24, 1849

I expect a line from my dearest love tomorrow at Sens; Do you know, pet, it seems almost a dream to me that we have been married: I look forward to meeting you; and to your *next* bridal night; and to the time when I shall again draw your dress from

your snowy shoulders: and lean my cheek upon them, as if you were still my betrothed only; and I had never held you in my arms.

God bless you, my dearest.

Later he was to complain that his frivolous and self-willed wife had refused to share his interests. But this allegation is hardly borne out by a passage that occurs in a letter of May 3:—

May 3, 1849

... I had nearly forgotten to ask you, love, whether it would be very irksome to you as you read Sismondi to note *every word* that bears in the remotest degree on the interests or history of Venice? as I want to get at all the facts of Venetian history as shortly as I can, when I come home. Note every *man* who is a Venetian, wherever he appears: and make references to the places distinctly in a little note book kept for the purpose. It will be a great assistance to me if you can do this.

Yet the shadow on their relationship was slowly lengthening and deepening. Now that they had exclusive possession of their adored son, Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin ventured to make overt criticisms of Effie's character and conduct. His wife, they seem to have insinuated to John, was both secretive and intractable. They wished to help her, but she would not be helped. "I often," wrote John to Effie, "hear my mother or father saying poor child — if she *could* but have thrown herself openly upon us, and trusted in us, and felt that we desired only her happiness and would make her ours, how happy she might have been; and how happy she might have made us all."

Mr. Ruskin improved the occasion with a letter to Mr. Gray:—

I address you again to repeat the expression of my sincere regret at the continuance of our daughter's bad state of health and further to inform you of the trouble we are all in from not knowing what should be done, if anything can be done on our part to bring about an amendment. It is evident to me that my son also suffers from not being able to make out what his wife's entire feelings and wishes are. . . .

I excuse her in not being able to sympathise in many of his local attachments, they come from early association, and from peculiar pursuits. Ninety women out of a hundred would soon tire of this place and would prefer what I have heard Effie say, she would, the flying over a desert on horseback, but I would expect from her great good sense and talent that she would see that her ambition, of which she has too much mind not to have good share, would be little gratified by her husband abandoning the haunt, where his genius finds food and occupation, to seek for stirring adventures, which might end in more mishap than profit. I am

quite aware that his pursuits to ordinary people may appear absurd, but Effie is not one of these ordinary people. . . .

If I might take the liberty of prescribing for her own comfort and amendment, I should urge an effort to be made to sacrifice everything to duty, to become interested and delighted in what her husband may be accomplishing by a short absence and to find a satisfaction in causing him no unnecessary anxiety that his faculties may be in full force for the purposes to which they are devoted. . . .

On June 24, John replied affectionately to a letter from Effie, in which she had expressed a pathetic desire to have children and lead a normal married life:—

I have been thinking of you a great deal in my walks today, as of course I always do when I am not busy, but when I am measuring or drawing mountains, I forget myself — and my wife both; if I did not I could not stop so long away from her: for I begin to wonder whether I am married at all, and to think of all my happy hours, and soft slumber in my dearest lady's arms, as a dream. I got a letter on Friday; that in which you tell me you are better — thank God; and that you would like a little Alice of our own. So should I; a little Effie, at least. Only I wish they weren't so small at first that one hardly knows what one has got hold of.

Yet, ten days later, he wrote to her father, propounding his private theory that her reason was disordered:—

... If she had not been seriously ill I *should* have had fault to find with her: but the state of her feelings I ascribe, now, simply to bodily weakness; that is to say — and this is a serious and distressing admission — to a nervous disease affecting the brain.

I do not know when the complaint first showed itself: but the first that I saw of it was at Oxford after our journey to Dover: it showed itself then, as it does now, in tears and depression: being probably a more acute manifestation, in consequence of fatigue and excitement, of disease under which she had long been labouring. I have my own opinion as to its principal cause — but it does not bear on matter in hand. I was not however, at the time, at all prepared to allow all I should have done for her state of health — and in consequence — when, some week or so afterwards, she for the first time showed causeless petulance towards my mother, I reproved her when we were alone. The matter in question was indeed one of very grave importance — being a wish on my mother's part that I should take a blue pill when I went to bed — the first case as far as I remember of "interference" on her part since our marriage. It was however also the first time

that Effie had heard herself blamed: and the effect upon her otherwise excited feelings was permanent — and disposed her — as I think, to look with jealousy upon my mother's influence over me. I was at this time very sufficiently vexed, for my own part — at not being able to get abroad — as well as labouring under severe cough — so that I was not able to cheer Effie or support her, just at the period when she began first to feel her changed position and lament her lost home. It was a sad time for her therefore altogether — and the mental and bodily illness were continually increased. No further unpleasantness however took place between her and my mother and we got abroad at last.

I had hoped that this would put us all to rights: but whether I overfatigued her in seeing Cathedrals — or whether we drank too much coffee at night — her illness continued to increase.

So she returned worse than she went and I am still in entire ignorance that there was anything particularly the matter with her.

The depression gained on her daily — and at last my mother, having done all she could to make her happy in vain, was, I suppose, partly piqued and partly like myself — disposed to try more serious reason with her. Finding her one day in tears when she ought to have been dressing for dinner, she gave her a scold — which had she not been ill she would have deserved. Poor Effie dressed and came down — looking very miserable. I had seen her look so too often to take particular notice of it — and besides thought my mother right. Unluckily Dr. Grant was with us — and seeing Effie look ready to faint thought she must want his advice. I being thoroughly puzzled about the whole affair, thought so too and poor Effie, like a good girl as she is — took — to please me — what Dr. Grant would have her — weakened herself more — sank under the influenza — and frightened me at last very sufficiently — and heaven only knows now when she will forgive my mother. So far as I know then — these are the causes — and this was the progress — of her illness — and of the change of feeling towards my parents. You know — better than I — what is likely now to benefit her — but I look forward with confidence to her restoration of health by simple physical means — and I am delighted to hear of the shower bath and the riding and the milk instead of tea — and the quiet. When I have her to manage again, I hope to do it better — and not to reason with — nor blame a physical weakness — which the course of time will, I doubt not, entirely cure. In all this, however, you will perceive that I look upon the thing as a purely medical question — not a moral one.

If Effie had in *sound mind* been annoyed by the contemptible trifles which have annoyed her: if she had cast back from her the kindness and affection with which my parents received her and refused to do her duty to them under any circumstances whatever but those of an illness bordering in many of

its features on incipient insanity, I should not now have written you this letter respecting her . . .

I hope [he concluded] to see her outgrow with her girl's frocks that contemptible dread of interference and petulant resistance of authority which begins in pride and is nourished in folly and ends in pain. Restiveness I am accustomed to regard as unpromising character even in horses and asses.

This extraordinary communication, so oddly at variance with the gentleness and benignity assumed by most biographers to have been Ruskin's ruling traits, can only be described as both dishonest and insensitive. But still there was no open breach; and soon after Ruskin's return from Switzerland at the end of August, 1849, John and Effie left for Venice, where John passed five months of incessant activity gathering data for his new book. Effie meanwhile explored the city under proper chaperonage, attracting nevertheless the attention of amorous Venetian citizens and gallant Austrian officers — "they pass me and say 'dear creature' and lots of things like that and throw bouquets at me." But at home, alas, guerrilla warfare had again broken out between the Grays and Ruskins. An anonymous letter was the immediate cause. This scurrilous missive, which asserted that a plot was on foot to separate John from his parents, old Mr. Ruskin forwarded to Mr. Gray, who replied, sensibly enough, suggesting it should be disregarded. Mr. Ruskin's acknowledgment of the suggestion was decidedly unhelpful: —

October 29, 1849

. . . There required no anonymous letter to suggest to Mrs. Ruskin and me that there seemed to be an amazing effort made to withdraw our son as much as possible from the influence and society of his parents. It was not the imagining this but the clear perception of it which gave Mrs. Ruskin and myself uneasiness. Was it likely we should feel otherwise than hurt at seeing a creature who came to us so readily and, as often as we asked her, professing considerable attachment to us and appearing happy with us, at once change on becoming our daughter-in-law and evince a repugnance both to ourselves and to our house so marked that the French people who were here and who saw Effie, in place of staying to help Mrs. Ruskin with her visitors, hurry my son away from the house, gave expression to their sympathy by declaring they would become our children themselves. I would not go again into these matters but that you say you gave up your intention of visiting London when you saw John's affection for Effie was unchanged. It is singular that whilst you were fancying a want of proper feeling in John we were fearing the like in Effie, and as I speak to her as I write to you I told her the last day she was here that I almost feared she had taken my son to please somebody else because she left him so easily. I knew

John's attachment was unshaken, but he had firmness of character enough not to become the altered man towards his parents which it was sought to make him — towards that mother especially to whom, under God, he was all that he now or ever will be.

4

EFFIE'S attempts to persuade her husband to adopt a more independent attitude were evidently foredoomed; and no sooner had they returned to Park Street than John announced (Effie wrote to inform an English friend in Venice) that "every morning after breakfast he is going to Denmark Hill to write and remain the whole day till six when he will return and dine with me. I endeavoured to point out that he might shut himself up in his study here and then I might see him sometimes during the day, but he says he has no light in town nor his Turners and that I will soon find acquaintances and can take care of myself (which I think you rather doubt)."

Still, she amused herself as best she might, dined out, attended parties, and in May was presented at Court, where she observed that "the Queen looked immensely stout and red but very calm. I kissed her hand which was fat and red too. . . ."

Around the unattached beauty collected an enthusiastic circle of rakish men of the world; but she held these admirers at arm's length with considerable *sang-froid*; and having rebuffed the assiduities of Clare Ford, a young and dissipated guardsman, she set about his reformation, advising him to save money and to give up "drinking Brandy with his coffee and smoking till three in the morning," till a friend told her that her house in Park Street should be renamed "The Reform Club."

Inevitably there was some gossip; but, she assured her mother, the gossip was unjustified. ". . . I am so peculiarly situated as a married woman that, being left much alone, and most men thinking that I live quite alone I am more exposed to their attentions. But I assure you — I never allow such people to enter the house and stop everything of the kind which might be hurtful to my reputation. . . ." Clare Ford had accepted his *cong  *: he joined the Diplomatic Service and later made his mark as British Ambassador at Constantinople, Madrid, and Rome. A new interest was emerging: Ruskin had met and constituted himself the literary champion of John Everett Millais.

The appearance of this handsome and compulsive figure — a man as warm-blooded and direct as John was cool, elusive, complicated — did not, in spite of the popular legend, destroy the Ruskins' marriage. Millais would appear to have behaved throughout with Tennysonian chivalry; and Effie, conscious that her husband's parents would have liked nothing better than to catch her in a false position, and latterly suspicious that her husband

himself was aiding and abetting them, evinced uncommon good sense during the stormy years that followed.

In the winter of 1851 the Ruskins revisited Venice; and on their return they removed from Park Street, where to old Mr. Ruskin's loudly expressed dismay they had overspent their income, and set up in a house that the old people had chosen in their own suburban neighborhood, "a small, ugly red-brick house," No. 29 Herne Hill. Here John finished the second and third volumes of *Stones of Venice*. Finally, during the summer of 1853, Millais and his brother, William, accompanied John and Effie on holiday to Scotland. They spent three months at Glenfinlas; and while Millais painted his celebrated portrait of Ruskin, poised pensive and sandy-whiskered above a foaming Highland cascade, he remarked with stupefaction his friend's extraordinary lack of interest in a young and seductive wife, "his hopeless apathy, in everything regarding her happiness." During the December of that same year, he summed up his impressions in a letter to Mrs. Gray: —

December 21, 1853

I am afraid my answer to your kind and judicious letter was dreadfully incoherent, but now I will endeavour to reply more satisfactorily — Although you know John Ruskin's odd propensity for roaming away by himself from all human creatures and their habitations, yet you cannot be aware of the abstracted way in which he neglects his wife — It is utterly impossible for a friend to sojourn with them for any length of time, without absolutely being compelled in common courtesy to attend to her — I assure you that Ruskin only expressed approval and delight at perceiving that your daughter and myself agreed so well together, and when *I spoke to him about his extraordinary indifference to her attractions* (which could not be but excessively unpleasing, and conducive to her unhappiness) he only apathetically laughed and said, he thought all women ought to depend upon themselves for engrossing employment, and such like cold inhuman absurdities — There was something so revolting to me about this sickly treatment of her just cause of complaint and discontent, that I never again ventured to speak on the subject, as I could not depend upon keeping my temper.

Mrs. Gray in December also received a letter from her mysterious son-in-law: —

I will write you a word of Effie's health; but I fear I shall have little cheering information to give you. She passes her days in melancholy, and nothing can help her but an entire change of heart.

Back in London, Effie had been joined by a younger sister, Sophie, a precocious child of ten, to whom both Ruskin and his parents seem to have

spoken with unbecoming freedom; and at the close of February Effie wrote to her mother:—

He has told Sophie that he watches everything I do or say, therefore it is impossible I can talk about anything that comes uppermost — I do not know what on earth they are such fools for, especially John, as were it not for the pain of exposure I have him most completely in my power. I must tell you all these things just to show you how impossible any behaviour is to help things straight for all our sakes, when their object is to get rid of me, to have John altogether with them again, at any price they are resolved to do this, but they seem to wish if possible to disgust me to such a degree as to force me — or else get me — into some scrape — John has been trying again to get me by taunts to write to Millais. . . .

But Millais was on his guard. He would be “more careful than ever,” he wrote to Mrs. Gray, and gave it as his opinion that, if Effie’s health were to be saved, “*some steps should be speedily taken to protect her from this incessant harassing behaviour of the Rs.*” But Effie’s powers of resistance were exhausted. At last, on March 7, 1854, advised by her friend Lady Eastlake, she wrote a long letter to her father, appealing for his help and telling him without reservation the story of her marriage.

Yet, still afraid of what the Ruskins might do, — she had by this time begun to regard them with almost superstitious horror, — Effie did not warn John that she wished or meant to leave him. When she set out from London with Mrs. Gray on April 25, Ruskin, who suspected nothing, accompanied them to the station; but on the same day she wrote to her mother-in-law, returning her wedding ring and her account books, and explaining the circumstances that made life with John impossible.

Ruskin weathered the crisis calmly. “Be assured,” he told a friend, “I shall neither be subdued, nor materially changed, by this matter. The worst of it for me had long been past.” Later that year, his friendship with Millais was summarily wound up. Ruskin addressed him from Denmark Hill on December 11, when the portrait begun in Scotland was at length completed and framed:—

We have just got the picture placed — in I think the very light it wants — or rather — for it cannot be said to want any light — in that which suits it best. I am far more delighted with it now than I was when I saw it in your room. . . . Please send me your proper address, as I may often want to write to you now. I need not, I hope, tell you how grateful I am to you for finishing this picture as you have.

Faithfully and gratefully yours
J. RUSKIN.

Millais replied after the passage of a week:—

My address is Langham Chambers, Langham Place, but I can scarcely see how you conceive it possible that I can desire to continue on terms of intimacy with you. Indeed I concluded that after finishing your portrait you yourself would have seen the necessity of abstaining from further intercourse.

The barrier which cannot but be between us *personally* does not prevent me from sympathising with all your efforts to the advancement of good taste in Art, and heartily wishing them success.

To which Ruskin responded two days later:—

SIR,

From the tenour of your letter, received yesterday, I can only conclude that you either believe I had, as has been alleged by various base or ignorant persons, some unfriendly purpose when I invited you to journey with me in the Highlands, or that you have been concerned in the machinations which have for a long time been entered into against my character and fortune. In either case I have to thank you for a last lesson, though I have had to learn many and bitter ones, of the possible extent of human folly and ingratitude. I trust that you may be spared the natural consequences of the one, or the dire punishment of the other.

I remain

Your obed^t serv^t

JOHN RUSKIN.

5

A DECREE of nullity having been granted to “Euphemia Chalmers Gray falsely called Ruskin” on July 15, 1854, Effie was married to Millais at Bowerswell on July 3, 1855. Her married life was happy, and she became the mother of eight children.

Ruskin she was never to meet again; but that their association had a momentous sequel is now revealed by papers in the Millais archives. It is well known that, during the year 1858, Ruskin was introduced to a certain Mrs. La Touche, the wife of an Irish banker, of Harristown, Kildare, and through her became acquainted with her nine-year-old daughter, Rose, an unusually beautiful and oddly serious child. Soon Ruskin had begun to fasten upon Rose all his hopes of future happiness. In 1860 he informed a friend that he could love no one “except my Mouse-pet in Ireland who nibbles me to the very sick-death with weariness to see her.”

When she was eighteen he proposed marriage, but was told that, for an answer, he must wait till she was twenty-one. At twenty-one she postponed her decision. Two years later he proposed again and was then definitely rejected. Rose was undoubtedly attached to Ruskin: her mother was a

close friend. What induced them to deal him a blow from which his emotional equilibrium never quite recovered? Hitherto no biographer has produced a satisfactory explanation; and it has even been suggested that Mrs. La Touche was personally jealous of Ruskin's devotion to her daughter.

The problem has now been solved. In October, 1870, Mrs. La Touche wrote to Effie Millais, stating that a Mr. and Mrs. Cowper Temple were attempting to influence Rose in Ruskin's favor. They were repeating Ruskin's account of his marriage, according to which the betrothal to Effie had been arranged by his parents, he had respected his wife too much to proceed to consummation, their interests and tastes were incompatible, but he had done his utmost, and employed every means, to make her happy.

Fifteen years had gone by, but Effie emerged from the past like an avenging spirit. Her reply was as follows:—

I have received your kind letter and I am truly distressed that you are in such trouble about your daughter.

Mr. Millais is extremely averse to my being brought into contact even by correspondence with your daughter who, if she is still under the mischievous influence of Mr. Ruskin, will not think differently whatever I say.

If your daughter can for a moment believe such a statement as his that he should marry a girl of 19 without professions of the most devoted kind, how can any words of mine undeceive her.

He pursued exactly the same course with me as with her; he always took the tone of his love and adoration being higher and above that of ordinary mortals, and immediately after the ceremony he proceeded to inform me that he did not intend to marry me. He afterwards excused himself from doing so by saying that I had an internal disease. His father tried to induce him to believe me insane and his whole conduct was simply as monstrous as his present statements are perfect falsehoods.

Our marriage was *never arranged* by anybody. There was no inducement but the utmost determination on his part to marry me. Prior to his professions to me he had been devoted to a Spanish lady and broke a blood vessel from disappointment that he did not get her. I do not think she wished it but religion was given as the obstacle.

But he had quite got over that and on our visiting her years after he had no feeling about her.

Now that I am a married woman and happy with a family I think his conduct can only be excused on the score of madness, as his wickedness in trying his dreadful influence over your daughter is terrible to think of.

I can easily understand the hold he has acquired, as it was exactly the same over myself. His conduct

to me was impure in the highest degree, discreditable, and so dishonourable that I submitted to it for years not knowing what else to do, although I would have often been thankful to have run away, and envied the people sweeping the crossings.

His mind is most inhuman; all that sympathy which he expects and gets from the female mind it is utterly impossible for him to return excepting on artistic subjects which have nothing to do with domestic life. It is perfect falsehood to say that I did not agree with his pursuits. No one more so. He not only gave me the opportunity but the means of education when abroad for acquiring knowledge of painting, sculpture, architecture, every branch of the fine arts, a slight knowledge of Latin and Greek, and we read together the works of the ancients and, as I am particularly fond of history, every thing he wanted for his writings of this kind.

From his peculiar nature he is utterly incapable of making a woman happy. He is quite unnatural and in that one thing all the rest is embraced.

He always pretended to me to the last that he was the purest and holiest of men and he had a peculiar influence over a young mind in making himself believed.

I had no idea I could get away up to within a month of leaving him, which I did under the care of my parents and entirely without his knowledge by the advice of lawyers. So far from his conniving at my leaving him it was a great shock to them all this statement of his is also entirely false.

He once years before offered me £800 a year to allow him to retire into a monastery and retain his name—that I declined. He was then under the influence of Manning.

I think if your daughter went through the ceremony with him that her health would give way after a time and she would be submitted to the same kind of treatment as I was.

It is very painful to write all this and be again obliged to recall all those years of distress and suffering, of which I nearly died. But I hope that your daughter may be saved and come to see things in a different light.

This letter had a decisive effect. Rose finally broke with Ruskin. Already consumptive, she gradually drifted into depths of religious melancholy, and by the spring of 1875 Ruskin knew that she was dying. To Carlyle he wrote that he had just finished his notes on an exhibition at the Royal Academy "and was away into the meadows, to see clover and bean blossom, when the news came that the little story of my Wild Rose was ended, and the hawthorn blossoms would fall this year—over her." In 1878 he experienced his first attack of madness. Effie died on December 23, 1897; Ruskin on January 20, 1900.

SONGS OF THE JAILBIRD

Adventures of a Ballad Hunter

by JOHN A. LOMAX

Started on his quest some forty years ago by Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard, JOHN A. LOMAX, of Dallas, Texas, has carried into the second generation, through the skillful assistance of his son Alan, his triumphant search for the old English ballads and the American work songs and folk songs which have survived with such beauty and humor in the deep South. In the penitentiaries, in the chain gangs, and in remote Negro communities, the Lomaxes, father and son, retrieved and recorded for the Congressional Library these songs to break your heart.

A Texan and proud of it, Mr. Lomax has published several famous collections of American folk songs and ballads. From his forthcoming book, *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter*, soon to be published by the Macmillan Company, we have drawn two chapters which are full of the humor and melody of his quest. This is the first installment. — THE EDITOR

1

I FIRST saw Iron Head, convict No. 3610, late one afternoon when I was recording Negro folk tunes in the hospital of the Central Farm of the Texas Penitentiary System near Sugarland, Texas. Captain Gotch, the Captain of the white guards, had told me that Mexico, a Negro convict and steward of the hospital, was the best singer on the farm. Only two or three convalescents were in the hospital, so the recording machine could be set up in the quiet of their large bedroom. Among the curious faces pressed against the window bars while Mexico was singing, a short solidly built Negro listened intently. This man beckoned to me.

"I'se Iron Head, I'se a trusty," he said. "I know lots of jumped-up, sinful songs — more than any of these niggers."

That night and throughout the long day following, Iron Head proved that he did know the work songs of the black men. He and his pardner, Clear Rock, turn and turn about, sang rhythmic, surging songs of labor; cotton-picking songs; songs of the jailbird; songs of the "bloodhoun's" tracking the fleeing Negro through the river bottom; songs of angry "Cap'n"; songs of loneliness and the dismal monotony of life in the penitentiary; songs of pathetic longing for his "doney," his woman; songs of the bold black desperado with his trusty "fo'ty-fo'" in his hand, with his enemy lying dead in the smoke pouring from its barrel; songs of his woman, dressed in "green, lavender, and red," who waited hopefully outside the prison walls for her man, and many another, including English ballads found in the Child collection.

Few of these songs were gay in tone. Most of them were dominated by brooding sadness. Here was no studied art. The words, the music, the

rhythm, were simple, the natural emotional outpouring of the black man in confinement. The listener found himself swept along with the primitive emotions aroused and, despite himself, discovered his own body swaying in unison with the urge of Iron Head's melodies.

"De roughest nigger what ever walked de streets of Dallas. In de pen off an' on fo' thirty-fo' years." He was sixty-three years old and had been six times convicted. "I'se a H.B.C. — habitual criminal, you know," he explained proudly. "Not even Ma Ferguson can pardon me." Iron Head failed to look the part. Only some deeply graven and grim lines about his mouth and eyes made you stop and wonder if any tenderness had ever touched his life. He had a quiet dignity and reserve. Amid the clamor of a room full of black convicts, hearing for the first time their voices coming from the recording machine, he preserved his composure.

"Sing 'Shorty George,' Iron Head," begged his companions. "Shorty George" told about the short passenger train that ran from Houston to the farm once a month on a Sunday, bringing visiting wives and sweethearts. The men were sad when they saw the train depart:—

Shorty George, you ain't no fren' of mine,
Take all de wimmens, leave de mens behin'.

The convicts insisted and urged him until Iron Head's quiet negative flamed into an outburst of anger: "You niggers know dat song always tears me to pieces. I won't sing it." And he walked away from the crowd to the iron-barred door, where he stood, leaning against the jamb, looking out into the soft Texas moonlight. Soon he motioned to me.

"I'll sing dat song low for you," he said, as if in apology for his outburst. "It makes me restless to see my woman. I'se a trusty an' I has a easy job. I could run down one o' dem corn rows an' git away, any day. But when de law caught me, dey would put me back in de line wid de fiel' han's. I'se too ol' for dat hard work."

Then he sang the story of the convict who gets a letter that he can't read for crying. It tells him that his "woman ain't dead but she's slowly dyin'." The convict breaks out of the penitentiary and goes home to his wife's funeral, as the song relates. When Iron Head reached the last couplet, his low-toned voice swept along with lyric power into the tragic finale:—

When dey let my baby down in de groun'
I couldn't hear nuffin' but de coffin soun'.

Then Iron Head, a perpetual jailbird, a condemned prisoner for life, broke down and sobbed aloud.

I put my hand on his shoulder: "Some men lose their wives forever, Iron Head. They can never see them again. Your woman is alive." Iron Head looked out-of-doors over broad fields of tall corn shimmering and whispering in the moonlight. Bitterness came back to his voice: "She might as well be dead; I can't go to her an' she's scared to come to me."

2

My son Alan and I had been attracted to this man because he knew many folk songs which he sang well. We always stopped to see him when we passed by Central State Farm No. 1. He was unlike the ordinary Negro convict; he confessed that he was guilty of other crimes than those that had put him in prison. "Mos' of de times dey didn't catch me," he modestly admitted. He had no complaints against his Captain and the guards; he wanted to be free again, but he offered no extravagant promises of reform. "I'se foun' out dat I cain't beat de law," he said quietly, "an' I ain't gonna try no mo'." Meanwhile he had become a trusty. In a little house set aside for him he worked all day, weaving from corn shucks the collars worn by the mules on the farm, as well as cleverly contrived door mats.

There were no serious charges of prison misconduct against him. He had served more than eight years of his last sentence, to which had been added a credit of six years for good conduct. Captain Flanagan had already spoken a good word for him to the Board of Pardons. When I went to them, asking that he be paroled to me, my request was granted.

"Good Gawd A'mighty, de Lawd will provide!" Iron Head exclaimed when Captain Gotch of the Central State Farm read to him a four months' parole which I had brought down from Governor Allred. Iron Head, the friendless life-termer, a

daytime burglar in the homes of his own people, was to have his chance. Iron Head was not the forgotten man. No one had ever cared enough about him to know him and forget him. No one could forget him, for no one had ever given him a thought. Even the Houston judge who had tried him last and the attorney who had prosecuted him were unable to recall him. No letter had come to him in ten years.

He had pleaded guilty to all the charges that had sent him to the penitentiary six times. "I wuz stealin' all de time. No use tryin' to beg off." Yet, in less than an hour, he sat smiling in my car, speeding to my home in Austin, two hundred miles away. Presently I saw his lips moving.

"What are you saying?"

"Prayin'," said Iron Head.

"Say it out loud," I instructed; so he began:—

"I ask de good Lawd while me an' Mistuh Lomax went round through diff'rent parts of de country that He may go with us an' throw roun' us de strong arm of His protection what keeps us from all harm, hurt, or danger. Move all hinderin' causes, all stumblin' blocks; make our hilly ways level an' our crooked paths straight. An' take care of his dear-loved companion an' also dear-loved daughter an' son an' de cook, an', O Lawd, I humbly 'seech Thee, deliver him back safe an' soun' in physical health. An' when time is ended an' we cain't go no mo', 'ceive an' save us somewhere in Heaven. My prayer, Christ our 'Deemer's sake, Amen an' thank Gawd.

"I always said my prayers in de penitentiary," said Iron Head, the expert craps shooter, a cooncan player much feared.

The next day in Austin, Governor Allred asked him, "How did you get the name of Iron Head?"

"I wuz cuttin' wood on de Ramsey State Farm at Angleton at a place called de 'lifetime cut.' A live-oak tree fell down dat I wuzn't 'spectin'. Some limbs hit my head, an' it broke 'em off; didn't knock me down, an' it didn't stop me from workin'. De boys name me Iron Head."

Thus I picked this Negro singer of English ballads, of "Ol' Hannah," the song of a three-o'clock sun, "Little John Henry," "The Gray Goose," "Black Betty," "Shorty George," "Pick a Bale of Cotton," "The Ol' Lady," and other "sinful songs," to be my chauffeur and companion on a hunt for folk songs among the Southern penitentiaries and remote Negro communities. Iron Head's singing was to inspire other Negro songsters to strive to excel him. If he went straight I would ask the Governor to extend his parole or to pardon him. Should he fall back into thievery, I was under contract to deliver him back to Sugarland and to Captain Gotch, who doubtless would again put him to work weaving, with skillful fingers, collars for the mules who pull the plows and wagons of the Texas Penitentiary System.

A few days later Iron Head and I headed out

of Dallas, bound for the Mississippi Delta and Parchman, where is located the 16,000-acre convict farm with more than two thousand inmates. Throughout the first day and on past Marshall, Texas, where we spent the first night in a tourist camp, Iron Head talked and sang gay tunes:—

Me an' my wife kin pick a bale of cotton,
Pick a bale, pick a bale, pick a bale a day.
Me an' my podner an' my podner's fren'
Kin pick mo' cotton than a gin kin gin.

Always he smiled. He wondered "what dem niggers down at Sugarlan' would think if they could see me ridin' in a spang-new Primer [Plymouth] car, settin' up 'side a big white man like he wuz somebody." We passed by farms that were "too po' to raise a fuss on." A speeding car that passed us was driven by a man whose "wife had run away an' he wuz tryin' to ketch her." Of a young Negro woman dressed in red, whom we met on the highway, he said, "She's got a figger that won't wait." Proud of his ability to read, he shouted out the words on billboards as we dashed past: "Ambassado' Hotel, Grill in Connection." The word "Ambassador" floored him. After I prompted, he repeated, "Ambassador Hotel, Girls in Connection!" Then: "Dey furnishes girls in dat hotel. Is dat whar we's gwine to stop tonight, Boss?"

For two days we camped on the bluff overlooking the Mississippi River just south of Vicksburg. After supper Iron Head started on a "ramble," claiming he wanted to see the "big river" running far below. Soon he came back. "I couldn't see nothin' but dark," he said. "I always has to be keerful of de dark." During the day we watched thirty roustabouts unload from the *Tennessee Belle*, just up from New Orleans. I had hoped to catch some of the river tunes that Mark Twain wrote about. But no sound came from the men as they shuffled up and down the gangplank in a long, ever moving line. Not one river "holler" did I hear.

"They never sing any more," the Captain told me. "They don't have life enough."

The river songs indeed seemed gone, for I had already searched the New Orleans docks. Soon the gang songs of the black men would follow suit, as a part of the advance of the machine age. On the penitentiary farms, where Negro labor must be done in groups, the plantation "hollers" yet live.

3

IRON HEAD once had explained to me why he first became a thief: "Dem Jew merchants on Deep Ellum in Dallas had so many goods dey piles 'em out on the sidewalks. I jes' took what I wanted. I never done no work. My grandma raised me. Ev'ry day she giv' me my dinner in a bucket an' sent me to school. I never got there. But mos'ly

I stole from niggers. De law don't pay no 'tention when niggers lose their things. I'd watch a house till de womenfolks go away. Den I'd go in an' take what I wanted."

During our trip, when Iron Head's singing brought him some money, I suggested that he save it, go back to Dallas, and restore the value of the stolen goods. He rejected the idea: "Dey has money. Dey never miss what I took." He often expressed a wish to hunt for some stolen jewelry that he had buried in a Dallas back yard. "I dug up de whole yard an' couldn't fin' de place no mo'."

Iron Head often paraded his virtues. We were leaving a tourist camp in South Carolina, where he had made his pallet on the floor by the side of my bed. On other occasions, when such an arrangement was impossible, he would sleep in the automobile and have me lock him inside the car, as a terrible fear seemed to harass him when darkness fell. He could get out but an intruder could not get in.

As we drove away from the South Carolina camp that morning, he said: "Boss, you don't think I notices, but I watches ev'ything. I knows where you keep yo' money. You leaves it all in yo' pocket an' hangs yo' clothes in de closet, an' you goes off to sleep while I stays awake. I could git up any night an' knock you in de haid an' take yo' money. You wouldn't know nothin' about it. Then I could take de car an' drive away. I ain't never killed you yet, now has I?"

Despite his threat to drive off in the car some night, I could never teach him to manage the automobile. After many trials I had him take the wheel one day in Florida, where the road ran straight for ten miles. There was no traffic. I let him drive until I happened to see his hands trembling as he grasped the wheel. When we swapped places, Iron Head staggered as he walked around the car. "My laigs feel funny," he complained. Thereafter I became the permanent chauffeur.

When we finished our work among the Negroes, I proposed to send Iron Head back to Austin, where, according to promise, I was to set him up in the business of weaving rugs from corn shucks. He was bitterly resentful and hinted at reprisals on my family. Neither was he willing to find a job and work in Washington. So I bought a ticket, gave him money, and sent him back to Texas.

He never reported at my home in Austin. A friend found work for him in the country. But he couldn't stay away from Austin honky-tonks and low company. Finally, I learned, he had deserted his job on the farm and become a street-corner bum. Then quickly followed the "pen" for the seventh time—and life.

Less than a year after the Governor set him free, I found Iron Head in the garden squad of the Ramsey State Convict Farm in Texas. He peered past me through the iron bars of his cell. Once more

he was a convict longing for the "free world." I asked him what had happened.

"Well, I got hard up, an' I did a little mo' porch-climbin'."

When I last saw him it was a sad meeting and a sad separation. Ramsey Farm is the state's home for the long-termers and the incorrigibles. I should have left him at Sugarland to weave from corn shucks horse collars and rugs for Captain Gotch and Captain Flanagan.

4

GIMME room, niggers, gimme room. Let me git at dat singin' machine. I'se de out-singin'est nigger on dis here plantation. I'se been in de pen forty-nine years off an' on, an' I ought to know all de songs. Git out o' my way!"

I saved the microphone of the recording machine from being overturned by the big, eager, confident, self-important copper-colored man as he pushed through the throng of Negro convicts.

"Wait, Clear Rock," I said. "Later we will try you out."

"Ready right now," he insisted, and I hardly had time to start the machine before he plunged into a patting song, "Dat's All Right, Honey," where his big hands helped to carry the melody:—

Way up yonder, darlin', 'bove the sun, sugar,
Girls all call me honey, sugar plum, sho' 'nuff!
Got a horse, sugar; buggy, too, baby.
Horse's black, darlin', buggy's blue, sho' 'nuff!
Dat's all right, honey, dat's all right, baby.

The crowd cheered, for the tune was catchy. Where he got the words and tune he did not know. I have not found the song elsewhere.

Afterward when I talked alone with Clear Rock, I asked him what brought him to the penitentiary as a life-termer.

"I th'owed three niggers."

"I don't understand."

"Well, I got three of them. I got 'em with rocks. That's why they calls me Clear Rock."

"Do you mean to tell me that you killed three people with rocks?"

"No, boss, I th'owed three when a bunch come at me. [A Negro doesn't like to say "kill."] I used to be a powerful rock th'ower. I th'owed three, an' the law sont me to the pen. Then the Governor pardoned me."

"And the second time?" I inquired.

"I was jes' misfortunate, boss, jes' misfortunate. It might 'a' happened to anybody."

A buxom yellow girl; some question of her age; an enemy or two; and here was Clear Rock, a seventy-one-year-old water boy, a satisfied prisoner for life. Unable to read or write, he afterward sang "Bobby" Allen, as he called the old English ballad, true to tune, but hopelessly mixed with a fa-

mous cowboy song entitled "The Streets of Laredo." His song buried "Miss Allen" in a desert of New Mexico with six pretty maidens all dressed in white for her pallbearers, though there seemed water aplenty for a rose and a briar to grow over her head till they met and "got twined in a knot and couldn't grow no higher." In another rendition he buried "Bobby" Allen out of Dallas with the mourners "hollerin' and a-squallin'."

Clear Rock seemed to have caught in his capacious memory the floating folk songs that had been current among the thousands of black convicts who had been his companions for so many years. He had a store equal in continuous length to the *Iliad*. If he ever forgot (I could not discover), his quick invention supplied a word or line without a moment's pause and in the spirit and rhythm of the song he was singing.

He sang a new version of "The Old Chisholm Trail," an endless ballad describing the experiences of a band of cowboys driving a herd of longhorn cattle from Texas to Montana. One of the cowboys in his song, riding an unruly horse, was thrown high and left hanging on a limb of a tree along the trail. Clear Rock sang four stanzas describing this incident and then ended his song.

"That's rather hard on that cowboy," I suggested, "to go on up the trail and leave him sprawling on a limb in what is doubtless an uncomfortable position."

"Lemme git him down, boss; I'll git him down!" And at once he sang in perfect tune:—

Cowboy lyin' in a tree a-sprawlin',
Come-a-ti-yi-yippy, yippy yea, yippy yea,
Come a little wind an' down he come a-fallin',
Come-ti-yi yippy, yippy yea.

"Could you let me have a quarter, boss? I jes' lef' my crap game to help you out. I wants to fade one of dese biggety town niggers who thinks he knows how to roll de bones." And Clear Rock, whistling cheerily, started away as I handed him half a dollar. He quickly readjusted himself. He hadn't expected more than a dime.

"Boss, can't you make it a dollar? I could 'a' made lots more money than that if I hadn't stopped shooting craps." Once, he told me, he had won the spending money of all the men in the camp, two hundred convicts. "Cleaned 'em spang out," boasted Clear Rock. The total amount was \$27.85.

On our second visit to Clear Rock and his crew, late one wintry Saturday afternoon, Alan and I stopped at Sugarland, and took from the express office a new recording machine that had just come in from New York City. Then we drove on out to the Central Farm. After supper about a dozen Negro trustees who were to sing for us helped unload and unbox our machine and carry it into the farm blacksmith shop, which stood some distance away from the main group of buildings. The men

crowded around eager and curious as a bunch of children as they watched Alan test the connections, adjust the gadgets and doodads, and unwrap and set up the microphone.

"Now we are ready for a singer," Alan said as he turned on the electric current and set the turntable spinning. "Oh, I forgot — where is the cutting needle?" This minute steel plug, with a diamond set in the smaller end to cut the line of sound in the aluminum disk, could not be found. We turned over every scrap of wrapping paper, shook out the excelsior, and looked carefully into the cracks and crannies of the boxes and machinery. No cutting needle. Without it no records could be made.

"The singing tonight is off, boys."

Our eager songsters showed their disappointment as Alan and I discussed telegrams to New York City and the chance of finding in Houston some substitute for the lost cutting needle. But tomorrow was Sunday, and no shops would be open either in Houston or in New York. We might be in for a long delay.

"Well, boys," I said, "the men who shipped this machine probably would not trust a diamond in an express package, but, instead, doubtless sent it by registered mail. We didn't ask at the post office. We'll get it in the morning and record songs all day Sunday. Let's tell stories. How many of you believe in ghosts? Have any of you ever seen a ghost?"

By that time a steady rain was pouring down on the sheet-iron roof above us. Outside, black darkness; inside, the white-clad Negroes sat around on empty nail kegs. The dirt-floored shop, with its anvil and old-fashioned bellows, piles of rusty iron in the corners, a blackened workman's bench, showed dim from a single dust-covered light globe. It was a gloomy place; a dark and dismal night.

When I said "ghosts" the black men stopped their chatter. They looked at each other and no one spoke. Finally, Burn Down, the big blacksmith, said, "Well, suh, I don't exactly believe in ghosts. I never seen one. But when I'se out in de fields by myself nights an' has to come by dat lonesome little graveyard where dem convict boys is buried what didn't have no friends to come an' git 'em when they died, I jes don't come dat way. I takes a wide roundance. Dem white lumber tombstones seem like dey is runnin' along in de dark behin' me. Yassuh!"

Nobody laughed. But tongues were loosened, and for more than an hour Alan and I heard stories to rival those of Gulliver and Munchausen.

5

CLEAR ROCK from "Taylortown," Texas ("Been in de pen forty-nine years goin' on fifty") told stories.

"One time," Clear Rock said, "'fo' I got in de pen, I wuz livin' out in de country close to Bastrop, Texas. In dem days I wuz sort o' jack-leg Baptis'

preacher. Well, over 'cross de road fum where I live there wuz a sick man come from Georgy. He wuz sick fur a long time. Dat day some wimmens fum de house come over an' say dat de sick man wuz daid. Dey ask me to he'p wid de settin' up wid de corpse, 'cause dey had to set up wid de corpse until de man's kinfolks could come fum Georgy to moan over him an' see him buried. I, bein' as I was 'greeable, I went over to de house where de daid man wuz at.

"De wimmens an' de mens wuz all settin' scrooched up roun' de fire, mighty sleepy. Dey wuz plum wo' out fum settin' up wid de sick man so long. Dat dere man wuz lyin' over in de corner on his coolin' board wid a white rag wropt roun' his jaws. It was a mighty cold, lonesome night.

"'Clear Rock,' de wimmens says, 'we's all tired out an' we's gonna lay down. Dere is about a waggin load o' yam pertaters in de corner by de chimby. Ef you gits hungry, you might cook you some.'

"Den de wimmens huddle demselves togedder down in de middle ob de flo' and kivers up wid a ragged quilt. De mens was sittin' befo' de fireplace in deir cheers, leanin' back, noddin' an' bowin', dey was so sleepy.

"I picked me out three o' dem yam pertaters, about so long an' so wide [measuring with his big hands] — jes' good eatin'-size yams, an' I stuck 'em in de ashes an' kivers 'em up wid de emmels [embers]. Den I lean my head on de back o' my cheer an' try to sleep. Well, I was sort o' nappin' 'long, noddin' an' nappin', till lastly I did fall asleep. Long 'way in de night I wakes up an' looks roun' de room. All de mens was settin' in deir cheers sound asleep, wid deir haid's th'owed back an' deir mouths open. De wimmens was huddled up on de flo', 'cause it was so cold. Dey was all scrooched up asleep, kivered up wid dat ragged quilt. Dat daid man, he was jes' layin' over in de corner on de coolin' board wid a white rag wropt roun' his jaws.

"'Clear Rock,' I says, 'spec dem yams o' yo's is done.' So I retcht in de emmels an' took out one o' dem yams. You know, when you cook a young yam, de sap comes out all over it an' de ashes sticks to it. So I takes my foot an' whacks de yam again' it, 'whock, whock, whock,' so de ashes would come off. Den de man dat was daid, layin' over in de corner on de coolin' board wid a white rag wropt roun' his jaws, he raise up an' he say: 'Is dey done?'

"I say, 'I don' know whedder dey is done or not, but I'se done wid dis place!' De do' was too fur away, so I went out th'oo de winduh. My feet was itchin' an' my body was honin' to move on. As I was a-purceedin' up de big road, I pass by one dem German schoolhouses where de mens was practicin' music. 'Bout de time I pass by deir house, one o' dem mens poked a big brass horn out de winduh on de side where I was at an' blowed 'da-ti-da-da-ti-do!' [Clear Rock imitates taps.] I wasn't expectin' nothin' like dat an' I leaned over, an' when I riz up I was in Ardmore, Oklahoma, fo' hundred miles away! My

eyes was stickin' out an' shinin' like de spyglass on a locomobile. I was goin' so fas', splat-splattin' it down on de asphalt, dat when I crossed de T.P. tracks in Fort Worth my shirttail ketch afire an' make me run faster. Dat's what I calls runnin' yo'sef lost. Befo' I could perdeck myself I had run outa Texas clean over into Oklahoma."

Before the men quit shouting Clear Rock was off on another story about his ability as a runner:—

"Me an' a bunch o' boys one time went to pick cotton out from Taylor. So we walked an' we walked till we got tired, an' we hunted for a place to lie down an' sleep. So we was searchin' an' lookin' for a lodgment place where we could lay down, an' we come to a 'ol' vacant house away from the road an' we laid down on the floor on our cotton sacks. Well, bein' hungry, I was cookin' some eggs an' meat in the fireplace when a black cat pop outen the chimney into the skillet an' jump from there over in a corner of the room. His eyes was turnin' over just like some buggy wheels. Some boys went out the winduh an' some went out the door, an' all was hol-lerin'. I wound up in Floridy, an' my feets was so sore I had to lay down by an ol' rotten log. An' that same ol' black cat ask me, 'Didn't we have a good race?' An' I say, 'Ain' nothin' to de race we gwine have!' (At this point, I, who had heard the story before in one of Clear Rock's innumerable improvisations, remarked that he hadn't told the story in the same way at all as he had the first time. I reminded the obsequious and delightful Negro that in his previous telling the cat had stood on a little built-in shelf in the corner, a shelf that is typical of the houses of poor country farmers, and that at last it had spat out the fire. Clear Rock, with his never-ending desire to please and his inexhaustible energy, began again at the dramatic entrance of the black cat.)

"I was cookin' at the fireplace," he said, "an' I look over my shoulder an' see a li'l black kitten on a little shelf in de corner of the room, an' dat kitten was turnin' roun' an' roun'. Seem like de mo' I look the bigger he got, ontill it got de size of a yellin' [yearling]. An' he jump down off de shelf an' come over to de fire an' spit it out, 'whoosh!' Dat lef' it all dark in dat place, an' one o' de boys, hearin' me stumblin' roun', say, 'How you comin' out?' And I say, 'Ain' comin' out, gwine out!' We was all scramblin' roun'

in dat place trying to get away from dat cat an' out de door. So boy holler out, 'Where's de door?' An' I say, 'I don' know, but jes' follow me and I'll find daylight somewhere.'

"Dis time I ran to Africy on my hoss and when he cross de Dead Sea, between here an' Africy, dat hoss wuz goin' so fas' he didn't sink down over his hocks!"

The wind dashed the rain against the thin walls of the blacksmith shop.

"Jes' one mo' little one," begged Clear Rock:—

"One time I went to town huntin' a job, up in a little old town they call Rogers. An' so I went to a lady's house there an' asked her for some work. She says, 'Can you cut yards?' an' I says, 'Yes, ma'am.' She says, 'Go roun', go roun' to de back an' look under de house, you'll find a lawn mower there, an' then begin cuttin'.' I told her, 'Yes, ma'am,' an' I went roun' an' got de lawn mower an' started on de back cuttin' grass.

"An' so — she had some geese out into a vacant park there, she had. An' so — under a tree laid a goat. An' this old geese in de heat of de day raised up an' said, 'We're havin' a *hard* time!' Goat says, 'Ungh-Ungh.' So de geese kep' a-pickin', an' they raised up agin an' says, 'We're havin' a *ha-ard* time.' Goat say, 'Ungh-ungh!' An' so de geese raised up agin an' says, 'We're havin' a *ha-a-ard* time.' An' de goat says, 'Ba-a-d managin'!"

Let your imagination picture Clear Rock as his fingers imitated the geese snipping grass, the flock protesting against the hard facts of life, the solemn, taciturn billy goat passing final judgment on the situation!

Some years afterward, resourceful Clear Rock caught the attention of Governor "Ma" Ferguson when she visited the convict camp. He sang about Long John, a runaway Negro, who wore a wonderful shoe: "Had a heel in front and a heel behind, so you never could tell where that nigger was a-gwine." According to Clear Rock, "One day some of my friends in Taylor heard that Miz Ferguson wuz goin' down to Central Farm a-visitin' an' they sent a car down there with a letter signed by 30,000 peoples; they wuz de names of all de prominent lawyers an' officers an' all the other 'whichocrats' roun' Taylor, an' Miz Ferguson sot me free."

(To be continued)

THE HEALTH OF THE NATION

A Plea for Public Medicine

by CHANNING FROTHINGHAM, M.D.

1

MANY Americans do not receive adequate medical care. The figures presented by the Selective Service Examiners in 1942 and 1943 showed that throughout the United States 39.2 per cent of the registrants examined by the Local Boards and at the Induction Centers were rejected. This high percentage of our boys found unfit to fight was not evenly distributed throughout the country. For instance, in Oregon there were only 24.4 per cent rejected and in Kansas 25.4 per cent. On the other hand, in North Carolina 56.8 per cent were rejected and in Arkansas 55.9 per cent. Between these two extremes, Massachusetts and New York had 37.7 per cent rejected. Usually the poorer the state, the more neglect of health.

Good medical care includes the activities of the public health services — Federal, state, and local — and the preventive medical procedures, diagnosis, and treatment for the sick provided by practicing physicians. Public health services vary not only from state to state, but also in different communities within a state. In recent years the Federal government has been contributing more and more towards the public health programs of the states, the size of the appropriation varying, with a higher percentage of assistance offered to the less wealthy states. In the fiscal year 1946, Massachusetts, for instance, paid \$3,930,399 for its Department of Public Health, and to the Commonwealth in the same year the Federal government contributed \$3,158,842; in addition, the Department of Mental Health in Massachusetts, which cares for the mentally ill, had a budget of \$14,053,672 drawn from state funds.

The activities of the Massachusetts Department of Public Health include diagnosis and treatment of the sick as well as an extensive program for the prevention of disease. The Department runs biological and diagnostic laboratories. It has food and drug laboratories with inspection service. It has a Divi-

sion of Sanitary Engineering involved in the control of water supply and sewage disposal. It also is closely allied with the Department of Labor and Industries in the study of occupational hygiene. It is active in dental health and in the study and control of communicable diseases. It has responsibility for various hospitals and out-patient clinics for the control and treatment of tuberculosis. It has clinics for the control and treatment of venereal diseases. It also has responsibility for the Emergency Maternal and Infant Care Program. The Department not only deals with general health problems but participates in the care of the sick. This emphasizes a point which is not always appreciated: namely, that you cannot separate the health of the individual from the public health. In addition to what the state does, the individual cities and towns in Massachusetts support their own public health agencies.

In the years to come there will be continued expansion of the activities of the Departments of Public Health in the different states. The diagnosis and care of more and more patients will undoubtedly come under the control of these departments, if one can judge by the steady growth of these services in the past. Even in those communities already well supplied, the demand for the extension of health services exists, as is shown by requests for more legislation and for increased appropriations.

The problem of developing satisfactory public health services in a good medical program is complicated by the lack of well-trained public health officers. It is further complicated by the opposition of some practicing physicians. Such hostility often develops when the state encroaches upon the field of the private practitioner or laboratory expert, even if the patient's advantage is served. To develop satisfactory public health services in a National Health Program, therefore, further education of both laymen and physicians is essential. Physicians must be attracted into the service by satisfactory financial reward. Public health services are expensive, and it is obvious that more Federal aid will be necessary for some states if the advantages of such services are to be evenly distributed. As disease does not recognize state lines, measures to protect us from pre-

A Boston physician of leading and liberal opinion, CHANNING FROTHINGHAM was physician to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital from 1912 to 1933, and has been consultant physician since 1933. He was a member of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School from 1908 to 1933, when he became physician-in-chief of the Faulkner Hospital.

ventable illness should be uniform throughout the country.

All the studies show that physicians, laboratories, and hospitals are very unevenly distributed throughout the United States. For example, in New York City there is one physician to every five hundred inhabitants, while in the United States as a whole there is one physician to every seventeen hundred. Clearly, many areas do not have the hoped-for percentage of one physician for every thousand of the population.

Good medicine cannot be practiced without laboratories, hospitals, and well-trained specialists. The lack of these facilities and specialists leaves many areas unable to attract well-trained practicing physicians. Furthermore, the resulting overcrowding of physicians in our urban centers where these facilities exist produces another problem, because even in these areas there are not enough hospitals to provide all the physicians with hospital privileges. Many communities are unable to raise the funds necessary to supply suitable hospitals and laboratories and to guarantee proper financial return to the physicians. Therefore, some plan must be developed to aid the poorer communities in the states.

The most serious obstacle in making good medical care available to the people is its cost. The following table shows the usual charges for certain operations in a hospital in which different types of accommodations exist for the comfort of the patients. These are actual figures supplied by reliable and conscientious surgeons.

<i>Condition</i>	<i>Moderate-price accommodations</i>	<i>Full-price accommodations</i>
Removal of thyroid....	\$200	\$350-500
Resection of stomach..	200	500-750
Hernia.....	100	200
Removal of gall bladder	200	500-750
Acute appendicitis....	150	250-500
Removal of prostate...	200	500-750
Compound fracture of humerus.....	200	300-500
Fracture of hip.....	200	300-500

It is estimated that more than half the families in the United States have incomes of less than \$2000 a year. How can such families meet these charges? Some distribution of the justifiable costs for specialists' services must be arranged for the majority of our population.

Furthermore, in a well-organized medical program the family physician who gives the preventive inoculations and the periodic examinations, and makes the early diagnosis, and who will take care of all conditions which do not need specialists' services, should receive an adequate income. Many people cannot afford complete care on the present fee-for-service basis and therefore do without these preventive and other important medical procedures. Some program must be devised to provide to a vast number of our people a family physician of their own choice.

Another troublesome factor is that this method of paying for medical care by individual fees tempts many to gamble on avoiding preventable diseases by self-medication, drug-clerk diagnosis, and the employment of cultists, all in the hope that they will be less expensive than a good doctor.

2

THE amount of money spent annually on medical care for individuals in the United States is estimated at about \$4,000,000,000. Those who have studied the possibilities believe that this sum is sufficient to provide good individual care for all the people and to reimburse the physicians adequately.

The problem, therefore, is to develop a plan to collect this sum in a manner consistent with the individual's ability to pay and then to spend it so that good medical care will be available to all the contributors. Obviously there will always be some who cannot contribute and must accept charity, and of course provision will be made for them.

Two methods of collecting funds from large numbers of our people to provide medical services for all have been in operation: namely, taxation and insurance. Because tax-supported medical care is usually associated with charity, and because the reception of charity is repugnant to most Americans, the trend is to develop the needed funds by the insurance principle. Radical changes in the insurance programs are necessary if we are to extend coverage to that more than 75 per cent of the population which for one reason or another does not have medical insurance. Yet only a few years ago it was contended by some—especially those in control of organized medicine—that prepayment plans to raise money to distribute the costs of medical care were unnecessary.

Insurance plans already in existence cover the costs of medical care in varying degrees. Some are voluntary, some compulsory; some operate on a nonprofit basis, others for profit. Most of them, if properly managed, are successful, but unfortunately they include less than a quarter of our population, and the benefits in most instances fall far short of complete medical care. How shall we extend this insurance program so that it will be available to all but the really indigent? And how shall we provide comprehensive high-quality medical care, including preventive medical procedures, early diagnosis, and treatment for all?

The evidence is conclusive that voluntary prepayment insurance plans will not be able to provide medical care for the great majority of our citizens. It cannot rescue from medical indigency the great mass of people who now frequent our charity- or tax-supported clinics. It will not provide complete service to the tremendous number of people who for one reason or another do not get good medical care today. Its cost is too high. For under a voluntary

insurance system the rich will stay out and continue to receive their medical care as they do today on a fee-for-service basis, thus reducing the number of subscribers. Those who gamble on their health will also stay out, as will the cultists who believe that disease rests upon a theory and that its cure does not depend upon elaborate diagnosis and expensive treatment. The omission of these groups will further limit the number of subscribers. With the subscribers limited, the rates must be raised or the benefits from the funds diminished. The premium rate for comprehensive voluntary insurance — profit or non-profit — is too high for the majority of American families.

3

THE existing voluntary plans controlled by the physicians cover unusual emergencies in medicine rather than preventive medical procedures and early diagnosis, both of which are so important for the health and welfare of the individual. Compulsory insurance, on the other hand, based on a percentage of one's income, with certain necessary restrictions, offers medical care to its contributors and will include all but the really indigent. In the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, which was presented to the Seventy-ninth Congress, provision was also made to include the really indigent if their local communities, which must assume responsibility for them, wish to have them included.

One might still hesitate to urge a program to be financed by compulsory prepayment through an extension of the Social Security system, and to be administered under its supervision in conjunction with the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service, if such a program would in any way lower the quality of medical care provided. A study of the proposed legislation, however, shows that the quality of medical care would be better safeguarded under such a system than it is at present or is likely to be under voluntary insurance plans.

Organized medicine has always claimed — and on this point I agree — that two important factors that have elevated American medicine to its present high position are free choice of physician by the patient and absence of interference with the intimate physician-patient relationship. Both of these factors, instead of being hindered by a National Health Program, will actually be more extensively developed. Through inclusion in the program, the families with the smallest incomes, who now go to tax- or charity-supported clinics, will be able to choose their own physicians as the well-to-do choose them. Furthermore, that ugly reminder of the cost of care — namely, the fee — will no longer come between doctor and patient. All too often the conscientious physician, in trying to save his patient expense, omits a consultation or a test whose value is question-

able, only to wish eventually that it had not been omitted.

The family physician will continue to play the most important role in medical care. It is he who is first consulted on all problems by the family, who knows the environmental problems of the family, and who guides the individual to the proper specialist. The solo practitioner who tries to tackle all the medical problems of an individual is long out-of-date. In his place, and after considerable controversy, we have what is known as the group practice — that is, the family physician, the pediatrician, and the specialist in partnership. This group practice has been increasingly successful in providing better service.

In the proposed National Health Program the practicing physician will have available all needed laboratory aid and consultations without having the question of cost arise. He will be freed from the too frequently justified worry that he will lose his patient to the specialist. For the proposed National Health Program calls for all subscribers to see the family practitioner or pediatrician first. This point alone will improve the quality of medical care because poor results can develop when a patient goes directly to a specialist or one who poses as a specialist. All medical care for the individual should be guided by a physician who is familiar with the patient.

We need more doctors. We need more money for medical education and medical research. And while profit insurance companies contribute generously to medical research, the records show little if any money allocated to medical education and medical research by voluntary nonprofit prepayment insurance plans for hospitalization and medical care.

The proposed legislation for a National Health Program provides for contributions to expand medical education and to further medical research. It also provides: —

1. A family physician for each subscriber, to care for him in the office, home, and hospital.
2. Laboratory and hospital facilities for the physician and the patient.
3. Specialists of guaranteed quality as needed — namely, group practice.
4. Equal division of control in the administration of the care between qualified laymen (the recipients of the care) and the medical profession.

The term "socialized medicine" has been carelessly tossed about in discussions of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill. There is nothing in the program similar to the type of socialized medicine which exists in Russia. If, however, by socialized medicine one means medical care paid for by taxation and administered under governmental supervision, — Federal, state, or local, — then the beginning of such socialized medicine already exists in the United States and has been found satisfactory, if one can judge by the fact that it is steadily expanding.

» These letters of a great novelist illuminate the problems of every beginning writer.

WRITING IS MY LIFE

The Novelist Under Fire

by THOMAS WOLFE

A shy, hulking Southerner, THOMAS CLAYTON WOLFE came North in his early twenties to make his bid in literature. For a year he studied playwriting under Professor George Pierce Baker at Harvard, but the plays which resulted were turned down on Broadway. New York University offered him an instructorship in English, and in the metropolis or as he traveled abroad on vacation young Tom Wolfe began to be possessed with the characters and scenes of his first novel, which was to be published in 1929 under the title of *Look Homeward, Angel*.

Tom Wolfe's father was a stonecutter, his mother the keeper of a boardinghouse in Asheville, North Carolina. His novel was regarded as a personal affront by many in his home town, and even his beloved teacher, Mrs. J. M. Roberts, to whom these letters were written, felt hurt. This accounts for his self-defense in the opening letter, and for the gap of six years in the correspondence. On his trip West in the spring of 1938 Wolfe contracted pneumonia. During his convalescence, complications set in which led to his death on September 15, 1938.

This is the last of three installments. — THE EDITOR

Harvard Club
New York City
Feb. 2, 1930

DEAR MRS. ROBERTS: —

It has been almost impossible for me to write letters, or anything else, during the last three months — partly because of classes and papers at N.Y.U., and partly because of telephone calls, invitations to speak, dine, or visit (which I now shy away from), interviews and excitement. Now I am finishing my work at the University — I have resigned and will be finished there as soon as my term grades are in (I still have 200 quizzes and themes to read!). Scribner's have very generously made it possible for me to live modestly until my next book is done — I have already begun it, and it is to be called *The October Fair* [published in 1935 as *Of Time and the River*]. It deals with different scenes, with different characters, and with a different theme from the first. I hope, naturally, that it will be a better book than the first [*Look Homeward, Angel*], and with all my heart I hope that people who thought my first book ugly and painful will find beauty and wisdom in the second. That is a wish I shall always keep for my work, and I hope in some measure it comes true. . . .

I shall have time to write you the letter I want to write after next week. Meanwhile, will you let me say again one thing in reference to your own fine letter: I think you are mistaken in the estimate you put on some of the characters in my book and I know you are wholly mistaken in your interpretation of one of the scenes. You are certainly right in saying I would not do such a book twenty years from now — I hope I will do one that is much better

and much more beautiful, but such growth as that must come, with time, and with maturity and wisdom.

But I do believe sincerely, Mrs. Roberts, that any bitterness in my book — and I would not deny that there is bitterness in it — is directed not against people or against living, but against the fundamental structure of life, which seems to me, or at least seemed to me when I wrote the book, cruel and wastefully tragic. I may be wrong in that feeling, but at any rate, it was deep-seated and real.

The other thing I want to say is longer and more difficult, and I must write you about it later at length, but here it is indicated in outline: that all creation is to me fabulous, that the world of my creation is a fabulous world, that experience comes into me from all points, is digested and absorbed into me until it becomes a part of me, and that the world I create is *always inside* me, and never *outside* me, and that what reality I can give to what I create comes only from *within*. Its relation to actual experience I have never denied, but every thinking person knows that such a relation is inevitable, and could not be avoided unless men lived in a vacuum.

I began to write the book in a little room in London and I finished it in a New York sweatshop garret; and from beginning to end the theme was that men are alone and strangers on the face of the earth, and never come to know one another — this theme came as a result of years of wandering, and was as true of men in London, Budapest, or Naples, as of men in Asheville, Idaho, or Alaska. You said in one place in your letter that you knew I was sincere, no matter what anyone said. I thank you with all

my heart; but how could you ever doubt it? Have you ever known me to be lacking in sincerity, to be evasive, dishonest, or to have my eye glued on the main chance? One man wrote in to Scribner's saying that the rumor was Wolfe had written the book because he needed money badly. What damnable nonsense! Doesn't every word, every sentence, every page, and the whole great length of the book show that such a work could never be written from any desire except the desire of the artist to create a vision of life that burned inside him? If I had wanted money don't you suppose there are a million easier, cheaper, shorter, and baser ways of getting it? The fact that the book has had a modest commercial success is one of the most astonishing things about it, but surely you must understand it was not published for this reason, and that dozens of bad writers make more money on one of their books than I could make on six of mine.

Finally, Mrs. Roberts, will you please believe me when I tell you sincerely and earnestly that when I began this book in London, and finished it in New York, I shaped and created its reality from within: my *own* world, my *own* figures, my *own* events shaped themselves into my *own* fable there on the page before me, and that I spent no time in thinking of actual Smiths, Joneses, or Browns; nor do I see yet how such a thing is possible. If anyone thinks it is, let him take notes at street corners, and see if the result is a book.

I have written you more than I intended at present; let me in concluding entreat you to remember that I have written only *one* chapter of my *whole* book, and that if you do not think the first is worthy of me, I shall try to do something that will deserve your faith and affection in those that follow. Let me also say now that the saddest thing about all of this to me is not that some people have misunderstood the intention and meaning of my first book, but that some people I still love and honor have misunderstood me. I will not say a word against them — the really sad thing is that we lead a dozen lives rather than one, and that two or three of mine have gone by since I was a kid in Asheville. If people now draw back when they see the man, and say: "I do not know him. This is not the boy I knew" — I can only hope they will not think the man a bad one, and that they will be patient and wait until the boy comes back. And I think he will, after the man has made a long journey.

Good-bye for the present. I send you again my warmest, my deepest affection, and my most devoted wishes for your health and happiness. I think you are one of the grandest people I have ever known. . . .

P.S. I hope you have seen some of the reviews of my book. They have been on the whole very wonderful. . . . If I am to be honest I must create my vision of life as I see it; but I hope that in my future work everyone I respect and like will find beauty and wonder in everything I do.

Forgive me for talking so much about the book — it is my first, and naturally close to my heart.

Again, I send you my warmest and most devoted remembrance.

Written from New York, May 20, 1936

I am back at work now. It is going to be another very long, hard pull. I am already beginning to be haunted by nightmares at night. I am probably in for several thousand hours of hell and anguish, of almost losing hope, utterly, and swearing I'll never write another word and so on, but it seems to have to be done in this way and I have never found any way of avoiding it. I am both fascinated and terrified by this new book. It is a thing which has been going in my mind for years and it is not one of the books that have been announced. It is a much more objective book than any I have yet written. Sometimes I am appalled by my own undertaking, and doubt that I can do it.

The best friend I have in the world, who is also the best editor this country has produced, and who has never been wrong in his judgment yet, told me at once, when I described the book to him, that there was no doubt that I could do it, that I was the only one who could do it, that he had known for years I would have to write this kind of book some day, and by all means to do it at once with all my might. I think it is a good thing for several reasons; in the first place, if I succeed, it will meet the objections which some of the critics have passed about my being an autobiographical writer. In the second place, I think that one of the things that is likely to happen to the artist when he gets a little older is that he may tend to become cautious and conservative and to stick to the thing which he has learned or is learning to do. There is a good deal to be said for this, but I do think it is a pity if a man is to lose the enthusiastic eagerness, the desire to experiment and find out new ways, the fearlessness of conception and effort which he has in his twenties. I don't want to lose it and my friend tells me I never will, and that there is no question about my being able to do this thing if I see it through. I wish you knew him, his name is Maxwell Perkins. He is not only a wonderful friend, he is also a great man and a great person with the finest qualities of character, spirit, and intelligence I have ever known. He has often asked me about you and I know he would like to meet you.

This last year has been a very extraordinary one. I have seen some wonderful things and met a great many people. I took too much time away from work, but I was desperately tired and had in fact been writing steadily for almost five years and I found that a man's energy and the way he uses his talent is like a reservoir: when it gets depleted, you have got to let it fill up again. Well, I think it is full again, full to overflowing. I hope and believe that I may have learned something from all the mistakes

and errors of the past and that I will be able to work hereafter without quite so much useless waste and confusion and agony of spirit. I don't think by any means that I can wholly avoid these things yet, but I do think you learn something from every piece of work you do and that every piece of work you do adds something to your stature, increases the power and maturity of your experience, and helps you to use your talent with greater certainty.

I am sorry you didn't see M—— when you came through Washington, I know she will be disappointed when I tell her you couldn't find her. Yes, I think they did have their telephone taken out, but they are still living there. They have had a terribly hard time and she has suffered a great deal, but somehow, I always believe that she has it in her to pull herself together in a time of crisis or necessity and meet the situation no matter how hard or bitter. Mr. W——, as you know, is a fine man in many ways. He has devotion and loyalty and great staunchness of character, but I think, and this of course is confidential, that he is a most tragic individual case of the effects of this tragic depression. I am sometimes accused by the Communist writers here in New York of lacking what they call "social consciousness" and of not showing in my writing sufficient resentment towards the present system. Well, there are several answers to that. When I am told that I do not appreciate or understand the lot of the worker, I remember and am proud to remember that I am the son of a stone-cutter, that I come from people in Pennsylvania and in the hills of western North Carolina, who have had to work hard and long for two hundred years or more by the sweat of their brow, the strength of their hands, to earn their daily bread. I am not talking of the more prosperous members of the family whom you may have known in Asheville, yet even they, my mother's brothers and my mother herself, knew poverty and want in their childhood in the years after the Civil War, and my father worked all of his life. So I think you will agree with me there is no particular reason for me to be very much impressed by the assertions of young gentlemen calling themselves Communists, whose fathers provide them with a comfortable allowance which enables them to indulge their political fancies without knowing a great deal about some of the things or people of whom they write.

What I am really telling you, and I think you agree with me in your own feeling, is that by instinct, by inheritance, by every natural sympathy and affection of my life, my whole spirit and feeling is irresistibly on the side of the working class, against the cruelty, the injustice, the corrupt and infamous privilege of great wealth, against the shocking excess and wrong of the present system, the evidences of which are horribly apparent, I think, to anybody who lives here in New York and keeps his eyes open. I think that the whole thing has got to be changed, and I'll do everything within the province of my

energy or talent to change it for the better, if I can, but I am not a Communist, and I believe that the artist who makes his art the vehicle for political dogma and intolerant propaganda is a lost man. I think almost every great poet and every great writer who ever wrote and whose works we all love and treasure has been on the side of the oppressed, the suffering, the confused and lost and stricken of the earth. Do you know of a single exception to this? But really isn't this just another way of saying that every great man or any good man is on the side of life, and although I am myself the son of a working man, I go so far as to say that an artist's interests, first and always, has got to be in life itself, and not in a special kind of life. His devotion, his compassion, his talent has got to be used for man and for the enrichment of man's estate and not for just one class or sect of man. Finally, I think that insofar as any artist would turn against a man because that man is rich or would have no understanding or tolerance of the lot of a man who belongs to a certain class, the artist who would feel this way is by just this much a smaller man than he should be.

To get back to W——. I think he has been crushed by the catastrophe of recent years. Furthermore, although I never had much feeling one way or another about great corporations until this thing happened, I think the way he was treated by the great corporation that employed him after he had given his life, his strength, his youth and all his best energies since his fourteenth year, was simply damnable and I for one do not propose to sit around silent and acquiescent in a society where such a situation exists and where such things happen. He knows how to do nothing except to sell business equipment. His father died when he was a child and it was up to him to contribute to the support of his mother and his sister without delay. He left school at the age of thirteen or fourteen, went into the corporation's factory — learned the business and finally became an agent as you knew him in Asheville. Now he is no longer a young man, he has been in poor health for many years, his reserve of physical strength and energy is very short, and he was kicked out ruthlessly, brutally, and without notice by the employers to whom he had given his life and who for thirty years or more had profited by his efforts. I suppose the cold-blooded answer to this would be that he profited too, and that he was paid well for his services, and that when the period of his usefulness waned as far as the company was concerned, they owed him nothing more, they were free to dismiss him as they chose. I say to hell with all such reasoning; it is probably in accord with the ruthless code of business procedure, but it is not in accord with human life, with human justice, with human decency, do you think so? . . .

I think I have myself learned a good deal about men and living in this last year that was surprising and astonishing and sometimes pretty painful

and unpleasant. For the first time I received some considerable amount of public notice and I confess there are now times when I long for the comparative obscurity of a few years back and wonder whether such success as I may have attained doesn't take with it a pretty heavy price. For one thing, I found out to my utter astonishment that anyone in the world can sue you and for no earthly reason save that there are apparently a lot of people who think it would be rather nice to sue you and see if they cannot badger, worry, threaten, torment, or wheedle you into giving them some money, simply because they don't have any intention of going to work and earning it for themselves. I assure you that this can happen, that it is happening all the time, that it has happened to me, and that so far as justice, right, or fairness is concerned the law, from what I have seen of it, seems to have no concern with these matters at all. Rather it becomes a question of who can twist the terms and phrases of the law to his own advantage.

Of course, I suppose in the end, if you carry it through, you can usually win out, particularly if the person suing you has taken money from you, has concluded contracts and agreements of which you have never been informed, has been dismissed utterly and forever from your employment, has in fact not one square inch of earth on which to stand. I say you can win, but in the end, no matter what happens you always lose, don't you? You have to go and employ a lawyer, you have to be haled into court for an examination before trial, you get gray hairs worrying and fretting over it. And finally, you pay them some money, so that you can get peace of mind and go on working and not be bothered and exhausted by it any more.

I have been through the whole thing. I have had people, members of some poor and humble families whom I liked, with whom I had enjoyed pleasant and friendly relations, walk off with my manuscripts, sell them, and pocket the money. I have read my name in the papers as a speaker at public dinners of which I knew nothing and to which I had never given my consent. Only the other day, I received a great batch of essays with a letter saying that the promoters of this essay contest were delighted that I had consented to be one of the judges, but I had never heard of the thing before. Some of the success has been very pleasant, some of it grotesque, some very comical, and some of it appalling, but I have hung on grimly, and I am back at work again and of course, as long as I can work, I am all right. They can take what little money I have left, I suppose I can earn more money; they can even walk away with my manuscripts, I can certainly write more manuscripts; but if they take away my power to work, then they have taken everything. But I think that this probably won't happen. . . .

I am digging in here for a great burst of work and may not pause for a week or two, but I shall call you up and hope you will be able to arrange

a time for meeting, and perhaps you can also meet Mr. Perkins, if you feel like it. . . .

P.S. I haven't had time to correct this letter carefully — so please excuse errors, and the worn-out typewriter ribbon!

Written from New York, February 14, 1938

I want you to help me if you can. . . . I am writing a long book, and I want to put everything that I have in it: and this time the book is not about a town, nor about any certain group of people, but it is about America and what happened here between 1929 and 1937. I think you will agree with me and see what I am driving at when I tell you that what happened in Asheville in that period seems pretty important and significant in the light it throws on what happened to the whole country. So, to get down to brass tacks: first of all, do you know what is the best and completest newspaper account of the events — the bank trials, the affairs of the city, etc. — which occurred between 1930 and 1932? And do you know where I can get a copy of them? I would be willing to buy them, if I could do so at a fair price; or if you know anyone who has kept such a record, and would be willing to let me have it for several weeks, I would make every guarantee to preserve it and to see that it is returned to its owner safely. And if anything else occurs to you, if there are any people you think I could write, or any other information that might be useful, I should be grateful if you would let me know about this too.

There is so much that I would like to tell you now of what has been happening to me, and so much that I would like to tell you about this book. But if I ever got started here I would never finish. All that I can tell you here is this: I began life, as so many young men do, as a lyrical writer, and my first work was largely concerned with the affairs and preoccupations of youth and of the world in terms of its impingements on my own personality. Now I am older, and I shall never write that kind of book again. I am no longer so much concerned with my own life, I am rather passionately concerned with the life around me and with the broader social implications it has. At any rate, for better or for worse, I am now committed utterly to this book — like old Martin Luther, "I can't do otherwise" — there is no other way. Therefore, please help me if you can. And please write soon. . . .

Written from New York, March 1, 1938

I was delighted to get your postcard this morning and to know that you would be able to help. . . . I realize, of course, that the peak time, so far as Asheville is concerned, was around 1926; but I have chosen 1929 deliberately for the opening of my book, because it represents a time when the great national boom had reached its highest fever pitch of inten-

sity — anything and everything, of course, that can contribute to the whole picture, from beginning to end, is meat for my grinder: of course, as I believe we said last summer, the tremendous thing is the human thing, the great human tragedy, the social drama in all its inner weavings, and its whole web-like complexity. In the end, it is this — what actually happened to the lives of the people — that I am after; it is important to me, down below the story of the banks and speculation and real estate and politics and all the rest of it. . . .

Written from New York, March 7, 1938

I wonder what is wrong with the set-up, anyhow. I suppose Asheville is no worse than other communities in this respect, and that the average of catastrophe is no higher there than anywhere else. And yet, that was one of the most disturbing revelations that I got last summer, going back as I did after an absence of eight years and with the sharp and fresh impressions that such absence gives to one. It seemed as if the whole landscape was strewn with the shipwrecks of people I had known: I inquired about person after person only to be told that they were at Dix Hill, or had just returned; or at Morganton, or that they had gone completely to pieces through drugs or drink, or a combination of both. And looking back over my childhood and early youth in Asheville, it often seems to me now that the people who went down, who became these shipwrecks, were not the worthless litter of humanity, but often the best, the brightest, and the most intelligent we had.

It occurred to me that if such things happen to such people there must be something wrong with the background that produced them, something in the life around them that did not give them enough to employ their talents or waken the deepest interest in their lives. Am I wrong about this? I want to keep a clear perspective, and I think the answer may be that my own life in so many special and intimate ways is bound up with the life of Asheville: I know so many people there, in a sense, when I go home, I inherit the life of the whole community.

Here, in this vast city, it is, of course, different: the number of people that one knows or can know is relatively small. I know that one can find every kind of human wreckage here, because I have seen it myself, but it does seem to me, among most of the people that I know best, such catastrophe does not happen with the appalling frequency it does at home. The big wicked city that one hears so much about is also a very busy and hard-working place. It would be ironic, wouldn't it, if one eventually discovered that he had come here to keep out of mischief?

Anyway, the whole problem to my mind is a pretty serious one: if there is anything in it, I would like to find out why — it seems to me that that, too, is a legitimate subject for fiction. For example,

often when I have heard the learned economists talk about the boom — how and when it began, how it got going, why it collapsed, what was fundamentally wrong about it — I have kept silent, because there were so many human and spiritual things about it as well that never get mentioned. I think that one of these things — remembering my own childhood — is a deep and intense hunger in people for “something to happen” — waiting for something, they are not sure what, but something that is full of excitement, movement, color, sudden wealth. . . .

I can assure you the book is in no special autobiographical sense of the word about a special community and special persons. I still feel scared and a little hollow inside when I think of what I have done and am doing — but I have now given my inventive and imaginative powers full play, I have contrived a kind of legend or tremendous fiction — and the beauty of it is that in this free medium, I find for the first time in my life that I am myself much more free than I have ever been — that is, I can create in a free medium, and use everything I know or have seen or experienced or found out about. The book covers a tremendous panoramic sweep of places, people, events, and times — I may be a doddering old man before I am done with it, but meanwhile I am giving it everything I have. So everything you do, together with all the trouble and labor I know this entails, is deeply and genuinely appreciated.

I don't know whether I shall come home this summer — if I do it will only be for a short visit. I have to work now at the top of my bent, and last summer I found out that one's home town is not always the best place to do it. But I can't tell you what a tremendous experience that was — I'd like to tell you all about it some day, for in a way I think it may have been one of the great turning points in my life. It crystallized a feeling, a conviction, a discovery that I had been slowly coming to for years. And I suppose that discovery and conviction might be best summarized by these words: “You can't go home again.” By that I don't simply mean back to your home town — I mean back to your childhood, back to the image of the father you have lost, back to the whole cosmos of your youth, and all its colors and associations, back to time and memory, back to romantic love, back to so many other things that were once the whole world to you.

It has been a hard and grievous discovery, and so much time has been spent in mourning for the dead; but now that I have made it, I feel new strength and hope: I am standing on the shores of a new land, and if the old world is behind me, my heart somehow is full of hope about the new one I shall explore; because I found out that although “you can't go home again,” the home of all of us, of every mother's son of us, is in the future.

That trip to Asheville crystallized that discovery,

and I believe was one of the most important things that ever happened to me. For years, I had thought about my long absence from Asheville; I felt a sense of exile until it began to eat in me, haunt me in dreams. It became so oppressive and overwhelming that that return was inevitable — and it was a cleansing flood. I know you won't misunderstand me: I was more deeply touched and moved than I can tell you over the overwhelming reception I received, the great kindness and friendliness and interest of almost everyone I saw. And it is comforting to know that whenever I want to I can go back to my own town, and find friends there who will be glad to see me.

But my discovery that "you can't go home again" went a whole lot deeper than this: it went down to the very roots of my life and spirit — it has been a hard and at times terrifying discovery because it amounts to an entire revision almost of belief and of knowledge; it was like death almost, because it meant saying farewell to so many things, to so many ideas and images and hopes and illusions that we think we can't live without. But the point is, I have come through it now, and I am not desolate or lost. On the contrary, I am more full of faith and hope and courage than I have been in years. I suppose what I am trying to tell you here is a spiritual conviction that will inform the whole book — you could almost call that book, "You Can't Go Home Again."

Written from New York, April 6, 1938

It is an immense undertaking that I have embarked on. A week or so ago I was so tired that I simply could not force myself another foot; so I went out into the country for several days, all of which did a lot of good, but I have about reached the conclusion that when a man gives himself completely to a tremendous piece of work, there is just no such thing as rest, and he had better reconcile himself to it. . . .

It is curious how many hard and thorny things we find out about life, and how strangely palatable they become to us. It is all so different from what we imagined it was going to be when we were children, and curiously in so many ways it is so much better. I suppose like so many other boys I pictured a future life of brilliant works crowned by success and fame and ease, and surcease from labor; but it does not work out that way at all. Work gets harder all the time because as one digs deeper one goes into the rock. And there is no rest — those periods of delightful relaxation as a kind of reward for work accomplished that I used to look forward to with such eagerness simply do not exist. Now I would say that almost the worst time in a writer's life are those periods between work — periods when he is too exhausted and feels too empty to attempt a new piece of work, or when a new piece of work is still cloudily formulating itself in his mind. It is

really hell, or worse than hell, because writing itself is hell, and this period of waiting is limbo — floating around in the cloudy upper geographies of hell trying to get attached to something. It just boils down to the fact that there is no rest, once the worm gets in and begins to feed upon the heart — there can never after that be rest, forgetfulness, or quiet sleep again: somewhere long ago — God knows when, or at what fated moment in my childhood — the worm got in and has been feeding ever since and will be feeding till I die. After this happens, a man becomes a prisoner; there are times when he almost breaks free, but there is one link in the chain that always holds; there are times when he almost forgets, when he is with his friends, when he is reading a great book or a great poem, when he is at the theater, or on a ship, or with a girl — but there is one tiny cell that still keeps working, working; even when he is asleep, one lamp that will not go out, that is forever lit.

It sounds pretty grim, but like so many other grim discoveries, it is not so grim once you recognize it, accept it, make up your mind to it. In fact, when I think of all the dreams I had as a boy — my idea of "happiness," "fame," and so on — I do not know that I would have them back again, even if I could recapture them; and as for this thing I used to call happiness, I am not so sure but that it, too, is a very hard and thorny thing, and not the smooth and palatable thing I thought it was. And I am perfectly sure that whatever it is, if it exists at all, it cannot exist without work — which would have been strange doctrine indeed when I was twelve years old. As far as I am concerned, there is no life without work — at least, looking back over my own, everything I can remember of any value is somehow tied up with work.

What to do? Like you, I have become in the last few years tremendously involved with the state of the world — as my consciousness of life has enlarged, my consciousness of self has dwindled; there are things now that so afflict me in the state of man that I think I would take up arms against them, or give my life to stop them — but what to do? There is hardly a day goes by now but what people — for the most part, I think, sincere and genuine people — call me up or write me, and ask me to sign my name to a petition or proclamation of some sort, to go to Washington with a group to protest to the President about the state of things in Spain; to appear with a group at the French Consulate and protest to the French Consul about the state of things in Spain; to serve on committees of protest about the condition of the sharecroppers in the South — about the imprisonment of Tom Mooney — about the violation of civil liberties in various places — about the Scottsboro boys — about the Moscow trials — for or against the Stalinites or Trotskyites. But what to do, what to do?

To reject these pleas for help and demonstration often seems callously indifferent and self-centered,

particularly when so many of them are about things with which my mind and conscience are now seriously involved, but in the name of God, what is a man like myself to do? The observation of Voltaire in *Candide* that at the end of all the best thing is for a man to tend his garden used to seem cynically and selfishly callous to me, but I am not so sure now that it does not contain much deep wisdom, and much humanity as well. Perhaps the best thing that a man can do is just to do the work he is able to do, and for which he is best fitted, as well as he can. And perhaps his greatest service to other men can be rendered in such a way as this.

I am solicited and persuaded on all sides now by worthy people to take sides and to make proclamations on all manner of things — there are so many writers and leagues of writers who are involved in all of this, but although I admire their energy and do not question their sincerity, I do not know when these writers write — or how they can possibly find time to write: one does not write books by carrying placards in front of the French Consulate, or having interviews with President Roosevelt. It is hard enough for me to get anything done anyway, because everything comes out with such a tremendous superflux, and calls for such infinite boiling down and rearrangement — but it seems to me the best course for me is to stick at it somehow, somehow by the grace of God to get it done, somehow to get it all wrought into a single and coherent vision of life, not just as a series of explosive and isolated protests.

I think I have ploughed to the bottom now as far as this present work is concerned. It has been going on for years and it has been hell because it involved, perhaps for the first time in my life, the creation of a whole universe of the imagination into which I could pour all the materials I had gathered. Now I think I have accomplished it, I have the whole thing launched and floated in my mind, and I believe I am the master of it: an enormous labor of completion and fulfillment is before me, but if I stick to it I shall get there. . . .

I suppose it is wise, as you say, to go about the business as discreetly as possible; but I do want to assure you again, and everyone else, that I have no intention of doing a job on Asheville: God knows, after what I have known and seen and lived through myself in the last few years, I am in no mood to exult and mock at the afflicted and tormented soul of man, particularly when it comes as close to home as this does. Time and again last summer I could have groaned in anguish at the things I saw: most pitiful and moving of all, perhaps, was the pretense — people with naked terror in their eyes still whistling to keep up their courage, still speaking the old words, the old spurious phrases that had lost whatever meaning they may once have had because they referred to something that was gone forever. And I think the people knew it. I could give you an ac-

count of a meeting of the Associated Civic Clubs at which I was present — a concerted effort or “drive” to raise funds for a Convention Hall — it would be howlingly funny if it were not for the underlying tragedy and pathos of the situation.

There has been a good deal of talk about “the lost generation,” meaning the young men who came up during and after the last war, but I wonder if the real lost generation is not these men of middle or advanced middle age, who keep saying the old phrases, trying to whoop it up in the old way over something that is gone forever: it made me think of a pep meeting in a morgue, a kind of cheering squad of ghosts. And, in the name of God, what are these men going to do? They have only one language, only one set of values. The language and the values were false to begin with, but now that they know that they were false, they have not even the conviction of their previous delusion to give them hope.

I am not lost because I accept and am ready to meet the future that is before us; but what are people to do when they cannot accept it, cannot face it, are looking forever backward at the image of a world that is gone? Do not think that I could be happy at the tragic spectacle, or take pleasure in flaying the hide off something that is already quivering and raw. . . .

Written from New York, May 3, 1938

. . . When I was a child, the poet, the artist, the creative man was held up to me as an ideal of the highest and the best in human life — the man who bravely and truthfully wrought out his vision of the world, at no matter what the cost to him, according to the dictates of his conscience and his talent. In later years, when I tried to do the same thing myself, it was shocking and bewildering to find out that I was most bitterly denounced and execrated by some of the very people who had held this ideal before me — to find out that it is noble to tell the truth, so long as the truth is not too close at home, and does not refer to the wart upon Aunt Nellie’s chin.

I am not bitter, but I am through with apology. The only apology I have now to make is to my conscience, to the knowledge wherein I may have failed, to the things to which I may have been unfair, to the things in which I did not fulfill myself and my work as completely as I should. I lived out my exile for more than seven years and then went back, and I saw what I saw, I know what I know. I know now that you can’t go back — there is no turning back; with that knowledge also came a deeper feeling of compassion and of understanding for stricken people. But no apologies — they are not needed, they are not due. I was a citizen of Asheville, and I am now a citizen of mankind — there is my loyalty, and that is where it must go. . . .

(The End)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

by CARL SANDBURG

1

THE range of the personality of Abraham Lincoln ran far, identifying itself with the tumults and follies of mankind, keeping touch with multitudes and solitudes. The free-going and friendly companion is there and the man of the cloister, of the lonely corner of thought, prayer, and speculation. The man of public affairs, before a living audience announcing decisions, is there, and the solitary inquirer weaving his abstractions related to human freedom and responsibility.

Perhaps no other American held so definitely in himself both those elements—the genius of the Tragic, the spirit of the Comic. The fate of man, his burdens and crosses, the pity of circumstance, the extent of tragedy in human life, these stood forth in word shadows of the Lincoln utterance, as testamentary as the utter melancholy of his face in repose. And in contrast he came to be known nevertheless as the first authentic humorist to occupy the Executive Mansion in Washington, his gift of laughter and his flair for the funny being taken as a national belonging.

Though we sometimes meet the expression “a Lincolnian style,” it has no strict meaning; Lincoln had many styles. It has been computed that his printed speeches and writings number 1,078,365 words. One may range through this record of utterance and find a wider variety of styles than in any other American statesman or orator. And perhaps no author of books has written and vocalized in such a diversity of speech tones directed at all manner and condition of men.

Three short pieces from his pen are kept as immemorial possessions of the American people, each keyed to a high tragic note. These are the Letter to Mrs. Bixby, the Gettysburg Address, the Second Inaugural.

The War Department records showed a Boston woman to have lost five sons in combat actions.

At a time when domestic crises and the atomic difficulties of peacemaking depress our thinking, it is tonic to be reminded by CARL SANDBURG, poet and historian, of the wisdom, the humor, and the long-sufferance with which Lincoln confronted the anxious and belligerent problems of his day. This article will appear in expanded form in the forthcoming *Literary History of the United States*.

The number was less than five, as later research revealed. But Lincoln spoke through her to all families that had lost a boy or man in the war. “Weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming,” he wrote. “But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.” He poised his quill pen for the final sentence of the letter, he on whose initiative, action, and responsibility the war had begun and had been carried on for nearly four years, and he wrote: “I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.”

In a photographer’s studio eleven days before delivering the speech at Gettysburg, Lincoln had held in his hands the lengthy address of Edward Everett, the designated orator of the day, the printed two-hour discourse covering nearly two sides of a one-sheet supplement of a Boston newspaper. To a young newspaper correspondent from California, Lincoln said his own speech at Gettysburg would be “short, short, short,” as it proved to be, ten sentences spoken in less than five minutes. In its implicative qualities, it stands among the supreme utterances of democratic peoples of the world. “A new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.” For the perpetuation of this men were dying on battlefields, he said. And having so died, they would be forgotten men and their deaths of no use unless the living dedicated themselves to the unfinished work for which the dead had given “the last full measure of devotion.”

Virtually the Gettysburg Address is one of the great American poems, having its use and acceptance far beyond American shores. It curiously incarnates the claims, assurances, and pretenses of republican institutions, of democratic procedure, of the rule of the people, and directly implies that popular government can come into being and can then perish from the earth.” How he would have defined “a

new birth of freedom," at length, must be sought elsewhere in the body of his utterance. No accusations, no recriminations, no lash of invective, not even a mild outspoken reproach of the enemy. Some have detected in haunting echoes of the Gettysburg Address a quiet summons to those of the South reluctant to let go of national unity: Come back into the old Union of States and let us make of it what those Virginians, Washington and Jefferson, envisioned. Apart from its immediate historic setting it is a timeless psalm in the name of those who *fight* and *do* in behalf of great human causes rather than *talk*, in a belief that men can "highly resolve" themselves and can mutually "dedicate" their lives to a cause, in a posture of oath-taking that "these dead shall not have died in vain."

As one may delve endlessly into the restless implications of the Gettysburg Address, so also one may ponder the Second Inaugural and the intricate derivations to be made from it. A cry for merciless and further war, so some took it, while others read it as a benediction, a prayer, and a fathomless hope set to music. How did the war begin? He would try to tell it in two sentences, one long and one short: "Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came." The peculiar sobriety of judgments pronounced on both of the warring sections of the country has had wide discussion and keeps a permanent value: "Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully." In like pitch and key was the often quoted sentence of the First Inaugural four years earlier: "Suppose you go to war. You cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you."

2

THE Bixby Letter, the Gettysburg Address, the Second Inaugural, these were widely reprinted and went to increasingly large readerships as decades passed. Yet there was another utterance of Lincoln that did not come to any immense audience until the Second World War. This consists of passages from

the President's Message to Congress, December 1, 1862. In this Message, Lincoln was using to the limit his powers of persuasion to get the Congress to enact legislation enabling "compensated emancipation," the Federal government to buy the slaves and set them free. Also in this Message he presented the cause of national unity in new phases. "A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws. The territory is the only part which is of certain durability. 'One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever.' It is of the first importance to duly consider and estimate this ever enduring part. . . . Our national strife springs not from our permanent part, not from the land we inhabit. . . . Our strife pertains to ourselves—to the passing generations of men; and it can without convulsion be hushed forever with the passing of one generation."

Then, having presented his plan for compensated emancipation, he appealed for united action as between Congress and Executive. "We can succeed only by concert. It is not 'Can any of us imagine better?' but, 'Can we all do better?' Object whatsoever is possible, still the question occurs, 'Can we do better?'" Then came his pleadings wherein it is seen that he was sensitively aware of how momentous was the hour and of the need for each man to make his personal record such that it would stand the scrutiny of remote generations, urging: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country."

There have been long-time students of Lincoln who place among his sublime passages the one that closed this 1862 Message: "Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

That the Congress paid little heed, that it balked at the legislation suggested, that it had a low or indifferent opinion of Lincoln's language and persuasions, is part of the record. That the Congress, save for a remnant of two or three members, had any dim vision that possibly eighty years later, in another national crisis of world scope, there would be global circulation of sentences from this Message of Lincoln, there is little or no indication. A grim fighting insistence was found in such lines as "The fiery trial through which we pass will

light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation."

Lincoln, it would seem, practiced his mind in private, rehearsed by himself the method of the abstruse, lofty, cogent reasoning he would apply to the materials of public discussion. Among memoranda written about the time of the debates with Stephen A. Douglas is the following piece of dialectic: "If A can prove, however conclusively, that he may, of right, enslave B, why may not B snatch the same argument, and prove equally that he may enslave A? You say A is white, and B is black. It is *color*, then: the lighter, having the right to enslave the darker? Take care. By this rule, you are to be slave to the first man you meet with a fairer skin than your own. You do not mean *color* exactly? You mean the whites are *intellectually* the superiors of the blacks, and therefore have the right to enslave them? Take care again. By this rule, you are to be slave to the first man you meet, with an intellect superior to your own. But, say you, it is a question of *interest*: and if you can make it to your interest, you have the right to enslave another? Very well. And if he can make it his interest, he has the right to enslave you."

The ancient cry, "Against stupidity even the gods struggle unavailing," had a manner of paraphrase from Lincoln before a Midwest audience: "If a man will stand up, and assert, and repeat, and reassert, that two and two do not make four, I know nothing in the power of argument that can stop him. I think I can answer the judge so long as he sticks to the premises; but when he flies from them, I cannot work an argument into the consistency of a maternal gag, and actually close his mouth with it."

The tragic note, the fateful event at hand or to come, the screen of mist and cloud behind which Providence wrought His designs, the drama of man in shadowy and portentous deeds, this enters in the Bixby Letter, the Gettysburg Address, the Second Inaugural, and other instances given in the foregoing. Of another color are Lincoln's many forensic passages where his purpose is the achievement of inexorable and unanswerable logic. The most celebrated example of his style in this field is his letter in the summer of 1862 to a New York anti-slavery editor who continuously attacked Lincoln as slow, indecisive, and vacillating in emancipation policy. In clarity and as a definition of political and military aims in the turmoil of civil war, the letter has curious dignity and the self-possession that cheers adherents.

The editor had addressed a vehemently critical letter to Lincoln, and without sending a copy to him, had published it in his newspaper. Lincoln's reply began, "If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I believe to

be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right."

Of his policy he would not leave anyone in doubt, wrote the President, as he proceeded: "I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. . . . If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *save* slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them. . . . If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

Equally fateful, and as widely known and discussed at the time of its delivery, was the "House Divided" Speech of 1858. This was the preliminary to the seven debates with Senator Douglas that year, from which Lincoln emerged a national figure, and the Cooper Union Speech of February, 1860, which dramatized Lincoln as a possible Presidential candidate. Out of the tumult and troubled horizons of that year of '58 came the tall Illinoisan with his relentless "If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it." The slavery agitation would not cease, he declared as his opinion, until a crisis should have been reached and passed. He quoted, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and proceeded, "I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved — I do not expect the house to fall — but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

By plain reasoning to reduce the opponent's position to absurdity was often Lincoln's aim and method as writer and speaker. Into grim fantasy could he carry it, as in 1856, when he sketched a cultural apparatus arrayed and a climate of opinion generated toward the Chattel Slave: —

"All the powers of earth seem rapidly combining against him. Mammon is after him, ambition follows, philosophy follows, and the theology of the day is fast joining the cry. They have him in his prison house; they have searched his person, and left no prying instrument with him. One after another they have closed the heavy iron doors upon him; and now they have him, as it were, bolted in with a lock of a hundred keys, which can never be unlocked without the concurrence of every key — the keys in the hands of a hundred different men, and they scattered to a hundred different and distant places; and they stand musing as to what invention, in all the dominions of mind and matter, can be produced to make the impossibility of his escape more complete than it is."

3

THUS we have considered, or touched in degree, the brooding and speaking figure of Lincoln in the human Tragedy. How he moved and spoke as part of the human Comedy became vivid mouth-to-mouth folklore while he was alive, and his quips and drolleries went beyond his own country and began the process by which he was internationally adopted by the Family of Man.

A paradox was seen. Year by year came the stream of photographs reporting the face of the Chief Magistrate in the Executive Mansion. Camera craft had developed. The *carte de visite* was more than a vogue. Millions came to know the Lincoln face as though they had seen it in life. There it was, gaunt, fissured, melancholy, tragedy scrawled over it as on no other that had moved with authority among the doors and rooms of the Executive Mansion. "A Hoosier Michelangelo," wrote Walt Whitman. And yet this man was the source and wellspring of a current of folklore and humor that widened and grew, that still exists and has its periodic accretions of newly found authentic material and its apocryphal and gratuitous contributions.

Of ten-cent books in paper covers published in the latter half of Lincoln's administration, one was titled *Old Abe's Joker* and another *Old Abe's Jokes — Fresh from Abraham's Bosom*. It could be taken as part of a trend in American literature. The horselaugh school of American humor had come into its own with its pre-eminent pen names of Orpheus C. Kerr (Robert H. Newell), Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne), and Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby (David Ross Locke), vulgarians all, with their pot shots at pomposity, and a meat axe for frauds, hypocrites, and snobs. Friends and compatriots of the President, they supported him and his cause with their satire and jibes. It was a country and a people warmly receptive of these jesters, whose persiflage often carried a razor edge, that gave its response and understanding to the byplay and humor that came to be known as "Lincoln stories."

Several facets had the Lincoln humor. His generation and his kinfolk had their storytellers who could "spin a yarn" to pass the time and to brighten the pioneer corners where they lived. He could tell a story for the sake of merriment, a medicine to his bones. Or again he would use a story as illustration of an argument or point of view, or as fable and allegory. Or again what he was saying could be veiled in a delicate irony. And there were phrasings and pithy utterances that came to be known as "Lincoln sayings," such as, "You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." Or, "It is best not to swap horses while crossing the river." And, "Broken

eggs cannot be mended"; "Bad promises are better broken than kept"; "We shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than smashing it"; "A jury too frequently has at least one member more ready to hang the panel than the traitor"; "No man knows so well where the shoe pinches as he who wears it."

Of the authenticated stories that Lincoln used for illustration, one seemed to have been reported by callers and visitors more than any other. Often his duties required him to be furtive and secretive beyond what he liked in political affairs. And he would tell of the Irishman in the State of Maine, where the sale of alcoholic liquor was prohibited. Having asked a druggist for a glass of lemonade and having the glass as ordered set before him, the Irishman whispered, "And now, can ye pour in just a drop of the creeter unbeknownst to me?" In a discussion of his use or misuse of Constitutional prerogative Lincoln said, "Like the Irishman, I have to do some things unbeknownst to myself."

To make a point, Lincoln could mention, in passing, the two gentlemen who met and fought themselves out of their overcoats into each other's. To the query of an old neighbor from back home, "How does it feel to be President of the United States?" he could answer, "You have heard about the man tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail? A man in the crowd asked him how he liked it, and his reply was that if it wasn't for the honor of the thing, he would much rather walk." One verbose man had the rating, "He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met." A rural orator from the Southwest "mounted the rostrum, threw back his head, shined his eyes, and left the consequences to God."

The Lincoln vocabulary ranged from the plainest of street vernacular to hoary and archaic Anglo-Saxon terms. The enemy had "turned tail and run," he told a crowd on the White House lawn in 1865, to the dismay of various purists. And again he would trust to be understood in the ancient form of the noun "burthen" or the verbs "holden" and "disenthral." His influence on the styles of other speakers and writers is incalculable. His use of the gift of laughter has been better emulated than the depths of his desire to mislead no man by act or word. This latter lay at the root of his counsel to the Congress in the 1862 Message: —

"In times like the present, men should utter nothing for which they would not willingly be responsible through time and in eternity."

Human solidarity, unity of action and feeling, may rise from a leadership knowing somewhat of both soil and seed, knowing of whatever dynamics Lincoln believed he could see at interplay among men and political states and civil factions when, in 1862, he wrote to a New Orleans man: —

"I shall do nothing in malice. What I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing."



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

BINKY'S VOICE

by EDWARDS PARK

I'M SORRY this story has to be about the war. Some of us ordinary people who were in it got such a concentrated dose of living that we have had trouble digesting all of it. This story about Binky has been sitting heavily upon me for the past three years. I'm going to tell it now, and try to get rid of it, once and for all.

I was an Intelligence Officer in New Guinea, assigned to one of General Kenney's Fighter Squadrons. If you ever saw that British picture *Target for Tonight*, you'll remember that the Intelligence Officer was the man who briefed the air crews before their missions and interrogated them after they landed. Of course, in New Guinea our pilots didn't need much briefing, and they never saw anything but jungle and mountains to be interrogated about, so my job boiled down to being a friend and guide to them.

I tried to keep them interested in the job, even when there were weeks of milk runs with never any real action. I had to keep telling them that they were important to the Grand Strategy of the war, even when they were flying P-40s that creaked with age and weariness and which had no hope of being replaced. I helped them write letters to their girls, and listened to their troubles, and got beaten by them at poker. It was all part of my job.

Binky was one of our pilots.

He had been with us about four months, which was long enough for a new man to shake down, and Binky was really very much like any of the others. He was an Easterner and had a university degree; and, as you might expect, he was a bit reserved and standoffish when he first joined the family. But

it's pretty hard to stay that way when you are working with thirty-five other young men like you, and being interdependent with them, the way fighter pilots are. His reticence was all in his favor, for we were suspicious of a new man who made too much noise, and we respected Binky for his hard work in the air.

He was a handsome boy — lean and dark, and built like an athlete. When he stepped up on the wing of his Kittyhawk, with his goggles pushed up on his helmet and his oxygen mask flapping under his chin, he looked like one of those magazine advertisements — "In the Air Forces, it's Camels every time!" or whatever it was in those days.

It's unusual for such a good-looking man to be popular, but Binky was. He would have made a good Commanding Officer.

One morning, early in 1943, the squadron was alerted for a strike on the Jap base at Pandau. We were operating from "Brimstone," which was a muddy little airstrip hacked out of a green, stagnant sea of jungle. Only to the north was this shimmering ocean of giant trees and black swamps broken. There, the great steaming mountains tumble up on the horizon, and there, too, was the fighting.

Our pilots knew the tortuous valleys in those mountains as they knew the lines in their own hands; and they also knew the weather — the way the clouds built up into a towering wall, faster than our tired old planes could climb over them. We flew most of our missions up there, in those days, escorting the transports that brought supplies and reinforcements to the Australian Infantry at "Outhouse."

That's a funny name, I suppose, but to us it was deadly serious. Outhouse was a little gold-mining settlement in the mountains. The Nip wanted it,

A Bostonian who graduated from Yale in the class of 1939, EDWARDS PARK did two tours of duty as a fighter pilot in the Southwest Pacific and while on leave in Melbourne fell in love with the Australian girl who is now his wife.

and for three months he had his foot on the threshold. But those Australians held him, and finally began to push him slowly back, back through the misty valleys, to his advance base at Pandau, thirty miles away. Our squadron was overhead all through that show.

2

WELL, we were alerted for a combined bomber-fighter strike on Pandau, and we were also detailed to send two ships off at first light of dawn for a weather recco. That meant simply flying up to the target, checking the weather, and reporting it in code on the way home. The weather was so treacherous over the mountains that you could judge it only about ten minutes in advance.

A Flight Commander named Shaw was posted to make this weather hop, and since Binky usually flew Shaw's wing, he was picked as the second man. When we drove down to the strip in the jeeps that morning, the night was still black and the air was cool. We passed the revetments where our ships were parked, and there was the roar of their engines, and the blue flashes of their exhausts, as the crew chiefs preflighted them.

Shaw and Binky got ready right away, carrying their parachutes and Mae Wests out to their ships and strapping on their guns and jungle knives. I never thought of briefing them. A weather hop was so simple! I've often wondered since if I should have.

As soon as they could see the strip, they taxied to the end, checked their mags, and off they went. I didn't stand beside them and stick my thumb up, the way they do in the movies. I didn't even know they were gone, until I heard the snarl of their engines as they climbed up into the morning.

The sun came up, and the day's heat started to set in. The pilots lay around in the cool of the alert shack, playing bridge or solitaire, or just dozing. Davis, the CO, got the flight leaders together to figure out spacing and positions in the air, and that sort of thing. Davis was a stickler for tactics.

Little by little, there was a certain tightening of the atmosphere inside that grass-roofed shack. The time for the strike to take off came nearer and nearer, and the boys were quieter as their wrist watches ticked away the seconds.

I got some new intelligence reports out of my safe-box, and was passing them around, when there was the whine of an Allison engine, and we glanced out in time to see a P-40 slip around the traffic pattern and land. One P-40. No one thought much about there being only one. It just meant that either Shaw or Binky had found some sort of trouble and had been forced to return early. The boys lit cigarettes, and murmured over their bridge games, and turned the pages of their dog-eared magazines.

Shaw walked in. His face was streaked with

dust, except where his goggles had been, and his shirt was dark with sweat under his shoulder holster. He lit a soggy cigarette and looked up at me as I came over to get his report.

"Binky went on alone," he said. "I told him to come back with me, but he wasn't receiving me."

"What was the trouble?" I asked.

"Damned carburetor. . . . I couldn't get over the hump."

"How was the weather?"

"Not too hot. Binky should be reporting it by now."

We had a receiving set on my desk. Davis nodded to me, and I went over and switched it on. I found fighter frequency, but there was nothing but the scratch of static and, occasionally, a ground station asking Brimstone control for a radio check. Shaw took off his holster and unbuttoned his shirt, and flopped down on one of the cots. His bare chest glistened in the heat. Davis sat beside me as I listened to the hoarse breath of the radio. The shack was quiet except for the flutter of cards being shuffled and the sound of someone softly whistling to himself. I turned the volume up, and the static rattled so viciously that I turned it down again.

Someone said, "Two no trump," and just then Davis and I both heard a faint voice over the ether. It was unintelligible, but Davis said, "That sounds like him."

The control station boomed out, very loud in comparison. "Station calling Brimstone, repeat your call, repeat your call. Go ahead."

We waited, and listened, but there was nothing but static. It was bad that day. Davis looked at his watch. "He isn't receiving them, either," he said. "He should be back in about half an hour."

He started to get up, and just then we heard the voice again, and could distinguish a few faint, blurred words: ". . . not receiving . . . Pittsburg Mary, Pittsburg Mary, New York . . ."

"Hah!" Davis grinned at me. "*Mary* means lousy weather. Hey, Shaw!" he called. "What's *Pittsburg*?"

Shaw rolled off the cot onto his feet and came over to the desk. "*Pittsburg's* the target," he said. "Did you hear him?"

"Yeah. He said something about *New York*. What's that?"

"That's the mountains. They'll probably be *Mary* too."

"Here he is again," I said.

Binky's voice swelled in, this time, loud and clear: ". . . Brimstone from Daisy Special, I am not receiving. Pittsburg Mary, New York Mary. Pittsburg Mary, New York Mary . . ."

The pilots had forgotten their cards and their magazines and were looking towards us expectantly. Davis glanced up at them.

"No mission today, boys," he said.

I could feel the atmosphere snap, like a stretched elastic band that has been cut. The alert shack

that had been so quiet before was suddenly full of voices and laughter. We were a veteran squadron. Our pilots weren't very eager any more.

I pushed back my canvas chair and got up to turn the radio off. As I bent towards it, I became conscious that Binky's voice was speaking again. I remember that as I heard it I was glad that Binky was well out of that bad weather — safely on the way home. Then I became aware of his words, and I looked up and shouted, "Quiet!"

There must have been urgency in my shout, for every voice was suddenly still. Except one — Binky's.

"... from Daisy Special. I am still circling at Pittsburgh, angels four, cannot get above overcast. Everything is Mary . . ."

"Jesus!" Shaw said, softly. "He's right in the middle of it!"

We were all packed around the radio, but there was nothing but our breathing.

Davis cleared his throat. "He's only got four thousand feet. He must be down in a valley."

I looked at the big topographical map that was pinned to the table beside my desk. Every peak around Pandau and Outhouse went to at least six thousand. Binky was caught in a box, and the clouds formed the lid.

"Do you think he could get to Outhouse?" I asked Davis.

"Depends on how lost he is," Davis muttered. "Shh!"

That lonely, tired voice wavered again through the crackle of static: "... will attempt to visit Outhouse. Brimstone from Daisy Special, will attempt to visit Outhouse. Please inform them to expect me." The formal wording was too much for Binky, and we could feel his exasperation as he broke away from it: "Tell Outhouse I'm coming, and I can't hear a damn thing!"

A drop of sweat rolled down the length of my nose and splashed on the desk. There was a hot press of bodies as we crowded together, listening.

A new voice came in — Australian. That could only be Outhouse.

"Brimstone from Outhouse, we understand situation. We are standing by for Daisy Special. Over."

Our controller answered with relief in his voice. "Roger, Outhouse. Thank you."

We all felt better. It was good to know that Binky had friends expecting him — if he could make it.

We waited and listened — to the continuous mutter of static, and to Brimstone occasionally snapping at some ground station to "clear the air." I looked at the faces of my friends around me and realized that at moments like these, I could never hope to be really close to them. Each man was living every second with Binky. Each was intent, peering through a rain-swept canopy as he plunged through foggy valleys at two hundred miles an hour. Each man was probing the blurred earth for a sight

of a tiny, rutted runway that meant a chance for life.

Outhouse didn't have enough of a strip to take care of a fighter. Binky would have to crash-land there, but at least he would be safe.

A new pilot voiced a thought that had been in my mind. "Why doesn't he bail out?" he asked Davis.

Davis pointed to the map. "All the terrain here is over three thousand feet high. He's only showing four thousand on his dial. There's only a few spots where he has room for his chute to open. Anyway, those valleys are crawling with Nips."

3

WE WERE all very quiet after that.

I was thinking about the enemy at Pandau. I could picture some Jap Intelligence Officer listening to his radio, just as we were, and making notes that a Yankee Kittyhawk was lost, almost over his head. It would be quite a thrill for him, I guessed. But he would be like me in one way. He wouldn't really be able to picture it. We were both just ground officers, after all.

When the voice came in again, we all jumped. There was a lull in the static, and Binky was very clear. He sounded tired as hell, but there was a sharp quality to his voice that was eloquent of fear and, at the same time, hope.

"Outhouse from Daisy Special. Believe I am north of you. Will vector one eighty, angels zero. Give me a flare if . . ." It faded right out.

"He's right down on the deck!" someone said.

I tried to think of Binky sweeping over the tree-tops in a valley I had never seen.

Brimstone boomed in, very loud and formal: "Outhouse from Brimstone, did you receive Daisy Special's last message? Go ahead."

"Brimstone from Outhouse, we are firing flares and standing by. Over."

"This is Brimstone. Roger."

The static rasped again in my ears. We held our breaths, and the air in the alert shack was as heavy as a blanket.

Tediously, the seconds ticked past on our watches. Somewhere at the other end of the airstrip, a B-25 was running up its engine. The distant growl floated to our ears through the still, hot air. We waited by the radio, without moving. Only, sometimes, a man would swallow.

Then, wavering through the miles of ether, so small a sound that it might have been voiced inside our own heads, we heard one word — one lone monosyllable — from Binky. It had a whole world of relief pent up in its utterance: "Thanks!"

Shaw looked up from the radio. "He's made it!" he whispered.

Davis scratched his nose and grinned vacantly. We stirred, and breathed, and my heart pounded in my ears as we waited for the confirmation that

he was safe on the ground. The radio hummed softly, waiting. Even the static had let up momentarily.

Then the Brimstone controller spoke. His voice was impersonal and disciplined, but there was a current of excitement as he said: "Outhouse from Brimstone, is Daisy Special with you? Go ahead."

The Australian voice at Outhouse came back in deliberate words, with no attempt at coding: "Brimstone from Outhouse, Daisy Special is not here. There is no aircraft in our vicinity. Sorry."

There was a long pause, and then Brimstone said, "Roger," and the implacable static hummed again. You see, there was only one other place where Binky could have landed.

We went quietly out into the sun. It felt cool after being cooped up over that radio for so long.

4

For the week that followed, the squadron's morale was in bad shape. As a ground officer, and consequently an outsider, I could sense the change in the pilots better than they could themselves. I could see that their bargain-counter, life-and-death religion had been shattered, and I could feel all about me the heartbreaking bewilderment of youth towards injustice.

Their greatest defense had been their belief that if they followed the rules of the game, they would come through. If a man "bought it," there was always a reason — a rule he had broken.

The trouble was, Binky had followed the rules. He had been trapped unavoidably in bad weather, in an old crate that couldn't take the buffeting of a tropical storm and was useless for instrument flight. He had been too low to bail out, so he had made a valiant attempt to land at Outhouse. And the Nips, hearing his request for a flare, had obliged him and brought him safely down on their own strip at Pandau.

It simply wasn't fair.

Of course it was a death sentence for Binky. That particular crowd of jungle-isolated Japs wasn't taking prisoners. They were half-starved, anyway, and they couldn't spare transport to get people back to their prison cages. I knew all this through my reports, better than the pilots did. Some of them held out hope for Binky, but I knew.

I was glad when, the next week, everyone was alerted for the same strike on Pandau and our squadron once more was ordered to provide two planes for a weather hop. I felt that the boys needed to face that job again, and I think Davis felt the same way. He asked Shaw to make the flight, and picked Collins, who had been Binky's tentmate, to fly wing.

That black early morning was so precisely like the other in every detail that, as the two pilots were getting their equipment ready, I found my-

self looking twice at Collins to make sure he wasn't Binky after all. They set their parachutes on the hood of a jeep and drove the fifty yards to their revetments, where the warmed-up planes were waiting. Abruptly, as it happens in the tropics, the darkness melted away, and in the twilight I heard their engines cough into life. A moment later they were taxiing out to the strip, and then there was the beating roar of their take-off.

I had a funny feeling that morning, almost as though I were about to take off on a combat mission myself. It was the same gnawing in my gut that I'd had when I debated at college — the feeling I used to get during the speech before mine. I went over to my desk and fiddled with some reports, and then I switched on the radio and tuned it to fighter frequency. As it warmed up, Collins's voice faded in, giving Shaw a radio check.

"... from Peacock Special Two, you are loud and clear. Can you hear me? Go ahead." Our squadron code name had been changed since last week.

Shaw's voice answered, "Roger." At least they were making sure of their communications, this time.

I lit a cigarette and settled myself for a long vigil. I knew those two pilots were just starting on a long mission, during which they would keep radio silence to a great extent, but I couldn't help that feeling of wanting to be on hand. I couldn't get over that curious stage fright.

It was a long vigil. Many of the pilots moved their cots closer to the radio so that they could hear any message that might come through. Davis sat down beside me after a while, because he didn't want to miss anything. We talked quietly together while the radio buzzed and the card players murmured and the heat pressed heavier upon us.

"They must have been listening all the time — just like this," Davis said. I knew what he meant. He was thinking of last week, of the Nips at Pandau squatting around a radio receiver in some moldy dugout.

There was a pause, and then he said, "I wrote his mother last night."

I looked up at him. "What did you tell her?"

"Missing."

Of course. There was nothing else he could have said. Just "Missing," and hope that after a while she wouldn't expect him home any more.

Davis drummed on the desk with his fingers. He looked tired and thin, and yellow. He looked as though he needed about six months' leave. Finally he spoke again. "He doesn't have a prayer, does he?"

I shook my head. "No."

He swore, vulgarly, tersely, and wearily. I flipped him a cigarette and we lit up again. We smoked too much in those days.

"What are you going to do after the war?" he asked.

"Probably sell apples," I said.

He twitched his mouth in a smile. "Make room for me at your corner."

A little dusty breeze sprang up, and whispered through the alert shack. I undid my shirt and held it open.

"You were at college before, weren't you?" I asked.

"Technical school, yeah," he said. "I got in two years."

"Whereabouts?"

I never did find out where Davis went to school. Just as I asked that question, we heard a faint voice on the radio.

5

I'VE read novels which describe people's hair standing on end. It's one of those things you read so often that it ceases to mean anything. You see it in the book, and just go on reading. But at that moment, when I heard that tiny voice reaching out through the layers of static, I felt a twitching in my scalp — a sensation of something changing its position. I think I have sufficient license to say that my hair stood on end. The voice we heard was distant, and weary, and compelling, and so hideously familiar that for a moment I thought my mind must have snapped. *It was Binky's voice!*

"Brimstone from Daisy Special, will attempt to visit Outhouse. Please inform them to expect me. Tell Outhouse I'm coming, and I can't hear a damn thing!"

I guess we all went white. I was looking at Davis, and I know he turned sickly pale as he half stood up. There was a curtain of silence inside the shack as the other pilots sat up and stared at us. The radio was utterly still. Someone got up and walked over towards us, then stopped for a moment, as if to consider, and then stepped up beside us. That started the others, and there was a sudden stirring as everyone moved closer to the radio. Still, there was not a word from anyone. The radio seemed dead, except for that slight, monotonous power tone. We started when there was a snap of sound, and then a new tone on a different pitch. A voice spoke, slowly and carefully, in all the formality of radio procedure: "Peacock Special Leader from Special Two, did you hear a message just then?"

Shaw's voice was expressionless. "Yes."

There was no answer. The radio tone snapped back to normal pitch, and everything else was still. I stared at the ugly grillwork of the loud-speaker, and the thought entered my head that I should turn it off. I almost reached out my hand for the switch, but I didn't. I just sat and stared at it.

Binky's voice kept echoing in my ears. I could recapture every syllable, every intonation of that speech — the same words that he had spoken near the end of that last flight. It had been real. It had come out of that very loud-speaker, in the English

language, in the radio idiom of the Air Forces, in an Eastern American accent.

Binky's voice had just spoken to us, and Binky had landed, one week ago, on the Jap strip at Pandau, where the enemy had a policy of coolly murdering every prisoner.

The radio tone broke into that carrier pitch again, and we stiffened in our seats. It was Shaw, this time. "Brimstone from Peacock Special, everything is Jane, everything is Jane. Go ahead."

Jane was code for clear weather, and that meant the mission was to take off as scheduled.

Brimstone acknowledged, and Davis, beside me, seemed to wake up from a sleep. He straightened, and looked at the faces around us, and cleared his throat. He looked at his watch. "Take off in ten minutes," he said. His voice was husky.

No one moved. Everyone's attention was welded to that radio, as if to capture and inspect each insignificant rill of static. We waited because we knew something more would happen.

We were right!

There was a click, and a prolonged burst of static. Then that faint, horrifying voice, searching, appealing, desperate; and yet, most dreadful of all to us, *it sounded hopeful!*

"Outhouse from Daisy Special. Believe I am north of you. Will vector one eighty, angels zero. Give me a flare if I am clear to land."

There was a second of breathlessness before a little sigh went through all of us. Then the radio chattered with high-strung, barely audible words.

"That was him! Let's go back!"

Shaw's voice answered firmly. "Stay with me, Collins. Stay in position!"

We tensed over the loud-speaker, breathless, while the seconds ticked by. A paralysis of bewilderment seemed to have gripped us.

It was shattered by Davis, who jumped to his feet, startling us so that we all looked at him. For the first time we saw him crimson with anger.

"Son of a bitch!" he roared. "Get the hell out to those ships and stand by for take-off! On the double!"

That hotheaded bellow was the saving of our squadron. What we needed was a burst of clean, hot temper to disperse the stench of fear that had settled upon us. I could see the color come back into each pilot's face as he strapped on his equipment and ran for his plane. I stood outside the hut and listened to the increasing roar as one engine after another broke into life. The smell of high-octane exhaust filled my nostrils, and the dirty brown dust from sixteen propellers swirled around me, and I felt strong again, and confident.

The rest is a story which you can read in any official log of operations. I can't describe it, because I wasn't in it. When Shaw and Collins landed, ashen white and trembling, I took them to the radio, and the three of us listened to the few curt orders and

remarks which constituted the conversation of a squadron in action: "Stay in close, Four!" and "Take the left, Blue Flight!" and "Peacock, four o'clock high!" and "Don't drop your tanks yet!" We had to be contented with that much until the boys landed and told us their story — how they cleared the sky above the low-level Mitchells; how they were intercepted by five scared Nips and downed three of them within ten seconds; how the Mitchells plowed up the strip with their bombs, and then our boys followed in a strafe, viciously attacking everything they could find, until their ammo was nearly gone.

Pandau never recovered from the devastation of that raid. Three weeks later the first Australian patrols, ragged and bearded, slipped around the perimeter of the base. In two days, after a short, bitter fight, a brawny Australian Brigadier stretched out for a much needed nap, on a captured Jap hammock, in the bullet-scarred Jap headquarters. Pandau had fallen.

Among the trophies that the Aussies found at

Pandau were two which came to the attention of the Intelligence Section, and subsequently into my possession. One was a class ring from one of our Eastern universities. It was found on a dead Jap officer, along with a photograph he had taken of a recent execution ceremony. None of us wanted the photograph. I gave the ring to Davis, and he enclosed it in the second letter he wrote to Binky's mother.

The other souvenir is simply a broken record — an unmarked eight-inch disk, cracked down the center. It was found in the wreckage of what had once been a recording machine. The enemy used them occasionally to pick up our radio talk and play it back at his leisure. This disk is facing me, on my desk. Although the crack makes it difficult, it is possible to play it on any phonograph. It's not very interesting — just some dull Army radio messages, one of them from a lost flyer who is trying to land at a place called "Outhouse."

Now that I've finished this story, I think I'll take that record outside and smash it to bits.



THE BOOKSELLER AS TEACHER

by WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS

1

THE literature of book-collecting is filled with advice to the beginner. Lord Chesterfield wrote his son: "When you return here, I am apt to think that you will find something better to do, than to run to Mr. Osborne's at Gray's-Inn, to pick up scarce books. Buy good books, and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads; for they may profit of the former. But take care not to understand editions and title-pages too well. It always smells of pedantry, and not always of learning. . . . Beware of the *Bibliomanie*." I am sorry to have to record that in his copy of Chesterfield's *Letters*, Horace Walpole has pencilled after the line, "The best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best," a mark of approval.

But Chesterfield is right to warn against the

After a humble start as a book-collector WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS has in his maturity brought together the supreme collection of Horace Walpole and of the relics of Strawberry Hill. A graduate and now a trustee of Yale, he is the editor of the Yale edition of Horace Walpole's *Correspondence* and several other delightful volumes on the eighteenth century.

This is the third chapter of his adventures as a book-collector, and there are more to follow.

bibliomanie, for when book-madness is firmly lodged the victim of it may become indifferent to his own welfare and that of his family and friends; he may become not unlike practitioners of the more familiar vices and manias,

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

There are book-collectors who arrange their purchases so that their families don't know about them. They smuggle their new books into their own houses or send them to secret addresses, in the spirit of a dipsomaniac hiding bottles for his clandestine use. When a collector is sufficiently far gone in bibliomania he may think nothing of lying and cheating, and stealing and forgery may climax his case. Bibliomania is an incurable disease, but most book-collectors avoid the madhouse and the jail.

The first antiquarian bookshop I ever entered, so far as I can recall, was the Brick Row in New Haven. It had been established in the belief that Yale undergraduates should have an opportunity to build up libraries of their own choosing. Its books were mostly inexpensive editions of the English and

American classics, live books, not textbooks, which have the chill of death upon them.

In that shop many of us overcame the awe or resentment we had of books. It was one thing to be told in class, "The assignment for next Monday is 101 pages of Hazlitt," and another to find an early edition of Hazlitt for yourself. The assignment was a chore, the discovery a pleasure. We were left alone in the Brick Row and were free to wander about, taking books down from the shelves and putting them back. The books we had encountered in the classroom assumed a new meaning with each new guise in which we found them. Even the greatest books, even Shakespeare, gradually became familiar and unpretentious.

So it was that when I went to England in the summer of 1922, I found it easy and natural to enter whatever bookshop I came across and to spend hours taking books down from the shelves and putting most, but not all of them, back. Such grazing on the common of literature can be more rewarding than an entire English "major." One moves from clump to clump, from Defoe, Gay, and Garth to Collins, Cowper, and Hayley, or to a thousand other authors, earlier or later, without plan or direction, according to the arrangement of the shelves. In those shops I first saw, over and over again, the multitude of books which never get into an English "major" — the household books of the last century, the angling and sporting books, the colored-plate books, and books of travel. Bookshops ceased being Poets' Corners and booksellers were discovered to be human beings, a fortunate discovery.

Booksellers are business men, but they are also scholars and teachers. Their learning is prodigious and it is matched by their understanding of persons who have the *bibliomanie*. Any bookshop might place over its door the inscription on the proscenium of the old Lampson Lyceum at Yale, "Here we learn not studies, but life."

2

THE "old-time" bookseller is dying out. He was a man with a vast knowledge of moderately priced books, of their dates and their comparative rarity, and he knew their value to a penny. He had not read them and he was ignorant of the bibliographical niceties discriminated in recent years. He was a tradesman who was content to make a very modest profit. His turn-over was rapid, but he complained that it was harder all the time (which it was) to replenish his stock. There is a picture of him in Arnold Bennett's *Riceyman Steps*. London had many such men, but they were not the ones meant when their provincial counterparts spoke of "the big London people." "You won't find 'The Cries of London' here," Mr. Godfrey of York once told me. "You'll have to go to Maggs for that sort of thing, and," he paused significantly, "pay for it."

Few old-time booksellers were as good salesmen as was Mr. Godfrey; many of them made no effort at all to sell their books; some of them even seemed to regard customers as an intrusion upon their privacy. "Take it or leave it," was their attitude, but, on acquaintance, most of them had a sense of being coadjutors in learned enterprise.

The most celebrated of these men was David of Cambridge. I had the misfortune to find his shop shut when I came upon it in 1922, and I did not know until years later that I had missed, not just another bookshop, but one visited as a shrine by scholars. Whereas most of the libraries recruited there were formed by Cambridge dons, their book-collecting colleagues at the sister university would never fail to visit David when at Cambridge, nor would the "scouts" of the big London dealers. His books were "sound," often "mint," and were very, very cheap.

The only time I saw David was just at the end of his life. I was staying at Cambridge with a friend who had great affection for David, from whom my friend had bought a large portion of his collection of eighteenth-century literature — a collection distinguished for condition as well as range. David kept a stall in the market at which he had a few shillings' worth of books and from which he was never absent on market-day. Since I had reached Cambridge on a market-day, it was necessary to seek David out at his stall. "You really should see him," said my friend. We found David under his umbrella, a heavy-set man in a bowler hat, comfortably dozing beside his books. About him was the friendly bustle of the market, the buying and selling of vegetables and boot-laces, which he had witnessed all his life. We gazed respectfully on David from a distance; he might have been Mr. Gladstone. "I just wanted you to see him," said my friend, "a bit of history passing."

Mr. Bayntun of Bath, on the other hand, I knew well. Although he fitted into the "old-time" bookseller pattern in some respects, the scale of his business placed him in another category. He was a binder of "standard works," which he turned out at a prodigious rate for the trade. His stand was Lamb's: "To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after." Mr. Bayntun was content with a ten per cent profit and a turn-over so rapid that the great authors of the literature fairly galloped through his shop. Shakespeare, Milton, Fielding, and Thackeray were on an assembly line which moved without a hitch from the country auctions and stately mansions of England to the big bookstores of America. Mr. Bayntun would make up a set of anything you wanted on demand, using the full calf or morocco he had salvaged from books in poor condition. If you wanted a personal touch in your new set he would paste into it armorial bookplates removed from still other volumes. He sold

sets of Smollett and Dickens as other tradesmen sold haddock or peas, but only after he had made certain that each book was up to the standard of craftsmanship that had carried his name around the earth. The books he loved were colored-plate books, the Ackerman histories of Oxford and Cambridge and the Colleges, the *Microcosm of London*, Pyne's *Royal Residences*, Natta's *Bath*, and Repton. He always had them on hand, together with *Punishments of China* and the *Costumes of Russia* and *Hindoostan*.

Mr. Bayntun was a spare man, older than he looked, with thin sandy hair. He wore a smock in the shop and after selling a certain number of books he took snuff. The sneeze released fresh energies which were not required to send me on to renewed extravagance. In a few years I was to hear him spoken of with dispraise by bibliographers and bibliophiles as a destroyer of original bindings and a perverter of history, but he was too good a business man to destroy the valuable. He was a popularizer with a large and appreciative audience. I still have many of the books I bought from him, including a Repton, uncut and in the original boards, in a box of his manufacture. After twenty years his books are "sound," and with any kind of care they will remain so forever. From one end of this country to the other will be found sets of Gibbon and Johnson in the plain, workmanlike old calf which is the hall-mark of Bayntun's work. He realized that his books were more often than not merely part of the furniture of a house, but he was not a cynical man; the *Rambler* was "not everybody's cup of tea." Those over whom he shook his head were people who failed to glow when shown the *Punishments of China*; he shook his head, and after taking snuff perhaps asked, "Well, then, sir, what *are* you interested in?"

3

IN February, 1924, I met in London a bookseller so well known that he is called "X" in print. He induced bibliomania by hypnotism and spells. His shop was a valley of diamonds.

I succumbed completely to X. He made no effort to sell me anything; in fact, he made it hard to buy, for his steady flow of reminiscence demanded respectful attention. "Excuse me, sir," he would interrupt, with his gray appraising eye upon his visitor, "but that chair you're sitting in. Many's the time I've seen Swinburne in it or his friend Captain Burton. They would come here after a rather wild night out, I'm afraid. Meredith used to pop in and out, and Watts-Dunton came looking for Swinburne."

I learned a great deal from him. The golden world of books, it appeared, had a darker side in which a discreet use of artifice and even guile was required for survival. When I went to Hodgson's

to see X bid for me, he insisted that we go separately and not indicate in any way that we knew each other. If "they" were to realize that he was bidding for me "it could be very serious"; in what way I don't yet understand, since at that time I was unknown to the trade. X told me about the "knock-out" which he genteelly called "a settlement." Certain dealers, it seemed, did not bid against each other in "the rooms," but when the sale was over they retired to a public-house, constituted one of their number auctioneer, put up the lots they had bought for stock at the prices they had fetched at the public auction, and continued the sale among themselves. The additional sum thus spent went into a pool which was divided among the participants. X made me feel I had become an initiate in a trade whose complexity was hidden behind an innocent appearance.

The climax of our friendship was reached when I asked about some furniture on the top floor of the shop. "Oh, that, sir, that is not ordinary furniture. Those Sheraton chairs, that pair, belonged to Dr. Johnson."

"Dr. Johnson!"

"And that easel, that was Gainsborough's. This tea caddy was Charles Lamb's, and this sofa pillow was worked by Mrs. Blake for Blake."

I was staggered, but I tried not to lose my head. "What," I asked delicately, "is the pedigree of these remarkable pieces?"

"Well," X replied roguishly, "I never saw Dr. Johnson sitting in them chairs." Then he became serious. "They belonged to a very distinguished gentleman, Professor Jackson, a great authority. When he died the contents of his house were sold on the premises. They would have gone for nothing if I hadn't been there. I felt I should rescue what I could," and he told me again of his fondness for the treasures of the past.

Professor Jackson, the friend of Pater and authority on Lamb, was good enough for me, but I couldn't let it go at that. I conferred with a Johnsonian lady who thought the furniture must be all right and that £200 was not a bit too much for it. So I hurried back to X and bought the lot.

And then I had the sinking spell which often follows acute attacks of bibliomania. Just what had I got for my \$1000? I went to a man I should have consulted earlier.

"Oh, my dear boy!" he said when I had faltered out my story. He gave me the name of a man who would certainly know about the chairs, and then, to make me feel better he added, "The tea caddy might be all right. Jackson knew a lot about Lamb. But Jackson at the end was on the optimistic side; in fact," he paused to let me have the full force of his next remark, "he was absolutely mad."

"Dr. Johnson? Sheraton?" The pince-nez of the furniture man glittered. "But Sheraton didn't make any chairs before 1790." And Dr. Johnson had died in 1784.

I screwed up my courage and returned to X.

"About those chairs, Mr. X," — he regarded me fixedly, — "I've decided not to take them, after all. I believe that they were Dr. Johnson's, but," I didn't find it easy, "as you said, you never saw Dr. Johnson sitting in them."

"Just as you say, sir, of course. I told you you could return anything at any time."

"It's very generous of you. I am also returning Gainsborough's easel and Mrs. Blake's pillow. But," I added brightly, "I am keeping Lamb's tea caddy."

"Of course, sir, you are not expecting me to return your money?"

"Oh, no! I'll take something else."

This proved to be difficult. The prices of the books I looked at either lacked the code initials which indicated their price (the translation of which had been confided to me), or the initials no longer applied. Everything had gone up, had trebled and quadrupled. At this rate I was losing rapidly on the exchange. There was a marked drop in the warmth of our friendship. Reminiscence ceased altogether. I realized I had become that bane of a shopkeeper's existence, the weak-minded customer who takes back the things he has bought.

It was therefore with relief that I stumbled over a large gray box and was told that it had belonged to Lewis Carroll. It contained fifty-two books and forty-four photographs of little girls (the inventory is before me), a box of wooden draughtsmen, two dice boxes, four dice, a small inlaid trick box, and two match boxes and one side of a match box, and I gratefully took it in exchange for what was left from the chairs, the easel, and the pillow.

When, however, in the following year I returned to England, the Lewis Carroll box preceded me. X's reception was very cool indeed. "Certainly, sir," he said, "I told you you could return anything at any time. You will remember that, sir. What will you have now?"

I was now, I explained, a collector of Horace Walpole and I should be glad to see whatever Walpoliana he had. I was told to return in a week, and when I did so X had put out a few books, the most interesting of which was Walpole's copy of an obscure French book, worth, perhaps, ten shillings. The price of it was £60.

"But, Mr. X," I protested, "I have just bought a large paper copy of the King of Poland's *Works*, with Walpole's arms on the sides, for £4.10!"

"Very well, then," said X, and we were not friendly at all. "Thirty pounds. That's the kind of a man I am!" The furniture on the top floor was eventually transmuted into a few books priced at several times their real value.

On my next London visit I did not call on X, owing to a correspondence which temporarily suspended our relations, but I bought from him, through another dealer, a book which is, I believe, the most important book in my collection, the original drawings of Strawberry Hill. In the follow-

ing year, 1927, I returned to him and ever after so long as he lived I paid him an early call on arriving in London.

He continued to turn up remarkable things for me. Once, for example, he produced a colored drawing of an eighteenth-century boy of possibly ten years of age. On the back of the drawing was written, "Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford," in an eighteenth-century hand. The day after I bought it I went down to visit the descendant of Walpole's favorite niece, to whose son Walpole left Strawberry Hill and its contents. Most of the contents had been sold at auction in 1842, but the family had kept a few things. Among the books retained was one with water-color miniature drawings. These had been collected by Walpole's deputy at the Exchequer, Charles Bedford. They included a copy of the drawing I had just bought from X and beneath it, in the same hand which appeared at the back of my drawing, Bedford had written, "from an original colored drawing in my possession."

The last time I saw X he said with a smile as I was leaving, "Oh, Mr. Lewis, if I could only get you on to another man!" But his teaching did not go that far.

4

THE lessons taught by A. W. Evans were of quite a different nature. His instruction was bibliographical and critical and the lessons he taught could be summarized: (a) buy books as near as possible to the condition in which they first appeared, and (b) any book published between 1751 and 1825 is a good book.

When I met Evans in March, 1925, he had just revived the old firm of Elkin Mathews at 4a Cork Street. It was a small shop filled with books printed between 1751 and 1825. Evans with two much younger partners had just issued a catalogue. This catalogue is a milestone in the history of book-selling, for in it appeared books priced from ten shillings to two guineas which had never appeared in any West End catalogue before. Hannah More, William Mason, Anna Seward, and dozens more were raised from the dead.

Eighteenth-century books were not highly regarded before 1914. Almost any book printed after 1640 was mentioned with condescension. The standing of a collector tended to be measured by the antiquity of the books he collected: the aristocrats of the book world were the collectors of fifteenth-century books; those who specialized in the eighteenth century were the bourgeoisie. Except for *Robinson Crusoe*, Gray's *Elegy*, the Kilmarnock Burns, and various Blakes, no books published in the eighteenth century fetched more than \$1000 at auction. The nineteenth century's disapproval of the eighteenth century lingered on into the twentieth.

Evans was a Johnsonian, as were all the leaders of the new eighteenth-century cult. He was a "club-

able" man who loved "to stretch his legs and have his talk out." In his shop the eighteenth century was the sole reality. The disappearance of the pre-war world was of little concern to him. Locarno and slum clearance were subjects lost in the distance; the reason behind Dr. Johnson's effort to save Dr. Dodd from the gallows was of present concern. (Evans had his theory about it—that Johnson and Dodd were Masons.)

A young American who was consumed with zeal for the works and reputation of Horace Walpole was an object of interest to Evans, quite apart from the young man's buying a large proportion of the books in the famous new catalogue. Evans instinctively disliked Walpole, who was the antithesis of Johnson, but Walpole did live in the eighteenth century and did write books. He was, in fact, a major figure whether one liked him or not. He was a pro-American Whig, and it was fitting that he should have a champion from America a century and a half after the Declaration of Independence. Walpole had feared and disliked Johnson and had said discourteous things about him, but he said them out of loyalty to his friend Gray whom, Evans acknowledged, Johnson had belittled. It was to Walpole's credit that he resented such treatment, and in the world where Shenstone and Lyttelton and Soame Jenyns were important figures, Horace Walpole was a colossus.

I would drop in at 4a Cork Street at tea-time. "Come in, come in," Evans would say; "a cup for Mr. Lewis, Miss Matson." A small clearing would be made among the books on the table. "Well, what have you found today?"

I had always found something. In 1925 books from Walpole's library and presentation copies of the Strawberry Hill Press publications were lying about in London shops. Evans would congratulate me gravely in his low, somewhat un-English voice. What his accent was I never did make out, nor did I ever learn much of his life. Trinity College, Dublin, had come into it many years earlier, I gathered, and, in spite of his Welsh name, he had the warmth we associate with the Irish. I was awed by the fact that he had written literary articles for the *Observer* over the pseudonym Penguin, but whatever he had been was of small interest to what he was. The coal smoke of London filtered into the

shop and mingled with the smell of old books and tobacco, and nothing mattered but the eighteenth century.

Elkin Mathews prospered. New and affluent partners joined the firm and the old-fashioned shop in Cork Street was abandoned for a shop in Conduit Street expensively done up by Lord Gerald Wellesley. Cindarella had gone to the ball. During this period of the firm's history Evans moped. Selling Surtees in parts to the wealthy was a less congenial employment for him than selling Warburton's *Divine Legation of Moses* in boards, and Warburton became more and more the subject of his talk. Things got better when, during the depression, the firm was obliged to move to more modest quarters in Grosvenor Street, and better still when it had to give up its ground floor there and confine itself to the room above; Warburton fitted into reduced circumstances.

Once when I hurried around to see Evans on arriving in London his reception was startling. He stood up and, instead of greeting me as usual, said, "Horace Walpole was an insufferable cad," adding darkly, "I shall be about the galley-pots and washes of his toilet." This I recognized was what Warburton had said towards the end of his life when he suspected Walpole of laughing at him, and I rejoiced that Evans's book on Warburton was nearing completion. Having delivered himself of this testament Evans's conscience was cleared and we had tea as usual. When his book appeared there was nothing in it that could offend the most sensitive Walpolian.

Evans left the book world suddenly. When his wife died he returned to his profession, the Church, a profession I had not known was his. He spent his last days buried in a parish in the south of England. Not only would he not come up to London, he would not reply to letters from his former associates. He could not have been more inaccessible if he had returned to the eighteenth century. With him, so far as I was concerned, went much of the pleasure and excitement of book-collecting in London.

Some years later I came upon a selection from the works of Carlyle which I had used in Freshman English. To my surprise its editor was A. W. Evans. Although I had not realized it, he had been my teacher for half my life.

JOHN MARIN

by MACKINLEY HELM

1

JOHN MARIN, the painter, is as purely American as Buffalo Bill. He is as Yankee as baked beans and Bill Thompson, his friend who hauls lobsters off Washington County, the most easterly parcel of land in the state of Maine. And he is as frugal and plain, in his life and his painting, as the New Jersey spinsters who raised him. It was doubtless the poignantly native quality of this Yankee's pictures that moved a ranking English critic to give Marin "top marks" at an exhibition of two hundred years of American art in London last summer.

Marin's paternal grandfather, Jean-Baptiste Marin, was a French immigrant with an old Spanish name, but Marin, growing up on his maternal grandfather Currey's peach farm in Delaware in the late seventies, favored the family of the mother who had died at his birth. He looked like aunts Jenny and Lelia and Uncle Dick Currey, who were all tall and slim, their peaked faces distinguished by thin, straight noses and the kind of pale, transparent skin that shows wrinkles early.

While Dick Currey tended stock on the Delaware farm and shot game in the woods, John Marin drew animal pictures, and from earliest childhood he had the knack of showing his feeling for motion. Years later, when he learned to use color and began to paint orchards and circuses — as well as city streets, islands, and oceans — he knew how to make everything move on paper and canvas. Trees, birds, and ships; clouds, wind, and water: all these live and move freely in the Marin paintings.

Back in New Jersey, where the Curreys came from, Marin spent eight years in school in Weehawken — ten miles from Rutherford, where he was born December 23, 1870. There was never a day in those years, so he says, when he would not have

preferred to be outdoors with Uncle Dick Currey. There was never a lesson, outside of geometry, that he felt had stayed learned. He regrets that the lost years in the eighties cannot be added on to his life as an artist.

Still full of ideas at seventy-six, he mourns also the five useless years that came after school, when he tried to fit himself into his era's conventional middle-class pattern. He worked in a wholesale notion house, where he mixed up his orders, and then in a second-rate architect's office. There were only four years, between twelve and thirty, that an artist could salvage: two pleasant years of fishing and sketching in the woods near Weehawken, and painting and drifting as far afield as St. Paul and Richmond; and two years in the Pennsylvania Academy. He was in his twenty-eighth year when his aunts admitted that since he was a failure at everything else, he might as well go to art school. His father, who kept him in cash while the maiden aunts reared him, agreed to finance him.

Marin won an academy prize for his drawings, but not for the drawings that he made as a student. He won the prize for his Weehawken ink sketches of wild fowl and river boats, drawn from close observation and endowed with motion. He learned in academy classes only to draw plaster figures which could not be thought to have a life of their own.

"There was a boy in my class," Marin says, "who could transfer a Greek torso to paper and make it look nice and real — as real as the plaster cast that he copied. But I thought to myself, What's it for? A man paints a boat so it looks like a boat. But what has he got? The boat doesn't *do* anything. It doesn't move in the water, it is blown by no tempest. That copy-boat might sell boats, but it cannot be art. Art must show what goes on in the world."

Although Marin is now a venerable member of the exclusive American Academy of Arts and Letters, he never took up with the academic tradition. He has never shown nature merely as it appears on the surface. The nearest approach to photographic representation in the whole of his work occurs in a set of three etchings of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the

Known to *Atlantic* readers for his biography *Angel Mo' and Her Son, Roland Hayes*, and for his contributions on the fine arts, MACKINLEY HELM is a connoisseur of modern painting. A chapter of his recent book, *A Matter of Love*, appeared in the *Atlantic* for April, 1945. Last fall he spent three weeks visiting John Marin at his home on Cape Split, and from his visit comes an intimate interpretation of our foremost living landscape artist, whose exhibition, currently at the Institute of Modern Art, Boston, will travel this spring to Washington and Minneapolis.

Madeleine, and the Opéra, a bread-and-butter commission from a dealer in Paris.

Marin's father sent him to Paris in 1905, on Aunt Jenny's demand. "My father forked up once again," Marin says, "and I hit Paris in my thirty-fifth year."

He had been knocking around for another five years, after his spell at the Pennsylvania Academy, and as far as aunts Jenny and Lelia could see, he hadn't got anywhere. He had made about a hundred small oils, but they found no market. They only spoiled him for farming and other serious business.

In Paris, after a few weeks in professional studios, Marin fell back into vagabond habits. He roamed for four years around Europe with the apparently aimless uncertainty of his long years of loafing at home. He "knocked out" some etchings, as he wrote twenty-five years ago in his "Notes Autobiographical"; made a few paintings, together with hundreds of sketches, in Belgium and Holland, England and Switzerland; and learned to play a slick game of billiards with American artists who lived in the Quarter.

Marius De Zayas, a caricaturist whom the late Alfred Stieglitz discovered, published a cartoon of Marin playing poker with some of his friends, and when the painter met his father in Venice, sometime thereafter, Marin *père* was quick to inquire what the son, now close to forty, had to show for the father's investment. An oil painting sold to the Luxembourg? A page in a French periodical? A handful of etchings? A few water colors in an Autumn Salon? The father was shocked to learn that the son scarcely knew the names of museums and galleries.

2

MARIN returned to the States just before his fortieth birthday, quite untouched by Paris, and it was then that he hit his real stride. Marsden Hartley, that fastidious painter, seeing some of his pictures in Alfred Stieglitz's gallery in 1909, had said that Marin had taken water color out of the class of embroidery. He had invented a new kind of serious, rapid, and pictorial shorthand. "It is like golf," Marin wrote to Stieglitz, who had bought a camera in Berlin in the eighties and within a year was hailed as a genius. "The fewer strokes I can take, the better the picture," Marin said. The new Manhattan buildings and bridges and the old river boats were just the right subjects for this brisk, new style. And Stieglitz himself was on hand to encourage him — to "make me feel good," as Marin soon said in one of his letters.

Although Marin had been diffident about showing himself to the great people in Europe, like Whistler and Sargent, — "I was never one to push myself forward," he says of himself, — he had made a few friends, one of them Edward Steichen, who lived

in Giverny, the Norman town to which Monet had retired and where Cézanne liked to paint. Steichen and Stieglitz had recently set up their Photo-Secession shop in New York, at 291 Fifth Avenue, across from the old Holland House where solvent artists liked to go for their lunch.

"Along with our art-in-photography photographs," Steichen had one day said to Stieglitz, "why not show the anti-photographic in art?"

They showed paintings and sculptures by Henri Matisse, the first of the so-called "Wild Cats" — *Fauves* — and paintings and drawings by Rodin, Cézanne, Picasso, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Roussseau, and Picabia. Then Steichen got up an exhibition of paintings by Marin and Alfred Maurer. Maurer, the son of a Currier and Ives staff painter, was an academician who had lately gone "modern," while Marin's paintings of street scenes and bridges in Paris and London were as "anti-photographic" as anything Steichen had seen from American sources. Stieglitz stepped in and promised Marin enough money to live on (not without shrewdly noting that living was cheap in Weehawken) and, receiving his work in return, gave him his first one-man show at Photo-Secession in little more than a year.

Partly because New York had livened up during his absence and partly because it seemed fresh after Europe, Marin settled down to paint New York's streets and rivers. Paris, he had thought, was a beautiful woman in a gray room. New York was a man, quick and dynamic, striding along in the bright, sparkling air. Marin had already sketched New York's old buildings, old wharfs, old sailing vessels; but now he caught the city's new motions — the horizontal stretch of the bridges, the flat sweep of traffic on river and street, the vertical motion of the new Woolworth Building, which he showed bent towards the earth to meet the fast-moving Island.

The letters to Stieglitz describe the excitement of piling New York's "great houses one upon another with paint as they do pile themselves up there so beautiful, so fantastic." He began to give them a life of their own in his paintings, as though they were sentient. Then he married Marie Hughes from upstate New York — he had kept her waiting while he roamed around Europe — and set out to discover the countryside. Hating studios worse than the plague of mosquitoes which stung him outdoors, he painted landscapes in Lewis County, New York, and the Berkshires, until at last he found Maine.

Most of the marine water colors from 1915 to 1919 were painted at Small Point, where Marin spent summers with his wife and son, John IV, at an ancient hotel. He bought an offshore islet, christened it Marin Island, and proceeded to make it the subject of some of his most lyrical pictures. He liked the Maine coast, he told Stieglitz, because the ocean was handy and he felt expansive.

Marin sounded the praises of Small Point in war-time letters that read like Walt Whitman poems. He wrote on July 31, 1917:—

MY DEAR STIEGLITZ:—

There was a time about two weeks gone when I should have written to you. Then the mind was, if anything, clearer. Now it's hot. . . . But there are degrees, and how much hotter other places in this poor old scrapping world. And what are they scrapping about? . . .

We up here get but few glimpses of the outer world. . . . a fish boat looks big, a sail boat looms up, the eagles soaring overhead are big, or is not their bigness a something of the imagination. As, if you were floundering, how big a plank would look. As, if in the wilderness lost, what a little light would mean. As, in a city, one light means little or nothing. As, in a world harbor, the insignificance of one little boat. . . .

A native to show the traveler the way.

A pilot to steer the boat through, knowing the channels.

Can you trust him, blurts out this awful word—trust.

Ignorance, stupidity, knavishness, selfishness. No. Kindliness. Kindliness and intelligence. Yes.

Until then, we will have no peace, no rest. . . .

And one might go on, talk of art in its different forms. As to whether in the tearing up, the making of new paths. As to how much new road, real road, will be made. . . .

I want an answer to the question, a real answer, a true answer, the only answer. Who can give it?

There is an answer, there must be the Only answer.

And that, I suppose, is why the whole of nature scraps, unconsciously, periodically scraps. . . . The beast cries out, one of its answers is food, food of some kind. When we are no longer hungry, no longer cry for food, death comes. . . .

I have just been in for a swim and feel better. The water delicious, the sands to the touch of the feet. Big shelving wonderful rocks, hoary with enormous hanging beards of seaweed, carrying forests of evergreen on their backs. The big tides come in, swift, go out swift. . . .

Wonderful days.

Wonderful sunset closings.

Good to have eyes to see, ears to hear the roar of the waters.

Nostrils to take in the odors of the salt sea and the firs.

Fish fresh, caught some myself.

Berries to pick. . . .

Big flying eagles.

The solemn restful beautiful firs.

The border of the sea.

Good night.

My island looks tantalizingly beautiful.

My boy is brown and well, full of life. My wife is brown and well. I am brown and well. . . .

Your friend,

MARIN

Got the two checks all right, many thanks.

Nibbling at work!

When he could not work, he fished small-mouth bass in the interior—"the finest sport in the

world," he said in one of the letters to Stieglitz. "You first have to know his whereabouts. You have to dress to suit him. . . . be wily, firm, not too firm, fast, yet not too fast, slow, not too slow, and sensitive. . . . You have to take a few years off to become a consummate bass fisher."

In 1919, the Marins pushed on to Stonington, a harbor town on Deer Isle which you reached in those days by steamer from Rockland. The town of Stonington and its harbor became a favorite motif with Marin, as Mont Sainte-Victoire was one of Cézanne's favorite subjects, and it was in the Stonington paintings that one of Marin's well-known devices took shape—the use of dark, slashing lines around the various parts of a picture. He had already "framed" subjects with dark bands of color to keep them from sliding off the edge of the paper. Now he began to point out, by means of frame within frame, how the several parts of a picture "asserted themselves," as he said, in respect to each other. Each tree, island, and ship was thus given its particular place in the general tension set up in the pictures.

3

IN 1933, after trying out New Mexico and New Hampshire, Marin moved down to Cape Split, in Addison township, and there he began to give to oil paint the rapid feeling of movement that had always pertained to his use of transparent colors. In a nostalgic letter written not long ago from his home in Cliffside, New Jersey, to one of his Down Eastern friends, he said that Cape Split lay nearer his heart than any place in the world. His wife liked it there too, and until her death in February, 1945, she made pets of stray cats and spiders and kept a neat house for her husband and son on a rocky bank on the western pitch of the Cape.

Marin's house on Cape Split was built by one of the Longfellows to house summer boarders—although the Longfellows really belonged to the nearby town of Machias. His neighbors, the Wasses and Tabbutts, the Looks and the Nortons, the Crowleys and Plummers,—descendants of British colonists who came around 1765 to fish cod in Wescogus River,—are all fond of music. Leo Wass, after a day with his lobster traps, plays Bach by ear on the fiddle, and his father plays jigs at the home of Mrs. Bill Thompson, born Susie Wass and a cousin of Mme. Nordica, who was Lillian Norton. Sometimes John Marin joins in and plays the piano.

When I was first taken to call on the painter, one fall afternoon, we walked down a lane of blue spruce connecting Cape Split with "Windslip," the house where I stayed. We passed the burial grounds of Jason Look's family, crossed a bar to the Cape, turned up a rough road through the woods to a clearing, and approached the glassed-in veranda of Marin's white cottage. Marin was playing the first of Bach's *Two-Part Inventions* on an old-fashioned

Chickering. His hands chased each other over the keyboard and his shoulders moved with the quick play of phrase against phrase.

"That is the kind of music my piano likes to have played on it," he said, when he discovered us there. "That music is full of movement and life. Did you hear how the little tunes struck at each other? That is an example of balance and force."

As he warmly invited his callers to stay for the sunset, his smiling eyes and small, wrinkled mouth, under gray curls and bangs, recalled to me something Marsden Hartley once said about Marin: "There is always a play of earthly humor about to fall like an autumn leaf from his face."

"Can you promise us a real Marin sunset?" I asked.

"I think it will be mighty fine," he replied, looking out upon Pleasant Bay from his studio window. And as a matter of fact, it turned out to be the most glittering sunset of the early fall season.

As the sun began to go down behind the Tunk Mountains and the headlands beyond Dyer's Island — west of Cadillac Mountain — Marin excused himself from the talk.

"I want to make notes of this sunset," he said. "It is really something quite out of the ordinary."

Since he was only sketching, and not painting a picture, he allowed me to watch. He worked on an 8" x 10" pad in his lap, a paint box on a wooden chair seat before him, a porcelain bowl filled with water on a table near-by. With his right hand he roughed in, with black crayon, the three elements of the picture — sky, headland, and bay; and laid on the color with furious strokes of a half-inch brush in his left hand. His hands fought each other over the paper as they had done while he played the *Two-Part Invention*.

The outdoor colors changed rapidly. A feathery patch of red cloud became purple, the purple thinned out to show a red lining. A sky passage turned acid yellow even while Marin laid a mixture of yellow ochre and cadmium on the dry painting surface. A dull robin's-egg blue became brilliant turquoise.

"See that blue spot out there?" Marin said, dabbing impatiently. "That is a 'light' color. You can't put it on paper. You can't even get it with mixtures of color — viridian, cerulean, French blue, chromium oxide green, or what have you. So you just put down a color that the paper will like, a color that looks all right in itself. If the paper likes it, it doesn't matter if it's not a transcript of nature."

"Sometimes," he went on, "I like to paint a red ocean, with Light red, maybe, between Venetian and Indian red, or maybe spectrum red. Red is more exciting than gray. It is not the color that makes an ocean on canvas look like a real ocean. What makes the painted ocean look real is a suggestion of the motion of water. A red ocean with motion will look more like the sea than a patch of gray paint without movement."

His "notes" well laid down by the time darkness drew in, Marin spoke of the connection between his painting and music. "I don't know any big musical words," he explained. "All I know about music I have learned by myself. But I think that Handel and Bach and those fellows before Handel's time — those English fellows like Orlando Gibbons — gave their music real action. I try to make the parts of my pictures move the same way, only I always make them move towards the center of the paper or canvas — like notes closing in on middle C of the keyboard."

"I take my skiff and row out to one of the islands, Sheep Island, Eagle Island, Norton Island, out there in the bay in front of my house," he said, in an illustration of his use of motion and color. "I see rocks upriver and the water flowing. All right, I put down the rocks on my paper. Then I show how the water runs past the rocks. The water is more white than colored, you notice, but you have to use color — never mind what color — or you couldn't show how the water runs along on white paper. Now, I say to myself, the most important thing about a river is that it runs downhill. So I put on the color with strokes that show how the water runs downhill past the rocks. Simple, isn't it?"

And it is true that Marin's pictures seem simpler to look at when you realize that they are painted by a child of nature. Whether at home on the Cape, or farther afield on the offshore islands (Outer Sand, Crumple, Jordan's Delight), or in the interior, towards Tunk Half Way and the village of Centerville, Marin lives from sunrise to dark in communion with the natural world. He knows the movement of clouds, the direction of wind, the ebb and flow of the tides. He studies beaches and swamps, trees and flowers, birds and beasts — everything that has life and structure. Hence for every rule in his painting there is a likeness from nature.

"Take the idea of balance," he said. "Think of the wonderful balance of squirrels. They scratch themselves equally well with hind paws or fore paws without losing their balance. I like my pictures to have that kind of balance when I have put down enough things to cover the surface. I stand them up on their end, turn them upside down, until I see that, like the squirrels, they have got balance in every direction."

Marin insists that the human eye is a nicer judge of true balance than rulers and calipers. Mrs. Marin had a good eye, he says, for that sort of thing. She could always tell whether his pictures had equilibrium. "That picture don't seem to me to weigh right, John," she would say, once or twice in a season, and Marin would have to admit she was right.

Marin is always preoccupied with the balance of color as well as the balance of forms. Except when he "plays around," as he says, with two colors, trying to see how nearly he can get the effect of a

third hue without using it, he finds the balance he likes in red, blue, and yellow.

"Nature often reveals herself in sets of three things," he says. "There is land between sky and water, gray between black and white, lukewarm between hot and cold."

Sometimes he lets black stand for red. Sometimes he asks the spectator to see the yellow contained in light red or the red casts in ochre. But the three primary hues must be present, he thinks, in one way or another, to make the balance of color complete. He likes old American flags better than new ones because in the old ones the white has turned yellow.

Marin's newest paintings fall into two categories. There are lyrical paintings, like a peach-orchard series in which the trees are like ballet dancers swaying to music. Then there are landscapes — sometimes with nude figures — filled with ideas of the most deeply intellectual and professional character. It is as though the painter, rounding out his life now, were trying at once to give out the greatest amount of understandable pleasure and joy and at the same time explore his professional vision to its farthest reaches. He liked the idea that perhaps some of his more difficult, more crabbed paintings were like written music, with bar lines and clefs, with measures and sharp and flat symbols; while the lyrical pictures that are plainer to look at are like the performance of sonata or symphony. The former need study, the latter give quicker delight.

As a painter strongly addicted to painting, Marin respects the flat surface of the paper or canvas he works on and likes to create "planes" of color and atmosphere instead of working with photographic perspective. Like Cézanne and Gauguin, he paints objects that move within space without taking the eye into distances which do not really exist on flat canvas. And even for this trickiest phase of his art, he finds a happy likeness in nature.

The earth is ideally flat, he observes, like the sea. He sees how hills are raised up and leveled, how valleys are dug out and filled. So that even when he appears to have carried anti-photography to its farthest limit, he is in reality following his feeling for nature.

When Marin says that his most serious problem at seventy-six is to "get a picture to travel on its planes," what he means, really, is that he likes to put several views into one picture. He will paint houses in front of a valley in front of a mountain, and leave holes, so to speak, in the outermost view, so that the valley and mountain show through. Marin himself is not satisfied with a picture until each view is complete in itself; so that if he could lift off any one view by itself, what remained would be whole and complete. This conception is the spectator's most serious "problem"; but when it is mastered, it explains most good "modern" painting since the time of Cézanne.

In spite of a lack of surface "meaning" in some of his paintings, Marin allows, as so many painters have failed to, for the bridge between painter and public. The painter, to be sure, must have his intentions. He must be permitted to "show paint as paint" on flat paper or canvas. But Marin believes that the artist ought to give pleasure, and supposes that the painter who can give the most pleasure is one who loves paint and does not hate subject matter. Hence he judges painters on two principal counts: on their adherence to their private vision of nature and on their affection for paint.

He prefers Braque to Picasso because Braque lives closer to nature, and likes Matisse better than either because he paints living and sharp things with love. He commends Mondrian for discovering "two facts of life," namely, horizontal and vertical motion; but he thinks Mondrian left out the life which goes on in nature around the lines which go up and down and across. He likes the works of the American painters Maurice Prendergast and Marsden Hartley, who had sincere visions of nature's vitality which they rendered with love. Of the old masters he admires Goya, who seems to him not to have copied nature's creations but to have created freshly in paint after nature's example. And he likes old Dutch paintings of flowers because of the tenderness with which precious objects are handled.

People have wondered how Marin can alternately "love" Cape Split and Manhattan, which he paints when he returns for the winter to Cliffside, across from Grant's Tomb. But as Marin views it, Manhattan is not so far removed from Cape Split. He finds the same sky and, in the East and North rivers, a similar watery boat-filled foreground. Even the skyscrapers in the middle-ground "view" of his Manhattan water colors spring from the ground and move like the trees on Sheep Island.

4

AT Cliffside, two Currey ladies still keep an eye on the painter — Uncle Dick Currey's daughters, the Misses Lyda and Retta; but with Mrs. Marin no longer on hand to see to his flannels, Marin has frequent attacks of lumbago which interfere with his painting, and his heart, as he says, plays him jinx. Still, he likes to go to the theater when the Lunts are in town, and to hockey games and the circus. Where there is movement, he likes to be present.

He used to go on Saturday afternoons in the winter to An American Place, the gallery where, in later years, Alfred Stieglitz showed John Marin's work along with pictures by Georgia O'Keeffe (Mrs. Stieglitz) and the late Arthur Dove. Stieglitz did all the talking. Marin listened and answered by letter. But it was a comforting friendship which Marin has mourned since Stieglitz's death.

Stieglitz liked to get himself up as an unworldly romantic, yet professional dealers rarely got such

high prices as he managed to get for his living painters. Although the cost of the large recent water colors—those which Marin himself judges to be A-1 quality—commonly ranges from \$2000 to \$5000, Stieglitz sometimes asked and quite frequently got as much as \$8000. The highest price up to date for a Marin oil painting was brought by a picture called “The Hurricane,” bought in 1944 by a Middle Western collector for a sum around \$11,000. The average price for the oils has been somewhere between \$3000 and \$8000. Yet Marin always assented to Stieglitz’s crotchets and whims as a dealer: such as an occasional sale at a less fancy figure to an admirer who worked hard for his money—small choice papers of early date are still sometimes offered at \$1000 or less—or outright refusal to sell to the purse-proud and arrogant.

Marin approvingly tells the story of a vain woman from the national capital who swooped into “The Place” at the opening of one of his annual shows, glanced over the walls, pointed to the season’s showiest picture, and said, “I’ll take that!” “No you won’t,” Stieglitz said—and she didn’t.

One of the most persistent Marin collectors, after Duncan Phillips of Washington, who owns a roomful of Marins, is a color-blind friend who visits the painter in Cliffside and has, in the past, bought dozens of pictures from Stieglitz. This curious circumstance seems to the painter to prove that the transcription of motion from nature is more important to the truthfulness of a painting than the literal transference of color.

Marin’s friends on Cape Split never knew he was so well off and famous as his pictures have made him until Mrs. Gene Tabbutt, one of the neighbors, saw a magazine piece about “The Place” in 1944 and showed it around. Although they are clannish, the Down Easterners knew that they liked him. They relished his letters from Cliffside, signed “Ancient Mariner,” and wrote back fondly. But they were startled to learn that he was a lion; that art editors called him America’s “No. 1 Old Master.” They had always found him and his wife unpretentious. It had always seemed to Mrs. Thompson, for instance, that Mr. Marin chose to be commonplace, while Mrs. Marin, unlike summer folks generally, never put on any airs.

The Thompsons were touched when the artist

wrote, after Mrs. Marin’s death, that he longed to return to them. “Enjoy the beautiful Earth while it is there to enjoy,” he said in a letter to Mrs. Thompson, the “Susie” of two recent portraits that are painted with evident love. “It’s our resting place.”

Both Susie and Bill have an eye for the “beautiful Earth.” Yet Marin can sometimes point to a thing or two that even the Thompsons have missed in their countryside—a red-berried witchwood at the end of the swamp, in exchange for Susie’s moosewood tree standing deep in the pine lot.

“I declare, John knows where everything is on the Cape,” Bill said, when Marin came into Susie’s cookroom one day with a cap full of berries from the single huckleberry bush in the township.

Marin enjoys summer evenings with Susie and Bill. He sits in a red rocking chair in the kitchen while Bill knits green twine into heads and bait pockets for his homemade lobster traps and Susie fills the hot-water tank from the pump and readies the room up for next day’s early breakfast. The Thompsons never pester him with the talk that he hears in New York about whether he is an impressionist, abstractionist, realist. In his own mind, he’s a realist, creating from nature.

“The sea that I paint may not be *the* sea,” Marin says, “but it is *a* sea, not an abstraction.” And as Susie Thompson observed when he painted her portrait, his hands look, when he paints, as though they were trying to force some new creation up from the canvas, as nature pushes a sprout through the earth and creates a new tree.

The Thompsons have a fresh, unhackneyed way of looking at their friend Marin’s pictures. “They look like things you have seen in a dream,” Susie says, “and remembering Mr. Marin’s paintings is like remembering a dream.”

“They do grow on you,” Bill Thompson said, cutting a whore’s-egg thorn from his finger and reaffirming the outside world’s opinion. “But sometimes I have to tell John that a boat must look like a boat, not just *go* like a boat. I say, ‘John, a man has to haul fish from these boats.’”

And Marin agrees. A painted boat, however brief and symbolic the drawing, has to look like a boat. Otherwise, you really can’t show what it *does*.

THE ZIONIST ILLUSION

by W. T. STACE

1

PALESTINE is a little country. But what is being done in Palestine is symptomatic of the entire state of the world. It is the methods of settlement being used in Palestine, rather than the particular settlement which may be reached, to which I wish to direct attention. These methods, I will try to show, are disastrous; and if we persist in using them elsewhere in the world — and there is every indication that we shall — the result can only be violence and war.

So far as World War II had a moral issue, it concerned the question whether international relations are to be governed by force or by law. Law means the application of principles of justice to disputes. So the issue is really between force and justice. We have swung out of the war, and we suppose that justice has defeated force. But are we, now in peacetime, pursuing the methods of justice or the methods of force? On the answer depends the future of the world, the issue of war or peace. It is better to take a particular current case and analyze it in detail, to find out what the trend is, than to make general statements. Palestine is an excellent testing ground.

Men's opinions on political and international questions are almost always formed on the basis of their emotions and partisan feelings, and scarcely at all on the basis of reason. This is the prime cause of the wars and bloodshed which fill the world. For emotion and partisan feeling, untempered by reason, issue necessarily in violence. Reason is the principle of democracy and justice. It weighs the issues impartially in the balance. A competent judge reaches a decision by *arguing* the case, not by flying off the handle about it. Reason, not emotion, much less self-interest, must be his guide. Not until men learn to govern their opinions and actions in international affairs by unbiased and impartial justice, based on reason, will wars end.

Palestine is a case in point. Not only are Jews

and Arabs inflamed by passions, which they call patriotism, but the greater nations concerned, who at least ought to be impartial, are making no attempt to judge the dispute between Jews and Arabs impartially. Instead each of them is concerned with self-interest, and they have made of the question either a struggle for national power or, worse still, a catch-bag for votes for a particular domestic party.

Any attempt to apply to Palestine the rule of justice is fraught with grave difficulties. In the first place, it is met with a solid wall of prejudices. Apart from that, the very attempt is decried. Since justice is a moral concept, one cannot consider it without raising questions of "right" and "wrong." Then the cry is raised that one is talking academically, that one is trying to settle practical questions by "abstract" moral rules which have no application and are not "realistic." But how else is the world ever to advance to any sort of international justice — an avowed aim of the UN inserted in its charter at the instance of Americans — except by applying to concrete situations principles which are in themselves abstract? The principles which law courts apply to men's actions are, as stated in lawbooks and statutes, abstract; and further, they are, in the last analysis, the product of "moral" ideas.

The scene in Palestine shifts so rapidly that it may seem impossible to say anything about it which will not become out of date in a month. But the principles of law and justice do not change, or at least change very slowly. Now the main principle of international justice is that which was laid down in the Atlantic Charter. Nations should have the right of determining their internal affairs without aggression from outside nations. This is nothing new, invented by Roosevelt or Churchill. It was implicit in Wilson's policy and pronouncements. It was the idea on which the League of Nations was supposed to be built. It has always been, for that matter, the fundamental idea of democracy. For the self-determination or democracy of a nation means that its affairs are governed by the wishes of its own people. And since the wishes of a people are never unanimous, it means in practice that they are governed by the wishes of the majority.

That one nation should by force or threats com-

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pel another nation to act contrary to its own will, or contrary to the wishes of the majority of its people, is "aggression." It is contrary to the principles of justice, democracy, and self-determination in their external or international application. That a minority within a nation should forcibly impose its will on the majority — this is likewise aggression, but is generally called "tyranny." It is the negation of the principles of justice, democracy, and self-determination in their internal or domestic application. This is the only "abstract" or "moral" principle which is needed for the adjudication of the Palestine controversy. And no changes in the local scene, nothing in the kaleidoscope of shifting events, will alter it. It will not be outdated a year from now or in fifty years. How does it apply to the controversy between Jews and Arabs?

2

THE Arab case is, in essence, this. The Arabs constitute a large majority of the inhabitants of Palestine. This is not only true now, but it has been true since somewhere near the beginning of the Christian era — that is to say, for nearly two thousand years. The Arabs in Palestine are opposed, rightly or wrongly, to any mass immigration of Jews. Therefore the majority of the inhabitants of Palestine are opposed to such a mass immigration. But according to the principle of self-determination, which is the accepted principle of international justice, the affairs of a country must be governed by the wishes of the majority of its inhabitants, and any attempt of an outside country to override by force the wishes of such a majority is "aggression." Therefore the actions of Zionists, of Great Britain, and of America, in seeking to force on Palestine a mass immigration of Jews contrary to the wishes of the Arab majority, constitute acts of aggression and are contrary to the principles of international justice, self-determination, and democracy.

It will not do to answer that the Arab majority in Palestine is acting "wrongly" in objecting to Jewish immigration, or that, owing to the sufferings of the Jewish people, the Arabs "ought" to welcome them. For according to the principle of justice quoted, it is the majority of the people of Palestine themselves who are entitled to decide what they ought to do. That is the essence of the principle. Our attempt to tell them what they ought to do, and to impose our opinion in the matter by force or threats, constitutes aggression.

We can see this principle more clearly if we apply it in a case nearer home. The majority of the inhabitants of the United States object to the mass immigration of non-Caucasian peoples, and they exclude such peoples by law. Suppose some outside nation were sufficiently powerful to try to force the United States to admit non-Caucasian immigrants in hundreds of thousands against our will. We should certainly regard this as an act of aggression, not-

withstanding that a good case might be made out for saying that our objection to non-Caucasian peoples is "wrong." We must therefore allow to the majority of the inhabitants of Palestine the same right of determining such questions of right and wrong for themselves as we claim for the majority of the inhabitants of the United States.

It might be argued that although the democratic doctrine of majority rule applies very well to a country with a reasonably homogeneous population, like England or the United States, it cannot be applied in a country in which a permanent religious or racial minority is faced by a hostile and permanent racial or religious majority, as is the case in Palestine, and also in India. It is true that such a situation creates grave difficulties for democratic government. It may be used as an argument for partition or for what has been called in India "communal representation." It shows that in applying democratic principles to such a country some special arrangement must be devised to protect the minority from oppression. But I do not see how these considerations, though they may prove the necessity of special constitutional devices, can affect the question before us. It cannot be argued that since majority rule is difficult in the absence of a homogeneous population, therefore minority rule ought to be allowed to apply, at any rate in some particular cases such as immigration laws. And this is what the argument we are considering would amount to. This objection to the Arab case must therefore be dismissed.

Thus it will be seen that the Arab case rests squarely on the admitted principles of international justice. It is a direct application of them to Palestine. And the logic of the argument appears on the face of it conclusive and unanswerable. Let us see, however, what case the Zionists can make against it.

3

THE Zionist case rests upon five main arguments. They are not usually tabulated and kept distinct. They are, like most arguments on most subjects, often presented to the public mixed together in a confused heap. But if they are to be properly analyzed and assessed, they must be kept separate and taken up for consideration one by one. Any other procedure can only result in muddled thinking.

The first argument is that Palestine was a Jewish land in ancient times. It was for long ages the national land and home of the Jews. It may reasonably be said to have "belonged" to the Jews. Moreover, they did not leave it of their own free will. They were forcibly dispossessed. And this gives them a claim to re-enter it now and to make of it again a national home.

What force, if any, is there in this contention? The question can only be answered after we have first decided what are the grounds of right by which *any* nation can claim the country which it occupies.

The answer is clear. No nation has any right to the land it occupies except long possession. What right have Americans to live in, occupy, and control these United States? No right whatsoever except the fact that they have actually lived here for two or three hundred years. It is true that there were cases of so-called purchase from the Indians. But no one will claim that the general right of the American people to occupy this country is founded on such purchases. By and large we just seized the land by any means that seemed at the time most convenient. The Indians were, in most cases, forcibly dispossessed. The American claim is thus based on what lawyers call long possession or "prescription."

The same is true of every other people in the world. In most cases there was not even the pretense of purchase which we find in America. The British, the French, the Germans, the Japanese, the Zulus, have no claim to the countries in which they live except long possession.

Judged by this principle, which is the only possible principle to apply, the Arabs have a far better claim to Palestine than the Americans have to America. For they have effectively occupied the country for nearly two thousand years. There may have been always a small Jewish minority in Palestine, just as there has been in America a small Indian minority from the time of its white occupation until now. This would give the Jews in Palestine a right to vote and to proper treatment, just as it gives the same rights to Indians in America. But that is all.

These considerations make it clear that the fact that Palestine was a Jewish land in ancient times cannot possibly give Jews a right of mass entry there now. No matter how a people came originally into possession of a country, whether by aggression, war, or in any other way, we have *in the end* — that is to say, after a sufficiently long period — to admit their exclusive right to it, which means of course that all prior claims are extinguished. For that is the only basis on which any people can ever claim the country which it inhabits. What is a "sufficiently long period"? Certainly two thousand years is. Thus the first Zionist argument is entirely without force.

The second argument is that Palestine has for the Jews a peculiarly sacred religious significance. Can we admit religious feelings as giving any sort of claim to mass immigration into a country? Would we allow such a claim in any other case? Obviously not. Thailanders could not assert a right to migrate into India because they are Buddhists and India, where the Buddha was born and lived, has a special religious significance for them. And Britishers and Americans, who are Christians, could not claim a right of mass settlement in Palestine on the ground that it has for them, just as much as for the Jews, a deep religious significance. "Oh, but Thailanders, Englishmen, and Americans have already national homes of their own, whereas the Jews are homeless. And therefore the cases are not parallel." But this is an example of the muddled thinking which comes of

mixing distinct arguments together. The question whether the homelessness of the Jews in any way alters the case is a separate question which I will consider in its place.

The third Zionist argument is that the British Government in 1917 promised the Jews that they should have a national home in Palestine. A moral claim is here based on the general principle of the sanctity of promises. On this ground the Arab claim to self-determination and the Jewish claim under the Balfour Declaration have been described by a British commission as "fundamentally a conflict of right with right." This is a very interesting piece of muddleheadedness. It admits, in the first place, that moral criteria of "right" and "wrong" should have application to the controversy. This is correct. It admits, secondly, that the Arab claim is based on the principle of self-determination and is therefore "right." This is also correct. It implies, thirdly, that the Zionist claim, based on the British promise, gives the Jews a moral right. But all this last suggestion proves is that the royal commissioners were grossly incompetent as ethical analysts. The position here taken is widely accepted because neither the average Zionist, nor the average man of any sort, nor — it now appears — the average royal commissioner, is capable of making more than the first step in such an analysis. They think "promises ought to be fulfilled, and the recipients of promises have a moral right to demand their fulfillment. Therefore the Jews in this case have such a right."

This is a crude piece of ethical analysis. Wrong and unjust promises ought not to be carried out and give no rights to demand that they be executed. For instance, you cannot claim a moral right to enforce a promise to steal. And if you do, you are an accessory to the theft. Therefore the question which has now to be asked is whether the British had any right to make promises about the disposal of Palestine contrary to the wishes of the majority of the inhabitants of that country. It is plain that, according to the principles of democracy and self-determination, which are the accepted principles of international justice, they had not. Their action in doing so was an act of aggression. Therefore the Balfour Declaration gives Zionists no moral claim, and if they insist on its fulfillment, they are accessories to aggression.

4

WE NOW come to the question whether the homelessness of the Jews, to which we must add the frightful sufferings which they have undergone and are undergoing, the persecutions, the pogroms, and all the other horrors, can be made the basis of a claim to mass immigration into Palestine. We may list this as the fourth Zionist contention.

No humane person can view these facts without profound feelings of pity and shame — pity for the victims, shame for the cruelty and wickedness of our

human kind. But we have to ask what moral claims can be founded upon it. There arises, most certainly, a claim to generous treatment by every country in the world. But just because the facts yield an *equal* claim against all civilized countries (except that the claim is stronger against those countries which have been most responsible for the sufferings), they cannot yield any *special* claim against Palestine. The claim is against England, America, Russia, France, and Palestine too (if Palestine is a humane and civilized country), but not more against Palestine than any other country.

In domestic law we should at once admit this principle. If an individual citizen of a country is homeless, oppressed, and starving, he has a claim to be rescued from these conditions. But the claim is against the community as a whole, not against any individual private citizen (unless it is this citizen who has wrongfully caused his misery). His condition does not give him a claim to make his home in the house of Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones or to demand food from them. Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones have indeed duties and responsibilities in the matter, but only as members of the community, along with and equally with all other citizens. Thus too humanity at large has a plain duty to find a solution to the Jewish problem and to put an end to the persecutions and misery of the Jews. But the solution is not Palestine. What the proper solution is I shall discuss later. What the considerations which have just been adduced show is that the fourth argument of the Zionists has no more force than the others. It is what lawyers call a "plea ad misericordiam."

The last argument commonly put forward for Zionism is the fact that Jewish immigrants into Palestine have already enormously improved the country, and that further immigration will result in further benefits to it. This fact is to be admitted, and it is unnecessary to go into any details here regarding the economic and cultural improvements made in Palestine by the Jews. They are well known. The question to be asked is whether they constitute a valid argument for Zionism.

The hole in the argument is that it can be used to justify almost any aggression whatever — at any rate, any aggression by an advanced and highly civilized nation against a more backward one. Hitler might have argued that he would run France, England, and even America more efficiently than the present rulers of those countries. And the claim might not be entirely lacking in truth. He might have argued — and indeed did — that his conquests would in the end benefit the world. And if we consider such claims in this case fantastic, consider some others. The British have always justified their position in India by the benefits which they have brought to it. And this claim to have improved the country is, in spite of Congress Party propaganda, true in some respects even if it is not true in others. Mussolini justified his conquest of Ethiopia by claiming that he would abolish slavery and

introduce in general more civilized modes of life. And there can be little doubt that he would in fact have done so, given time.

These are all no doubt highly controversial cases. But the principle is clear. A highly civilized people, by conquering a backward people, will nearly always improve their country. And therefore, if this argument justifies Zionism, it will justify any aggression of a more civilized against a more backward people. And this we cannot admit without undermining and in the end destroying the conception of international justice to which we profess to adhere. Moreover, if we accept that conception, we cannot deny that peoples (which means in fact the majorities in any people) have a right to run their own affairs badly and to resist all attempts by foreigners to run them well.

There is indeed a danger of becoming academic here. Perhaps it was "wrong" for Caesar to subjugate the Gauls. But can we really regret that the Pax Romana civilized Europe? Perhaps we did "wrong" to rob the Indians of their country. But would it have been "right" for a sprinkling of half-civilized people to exclude forever from this vast continent those who were more competent than they were to make use of its opportunities?

Nevertheless it seems to me that the principle that a people have a right to force an entry into another country if they can show they are improving it — which is the real basis of the Zionist contention, though this is not the way they put it — is so dangerous in the present state of the world that it ought not to be allowed. It is better to err on the side of overzealousness against aggression, and to refuse to countenance even what might be regarded as a sort of justifiable aggression — what a dangerous phrase! — than to adopt into our philosophy of international relations a principle which can be so easily twisted to justify any aggression or any war whatsoever.

5

THE analysis of the case for Zionism and the case against it which has been given seems to me absolutely indisputable on any ground of logic. Minor mistakes may have been made in the presentation of the matter. And it is always possible to catch at sentences or expressions and find fault with them. But the logic of the case as a whole is too clear for any error in the general conclusion that, in the dispute between Jew and Arab, the Arab claim is correct and the Zionist claim is without any foundation. This is the inevitable conclusion to which an impartial judge would come.

Of course, it will be violently disputed, but disagreement will be based on prejudice, emotion, or partisan feeling. Let the Zionist who is angered, or contemptuous, at what has been said examine his own mind and ask himself whether *he* is free from prejudice, emotion, and partisan feeling, whether

his own opinions have been based on an *impartial analysis of the two sides to the case*. And if he asks how he can be expected to be impartial in a matter in which he and his own people are concerned as in a matter of life and death, one must answer with what is no doubt a hard saying: impartiality as between oneself and another, as between one's own claims and those of another, is the essence of justice and morality, is the only way in which one can act justly towards others in this world.

But the unhappy condition of the Jews in Europe gives them, as we have seen, an equal claim on all the civilized nations of the world. Hence the true solution of the problem stares one in the face. All the underpopulated countries in the world — Australia, Canada, parts of the United States, Palestine itself, and others — ought to amend their immigration policies so as to take, each one, its proper share, according to available empty space, of those who need asylum. This is obviously the only solution which is just to all parties, which no one can say is a violation of their rights. Why then is this solution not being adopted by the statesmen of the world? Why, though the obligation of all countries to take in the refugees if they have empty spaces is recognized in the recent Anglo-American report, is it soft-pedaled there and the immigration of Jews into Palestine played up? Why has it received almost no attention and no discussion?

It is true that President Truman expressed his intention to ask the Congress to increase the immigration quota for refugees, including Jews. But this is not accompanied by any recognition that along these lines alone lies the only just solution of the Jewish problem. It is not accompanied by an abandonment of the policy of injustice in Palestine. It does not fundamentally alter the situation. And we have to repeat our question why, though we give this grudging and doubtful recognition to the claims of the just solution, we throw all our weight on the side of the unjust solution. If we find the true answer to this question, we put our finger on what is rotten in the world today, on what is certainly destined to make the future of the world a nightmare of war, on what makes nonsense of all our peace efforts. The answer is that we, the inhabitants of the United States, of Canada, of Australia, of Great Britain, of the rest of the countries concerned, do not want to admit our own plain moral obligations in the matter. We do not want to take our fair share of the burden. We have found a small country, Palestine, and a remote and defenseless people, the Arabs, on whom we can unjustly shove the burden of our duties.

It is often said that the Jews themselves hunger to go to Palestine and do not want, most of them, to go to other countries. True enough. But we must not suppose that this is any argument for the justice of the Zionist claim. Since when has it become a principle of justice that in a dispute regarding property or anything else the strong desire of one of the

parties to have whatever is in dispute gives him a claim to it? What people want proves only that they want it, not that they are in justice entitled to have it. And if the nations concerned make it plain that Palestine will be asked to take only its proper share of refugees, along with the other nations of the world, and stand firmly by this decision, the Jews in Europe will go gladly enough to America, Canada, or any other country that will treat them decently. And if these countries give the passionate wish of the Jews to go to Palestine as a *reason* for not lowering their own immigration barriers, this is no more than a hypocritical excuse.

The real cause of the reluctance of these countries to lower their immigration barriers lies elsewhere. When Mr. Bevin said that America was pressing Britain to allow more Jews into Palestine because we do not want to allow them into America, his remark was greeted with a howl of execration. Naturally, since the truth hit home and exposed our wickedness and hypocrisy! But his observation is just as true of the British Empire as it is of the United States. We have to face the plain truth, however unpleasant it may be, — however shameful if you like, — that none of the great nations want these refugees, and they are therefore attempting to thrust them on a little Arab country. And the reason why America in particular tries to force the pace, while Britain hangs back, is simply that the Jewish vote is powerful in America while Arab influence is important to the British Empire.

But this whole line of thought, it will be said, is not practical politics. It is not "realistic." The United States and the British Empire refuse to lower their barriers sufficiently to solve the problem and it is not of the least use trying to persuade them to do so or to adopt the solution of the Jewish problem here recommended. Therefore the only solution left is Palestine. It may be so. The practical politicians ought to know. But what I want to point out is that their "practical" and "realistic" kind of politics is what leads to war and what will inevitably lead to war again, not only in Palestine but throughout the world.

Do we want peace or don't we? If we do, then there is only one way to get it. We have to cease deciding international issues by considerations of vote-catching, self-interest, power, greed, prejudice, passion, and more or less base emotions disguised under the name of patriotism. We have to begin to decide them impartially by reason and the principles of justice.

This is the real lesson of Palestine. It is not an isolated issue. It touches the future of the whole world. Just as Guernica was a good testing ground for German and Italian methods of war, so Palestine is the testing ground of our peace policies. Our methods there, our whole emotional and irrational approach to the problem, expose the hollowness and futility of our protestations about peace.

AMERICAN PRIZE FIGHT

(Heard in Canada)

by ROBERT A. HUME

A Midwesterner educated at Stanford and Cornell (where in 1940 he wrote his Ph.D. thesis on Henry Adams), ROBERT A. HUME now teaches English at the University of Nevada. He lives with his wife and three children on a minute ranch at the western edge of Reno. In contemplative moments he can look out upon the Sierra Nevada.

STRIKING the hospital lawn the Canadian sun
half-blinds the grass with yellow; grouped around,
the three-quarters bodies of heroes drip deep tan,

and the guileless ether detonates with the sound
a radio announcer makes as the titan event
extrudes red shoulders from the womb. Resigned

to imminence these veterans lie, eyes bent
in forbearing, hourly contemplation of war's
cheap lifetime gift of mutilation, and the tint

of agony seems lighter, brushed by the roars
of a million-dollar ringside and the voice
of the announcer febrilely crying, It nears, it nears,

the clock brings on the moment. But before the boys
(white-fisted Pittsburgh, brown-ditto Detroit) emerge
from the locker rooms, a sponsoring company's

official spatters all eardrums with loyal surge:
Just back from Europe, a two weeks' tour by air,
twenty-one countries looked at; and none of them, large

or small (ah, yes, they're starving) can even compare
with old U.S.A. By golly, to put on a show
like this it takes America; what's more —

His fool's words crumple under a sudden blow
of sane Canadian laughter: out of these torn
young bodies, whole contempt. Face turned, I draw

quick breaths of shame. O land where I was born,
O my country! Let wisdom's muted trumpet
once be heard, not always idiocy's horn.



A N A T L A N T I C S T O R Y

WHY WERE YOU SENT OUT HERE?

by JOHN HERSEY

WITH abrupt acceleration, the heavy revolving front door of the Wagons-Lits Hotel started to swing around. After the door flaps had thudded twice, Colonel Potter Watson emerged on the outer side. He was about thirty-five years old, florid and strong-looking. He had on his lapels the brass vial-and-flame of Chemical Warfare, and he displayed, above his left breast pocket, only one overseas ribbon — a brand-new Asiatic Theater stripe. When he had stepped clear, the door slowed down a lot and let out Colonel William de Angelis, who wore the insignia of an infantryman and several decorations from the First World War. The second officer's face, that of a man about sixty, was a pattern of meaningless lines on contours that had apparently been interesting once, like an action map in a rear echelon headquarters after the fighting is over. Everything about the older man looked slightly dilapidated, except for a beautiful, flexible, braided swagger stick tucked under his left arm.

Colonel Watson stepped out to the front of the marble platform of the entranceway and greeted the heavy Chinese doorman by name, "Good morning, Sung."

The doorman tipped his visored khaki hat and said, "Good morning, master," and bowed slightly.

The older colonel, coming along behind, said dully, "Good day."

"Good morning, sir," Sung replied, and did not bow to the older man. He told the officers that the eight o'clock shuttle bus to Peking Union Medical College, their headquarters, had just left.

Colonel Watson, the younger officer, said, "Nice

spring morning like this, why don't we take a ricksha?" Colonel de Angelis acquiesced. Sung lifted a fat hand as a signal to the coolies lounging on the footboards of a row of fancy Legation Quarter rickshas across the street. Several grabbed up the shafts of their vehicles and ran, pulling the rickshas, across to the entranceway and shouted competitively for the Americans' favor. Colonel Watson, recognizing a puller he had engaged once before, said, "I'll take Number Thirty-Four here." Colonel de Angelis, who did not know one coolie from another, accepted the most insistent puller. This man had run up the steps and was actually trying to push the elderly colonel toward his own ricksha. "All right," Colonel de Angelis said, "take your hands off me."

Instead of giving instructions in English to Sung for translation, Colonel Watson spoke directly to his coolie in fairly well pronounced Chinese: "To Executive Headquarters. How are you today?"

The coolie mumbled a reply and pulled out ahead. The older colonel's puller followed.

Colonel Watson turned and said over his shoulder to his companion in the other ricksha, "No dust today. Look at that sky."

The two rickshas turned into Legation Street. Along the sidewalks, the horse chestnuts and acacias, whose leaves had suddenly fanned out from buds after a rain the week before, were still and fragrant. Policemen in black uniforms argued noisily in front of a large building on the left, which they were apparently appropriating as a station; their hubbub seemed to be all about how to unload some furniture they were moving. A couple of Chinese college girls rode up the street on bicycles, careless of the way their slit dresses exposed their thighs; Colonel Watson watched them, but the older man did not. He was looking, as he had been bid to do, at the sky.

A graduate of Yale, who made his mark as a novelist and war correspondent, JOHN HERSEY scored a nation-wide success with his novel, *A Bell for Adano*. His vivid and unforgettable account of Hiroshima, which occupied an entire issue of the *New Yorker*, has been distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

How sharply the roof tiles of the buildings they passed were edged against the blue! And what blue! Pure, a color one could see only over Peiping, with the lucency of porcelain, he thought. He saw Colonel Watson turn again and heard him shout cheerfully, "Spring moves along a lot faster here than it does in Hartford."

Colonel de Angelis found the younger man's exuberance annoying. He realized all at once that he had nothing specific and absolute with which to compare the North China weather, for he had nothing to remember as home — just the series of camps through which a regular Army man passes: was there ever spring at Fort Bragg or Camp Mills or Fort Sam Houston? how fast did all those seasons move along? Colonel Watson's remarks, whether he intended it or not, were irritating, the older man reflected. He remembered, in sudden focus — as, for some reason, he had quite a few times in recent days, while he had been rooming with Colonel Watson — several scenes at Fort Sam Houston: a parade there, the barbershop on the post, his desk at C Company headquarters.

As the rickshas swung into Rue Marco Polo and passed a couple of curio shops, Colonel Watson leaned around again and called out, "Don't get sucked into those places. Terrible gyp joints. Have you been down to Embroidery Street?"

"No."

"I'll take you down there some day. Chinese city. Same stuff as up here, only you can bargain. I'll take you down."

Colonel de Angelis decided at once that he did not want to go to Embroidery Street with Colonel Watson, who surely would bully the merchants and boast later of his triumphs. Colonel de Angelis was rather surprised at the vehemence of his feeling about the younger colonel. Ever since they had been put in the same room at the hotel, he had been annoyed by little things Watson did — the young man's long throat-clearing sessions in the bathroom in the mornings, his frequent and positive contradictions of what people said, his excellent appetite, his constant good spirits, his knowing everything and wanting to be so helpful — but Colonel de Angelis had not realized so clearly before how much he really disliked his roommate. Colonel de Angelis thought again of Fort Sam Houston; something about that place had been trying to crowd into his memory ever since he had spent his first day with Watson. Maybe, he decided, it was because he had been about Watson's age when he was there. That was in 1921 and 1922; twenty-four and -five years ago. Yes, he thought, that must be it.

Colonel Watson had turned around again. "I got a honey of a Shantung table set down there," he said, "a breakfast set, I think you call it. Only seven bucks. I knocked 'em down from twelve." Then Watson snapped his fingers at Colonel de Angelis' ricksha puller and said to him in English, "Say, boy, hubba-hubba a bit. Come alongside

here." He beckoned and flagged the coolie up. "The Colonel and I want to talk to each other. That's better."

The rickshas ran parallel. "Seems funny," Watson said, "the way they sent so many of us over here at once — colonels and lieutenant colonels. Like it, so far?"

"Well," Colonel de Angelis said, "the food in the hotel is certainly punk. If they offer me another of those cold rice pancakes after breakfast —"

"I don't know," Colonel Watson said, as he always did in preface to a disagreement. "They have a darn good steak in the grille. I don't think the food is so bad." He paused, then said, "How did they happen to send you out here? Did you ever hear?"

Colonel de Angelis wondered: Why did they send a hundred colonels and lieutenant colonels over to North China in one batch? How did they happen to choose one man or another from the tremendous replacement pool? How did they happen to pick so many men who had been passed over for promotion, and so many who had already been bumped back from brigadier? Why *did* they send me over here? The older colonel shrugged. "You know the Army," he said.

"I put in for this duty," Watson said. "The way I figured was, with the war over and me not getting overseas while it was on, China seemed like the best possible chance for advancement — for a younger man, that is," he added.

2

COLONEL DE ANGELIS thought again of Fort Sam. What was it he was trying to recall? At Fort Sam Houston he had been a captain. Those were dismal barracks. He had had the fourth bunk from the end on the right side in G. His sergeant major — what was his name? Benny something or other — that was great the time Benny pretended to trip and butted into Rassmussen. What a pathetic old character Captain Rassmussen was! Pathetic old — wait! wait!

A silver C-54 roared low over the city and for a moment it seemed to be framed, from where the colonels rode, within the pailou, the high, skeletal ceremonial gate near the top of Rue Marco Polo. "Look at that!" Colonel Watson shouted, and at once he launched into what was certain, if past recitals meant anything, to be a long account of his uneventful flight across the Pacific. Colonel de Angelis only half listened. The rasping, effusive voice went on and on; "... hit the runway right on the nose, and we hadn't been out of the overcast since Kwajalein . . ."; the story touched on all the commonplaces. Colonel de Angelis tried to distract himself by looking at the market, already crowded and obstreperous, spread out on the old glacis of the Legation Quarter, to their right as they rode — at

the too colorful Japanese obis hung like wash on a line; booths where cloth shoes, old bottles, peanuts, suitcases, sweet potatoes, Chinese fiddles were for sale; men hawking, arguing in shouts, and talking loudly simply to be heard; and, at some distance on the curb, a bicycle tire repairer waiting patiently a few yards beyond a pool of broken glass he had scattered in the street. Colonel de Angelis remembered that he had had a bicycle at Fort Sam Houston. Fort Sam after the first war hadn't seemed such a bad place; there was not much to do except avoid mistakes. On the whole, looking back, it was pretty good duty. A captaincy is a satisfying rank, when you're young. It couldn't have been so much fun for Captain Rassmussen, at his age. ("... I never saw so many wrecked ships," Colonel Watson was saying, "as we did going in over Buckner Bay. My God, that must have been some typhoon...") Colonel de Angelis, called back by the younger man's voice when it seemed all at once to get louder, wondered what it was he so disliked about Colonel Watson. The other newcomers seemed to like him all right; they considered him cheerful, a good drinker, marvelous at liars' dice, skillful at bargaining with the Chinks — a great fellow, they said. One man had even congratulated de Angelis on the luck of his draw for roommate. Anyone could room with Watson who wanted to. Perhaps, Colonel de Angelis thought, he could speak to the Chinese WASC representative at the hotel that afternoon and get himself shifted to a single room. Let's see, he thought: Get a haircut, go over to the PX for nail scissors — what was the other thing he had to do in the afternoon? ("... absolutely clear over Shanghai...") What *was* it Watson brought to his mind — or to the very edge of his mind? Was it, he wondered for a moment, something about Captain Rassmussen?

On the way into Morrison Street, Watson directed the ricksha coolies in Chinese to turn in towards Executive Headquarters at the third hutung, rather than the second, so that they could go in the side entrance. "You taking up Chinese?" he asked Colonel de Angelis. "Or," he went on in an affectionately teasing tone, "are you one of these old dogs that refuse to learn new tricks? Helps a lot, I can tell you. I got a start on it back in the States. You see, I got wind of this assignment—" and he paused, as if waiting to be told that he would always land on *his* feet, and then went on, as if taking the compliment for granted, "It doesn't hurt to keep some wires out. So when I heard about this, I lined myself up to have a couple of months in the language school up at New Haven. I still work on it pretty hard. It makes a difference, specially on bargaining. These merchants dope it out that they can't fool around: anybody that speaks even a few words must be an old China hand, that's the way they figure it. You meet a different type of people, too, with the language. You take down in Shanghai, while we were waiting to be shipped up here, I darn near got myself lined up

with a sleeping dictionary. She was a honey. Belonged to a second lieutenant who got shipped home —"

The insults this bastard devises, Colonel de Angelis thought. The rickshas turned off Morrison Street into the third alley on the right. The older man looked at the headquarters compound, which now came into sight at the dead end ahead — the massive, handsome, pseudo-Oriental buildings that had once comprised a hospital and medical school, endowed by the Rockefellers, he had heard; now a house divided three ways — two kinds of Chinese and some Americans, all ostensibly trying to bring an end to civil war. What could he do there? He knew nothing about China. Every day he grew more confused as he watched the opposing Chinese and the Americans addressing one another with elaborate but artificial gestures, like those of marionettes, as if they were trying by sheer energy to make convincing the things they were saying — things that nobody could possibly believe. He had been in Peiping two weeks, and still there had been no decision as to whether he would be in the operations section here in Peiping or would be sent out with a field team. He was somehow afraid of the buildings, with the kind of vague fear he would have felt if the compound were still a hospital, with ether heavy in the corridors.

Colonel Watson, who had also been looking at the buildings, turned and asked, "No, really, aside from the food, do you think you're going to like it here?"

Like it? Like it? "I guess it'll be all right."

And then, unmistakably, in the sound of that "Like it?" he recognized the one of whom Colonel Watson reminded him: it was of himself.

3

THE Crescent, though by no means the finest speak-easy in San Antonio in 1921, nor that with the safest liquor, seemed to attract more soldiers and officers than any other. Its mirrors, cheap smoked wood wainscoting, and brass chandeliers were like those of an old saloon; the place was ironically decorated, Colonel de Angelis remembered, with cartoons of John Barleycorn, photographs of Volstead and Miss Frances Willard and a convention of Band of Hope children, framed clippings of prohibitionist news, and a cross-stitched motto: "The voters do not have the courage to vote as they drink — Dr. N. M. Butler."

Colonel de Angelis remembered that he and Captain Rassmussen had sat that night — a winter night, late in 1921, it must have been — at a table against the wall opposite the bar. The place was crowded with all sorts: fairly well dressed couples, workmen in denim, girls looking for pickups. Captain de Angelis' uniform was crisp and his buttons bright. Captain Rassmussen seemed very tired. He was nearly sixty and would never be anything but

a captain. He had blond hair with some gray in it, and a ruddy, finely wrinkled face. He had been at Fort Sam Houston only about a month, and de Angelis had asked him, a few days before, to take a seventy-two with him to San Antonio.

When he had invited Rassmussen, de Angelis had believed he did it because he liked the older man, who had been cheerful enough around the post, and full of stories of the old-time Army; on the way into San Antonio, he had decided it had been because he pitied Rassmussen; and after a few hours in the town, when he had found that the older man had no appetite for food, hadn't the faintest desire to work up a date with a girl, wanted only two drinks, was satisfied with a captaincy, did not dislike his superiors, laughed about everything but never as if he meant it, wanted nothing, had nothing, was nothing — then de Angelis realized that he resented Rassmussen. He began to tease him. At first he was fairly subtle, and stuck so close to the truth, alternately praising and criticizing the elderly captain, that Rassmussen could not, at first, be anything but gratified, if slightly puzzled, by his young friend's interest in him.

Later, however, when de Angelis found that his anger at the older man only grew with his own elation, he began to be comparatively obvious. He made more and more references to age. He talked about the Army's retirement and pension systems. He remarked that he had noticed how exhausted Rassmussen had looked out on parade a couple of days before. And he asked over and over whether Rassmussen liked being a captain at his age. Eventually this had become a half-drunken refrain: "Do you like it? Do you like it?" At last the older officer said, without particular anger, but looking quite defeated, "Say, I believe you're being darned unkind." De Angelis apologized and protested — quite convincingly, he felt — that he hadn't meant a thing by his remarks. He had, of course; he knew he had. He had meant that he was young and had the best of his career ahead of him, and Rassmussen was getting old.

The rickshas pulled up at the side gate of the headquarters compound. Colonel Watson asked in Chinese how much his coolie wanted, and after several sentences of conversation, in which mock outrage was displayed on both sides, he gave the coolie some bills and turned away laughing.

"How much do you give these jokers?" Colonel de Angelis asked.

"Let him have five hundred," Watson said. "It's

too much, but he'll give you a better ride next time."

Colonel de Angelis handed his puller some bills. At once the coolie began protesting in noisy Chinese. "What's he saying?" the older Colonel asked Watson.

"Just the usual stink. Come on."

Colonel de Angelis stepped over the shafts and started toward the entranceway. The coolie followed with hands outstretched, sneering at the bill he held, talking louder and louder, higher and higher, and — it seemed to Colonel de Angelis — more and more abusively. The older colonel turned and said with as much authority and contempt as he could convey in a language that would not be understood, "That's enough. Now hang up." He wheeled and walked on. But the coolie only shouted more, and he ran and caught up with the Colonel and put a dirty hand on the officer's sleeve and then grabbed the sleeve and waved the bills in front of the American's face.

"Come on!" Colonel Watson shouted. He was about ten paces ahead. His voice was cheerful, and it was young.

The coolie tugged hard at Colonel de Angelis' sleeve. The elderly colonel turned abruptly and, reaching across with his right hand, pulled out his swagger stick and aimed and flashed it backhand.

Colonel de Angelis knew at once what he had done. He glanced around and saw that Watson had started walking springily — perhaps tactfully? had he seen? — up the steps into the entrance court. Colonel de Angelis looked out to see if there had been any American officers coming along the street; there had not. The coolie stood with his right hand partly hiding the red stripe the swagger stick had printed on his cheek, his left hand still stretched out waving the paper money; he was silent now.

With a slow, awkward, exaggerated movement, like that of a drunken man, Colonel de Angelis groped in his breast pocket for his wallet, took it out, opened it, got out a bill for a thousand Chinese dollars — twice the original fare — and offered it to the coolie, who took it and turned away without speaking. Colonel de Angelis stepped rather erratically toward the entrance. The two Chinese sentries standing at the gate saluted him with mechanical eagerness. He transferred the swagger stick from his right hand back under his left arm, and returned their greeting. As the old colonel started up the steps, he saw that the younger man was already indoors. There didn't seem to be any faces in the windows around the wide entrance court.



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

MRS. MIKE

The Story of Katherine Mary Flannigan

by BENEDICT and NANCY FREEDMAN

I

THE worst winter in fifty years, the old Scotsman had told me. I'd only been around for sixteen, but it was the worst I'd seen. On the north side of the train the windows were plastered with snow, and on the south side great clouds of snow were whipped along by a sixty-mile gale. There was snow on top of the train and snow under the train, and all the snow there was left in the world in front of the train, which was why we were stopped.

"They're sending us snowplows, no doubt," the old Scotsman said. I looked out the window, but it was no snowplow I could see, nor the road, but only whirling, boiling, rushing gray-white snow.

"You'll be telling your children you were in the blizzard of 1907," the old man chuckled. "I was speaking to the conductor a while back. It's forty below and dropping." He opened his book and began to read.

It was because of my pleurisy I was being sent to Uncle John, who lived in Calgary, Alberta. Up till 1905 Alberta had been part of the great Northwest Territories, and it gave me a real thrill to go to a place that had been officially civilized for only two years.

My mother had had her doubts about letting me go into such a wilderness. We looked it up on a map of North America, and Alberta seemed awfully empty. Our part of the country, which was Boston, was covered with winding black lines meaning roads, and barbed-wire lines meaning railroads, and circles of all sizes meaning cities and towns. In Alberta there was none of this reassuring confusion. A couple of thin blue rivers, a couple of crooked lakes, and the map maker was through.

However, the doctors said the cold dry climate of Alberta would be good for my lungs, and Uncle John said it was a long, long time since he had seen one of his kin, and so at last my mother gave in and let me go.

I promised I'd dress warm and keep dry and not go out into the night where there were bears.

"Now, there's a lot of snow up in those North places," Mother cautioned me, "and you'll always remember to wear your woolen socks. And when

there's a cold wind blowing, on with your shawl and button up."

"Yes, Mother," I said. She kissed me, smiled and cried, and the train pulled out. Now here I was in one of those "North places" and the old Scotsman was calling to me from across the aisle.

One of the trainmen had wiped off the frost from his window. The Scotsman pointed, and there against the stock fence along the right of way were hundreds of cows and steers, blown across the prairies by that icy gale and packed densely along the fence, frozen and dead.

There was frost all over my window, except where I had scratched a clear space to look out, and except for KATHERINE MARY O'FALLON printed underneath, and except for where I had drawn Juno's ears. I had put Juno in the big lunch basket Mother had given me. I had to keep him in there during the day because dogs were supposed to be kept in the baggage car and there was a mean porter on this train. Juno was the worry of my life. He had broken a strand of wicker, and I was always in terror that he'd stick that black nose of his out the hole.

The train was just about stopped again. I thought maybe it was another snowplow come to clear off the tracks, so I tried to look out. But the window had frosted up in just that little while. I had to blow on it and scrape it off. There wasn't much to see; snow on everything and not many trees.

We stopped, and I followed the people who were getting off to walk around and stretch their legs. It was awfully cold, and I'd forgotten to put my sweater on under my coat. Before long I climbed on the nearest coach and walked through to mine.

My berth had been made up, and I didn't see Juno's basket. I climbed in and searched frantically, looking into the most impossible places. I ran down the car. I ran back and, throwing myself on my stomach, peered under the berth. There was the basket, tucked away next to my valise, but even as I pulled it out, I knew it was empty.

The wheels began to turn, and an awful feeling stabbed into me that maybe he was under them.

I began a frantic search under seats, between bags, and around legs. A gray-haired man stopped me. "If you're looking for a black cocker spaniel, the porter has him. Carried him down that way." I started running. He was still talking, but I couldn't wait. Maybe they'd put Juno off. Maybe he was out there on the track, wandering lost around the station.

I was at the end of the coach and pulling at the heavy door, when I stopped. On the other side, the frightening covered part where the cars join, was Juno. He was sitting up on his hind legs because the mean porter was holding little bits of meat for him. I looked hard at the porter, and anyone could see that he wasn't mean, but only sad and thin.

2

THEY called me early, but I was already awake. This was the day we'd be getting in, and I had a lot to do. First I got out the red plaid dress I'd been saving. I was sorry now I hadn't worn it, because it was all in little lines that wouldn't fall out. It had been thirty days in that suitcase.

I combed Juno and then gathered up my clothes and took them into the ladies' room. I thought I looked very well in my new dress, even if it was wrinkled. People with red hair as a rule look awful in red, but my hair has enough brown in it to be called auburn. I tried to put it up in the figure eight my mother wore low on her neck. It was harder to do than I expected, because my hair is curly and wouldn't coöperate. But when I had it up I looked at least eighteen — too bad I had to spoil it by putting a ribbon on. That was the way Uncle John was to recognize me, by the big blue ribbon in my hair.

People began coming in to dress. I was fascinated by a very fat woman dressing inside her nightgown. She had her hands inside and pulled everything up from the bottom.

It was getting crowded near the looking glass, and the ladies began pushing. I had to decide where to put the ribbon. I fastened it in the right side and started back to my berth. The Scotsman shook my hands, both of them. "It's been a fine trip. I hope you meet your uncle all right. It's been a pleasure knowing you, Miss O'Fallon."

Uncle John, Uncle John — I tried to fix the name with a body. Tall and dark, a lean face, Mother had said. What if he wasn't there? What would I do? What if he was there and didn't recognize me, and went away? What if he didn't like me?

The train was stopping. I grabbed Juno and put him in the basket. What would I say to Uncle John? Should I call him Uncle John, or Uncle, or — Would he really be here? I couldn't believe it — John Kennedy, my mother's brother.

Ten minutes later I was standing on the platform, and a tall, dark, lean gentleman with eyes

just like my mother's was smiling and saying, "Katherine Mary?"

Right then and there I put my arms around him and kissed him. Then I looked at him again. "I hope you're my Uncle John," I said.

"Yes, I'm your Uncle John." Then he looked at me hard. "Just like your mother."

Uncle John had a big coon coat for me. I put it on right over my other coat, and it felt good. I climbed into the cutter, sat on a buffalo robe, and had another thrown over my knees. The buffalo robes excited Juno. He took a corner of one in his mouth and rocked back and forth, growling 'way down in his throat.

We started up. All Uncle did was pick up the reins, but those horses knew. It was like flying. We startled up the snow on every side, and the wind blew a challenge. Juno was completely subdued and lay against me with his nose under my arm.

I snuggled into the furs and took a couple of quick looks at Uncle John. He was dressed in a coon coat too and fur mittens. And a fur cap pulled down over his ears.

"What kind of fur is that?" I pointed to the mittens.

"Beaver."

I could see Uncle John wasn't much of a one for talking. "And the cap too?" I asked.

"Yes."

Well, that subject seemed to be exhausted. I was about to settle back and look at things when Uncle surprised me. "How did you leave your mother, Kathy?"

"Mother's fine," I said. "She sends you her love."

Uncle John nodded his head and grunted. I tried to figure out what feeling that expressed, but I couldn't. So after a while I gave up and just watched the town go by. "Calgary's a big city, isn't it?"

"Yes," Uncle said, "mighty big."

That was that.

It took us two days to get to Uncle's ranch. We were almost there when I noticed a difference in the air. It seemed warmer, and the sky flushed a deep rose. The glow spread over everything. "Uncle John," I said, "my face feels warm."

Uncle smiled. When I say he smiled, I mean he smiled with his eyes. They twinkled and wrinkled, and that's about as much of a smile as he could manage. "It's going to chinook," he said.

"What's that?"

"You'll see soon enough, Kathy." By that time I knew my uncle well enough to know I'd hear no more about chinooks. I puzzled over the word a long time. It sounded Indian. Or maybe Eskimo.

"Well, we're here," Uncle said.

I looked around. We had turned off into an icy path, and I could see a fence. But that was all I could see.

"Up ahead." Uncle pointed.

Yes, there was smoke. Soon I was able to make out a large square house, log-built. A man waved and shouted. Juno began to bark excitedly.

"Hello, Jim," my uncle said. "Where's Johnny?"

Jim didn't answer. He was grinning at me. He even started to remove his beaver cap. Uncle looked at me with twinkling eyes. "I thought it better not to tell your mother that there's only one other white girl in these parts. This is Jim, one of the hands. Miss O'Fallon, my niece."

"Pleasure to meet you." Jim was still grinning.

We got out of the cutter, and it felt good to be standing on solid ground.

"Where's Johnny?" Uncle asked again.

Jim's smile broadened. "Out celebrating the Boer War."

Uncle grunted, and we went into the house. The contrast in temperature between indoors and outdoors was so great that I ripped my furs off before I said a word or looked around or did anything else.

Uncle showed me over the house. It had two bedrooms, a big kitchen, and a front room. It was very comfortable. Uncle had ten hands working the place, mostly looking after cattle. "They sleep in the bunkhouse," he said.

"Is one of them named Johnny?" I asked, because I was wondering about what Jim had said.

"No." Uncle took out his pipe and lighted up. "No, Johnny lives here with me. Does the cooking."

"Where is he?"

"You heard what Jim says, he's out celebrating."

"But Jim said he was celebrating the Boer War."

Uncle John puffed a while. "Yes," he said at last, "that's right. You see, we were in it together. That's where I knew Johnny."

I thought of all the snow outside, and the miles and miles of nothing. "But how does he celebrate?"

"Humph!" Uncle said. And that was all I could get out of him.

3

I HAD gone to bed with Juno and a four-stripe Hudson's Bay blanket. Uncle had given me a white one because the Indians said the white were the warmest. But that night it chinooked, and I threw off all my covers, for it blew hot and warm. The red glow deepened in the sky. In twenty-four hours the snow disappeared.

"Uncle," I asked, "what's happened? Overnight it's spring."

"Chinook," he said. "It's a current of air from the west, warmed by the Japanese Current. It moves in over our mountains and down. It gets warmer and drier as it comes. And when it reaches the prairie, the thaw sets in."

At first I ran around and looked at everything. The earth was bare, with little grass blades pricking at it. What I had thought was field melted,

and the Red Deer River ran its course. Juno and I took a long walk along its banks, looking into the swift, turbulent waters and listening for the different tones as it rushed at stones and boulders. We watched the ice break and disappear. The larger chunks were carried past like white rafts. It would have been a wild journey for anyone riding those ice cakes, for they whirled and struck — and for a moment lay in the shelter of the shallows before another eddy spun them on again.

We left the river and wandered up near the cut banks. They were low beds that once were mountain streams. Now they were dry, and cattle were grazing there, thousands of them. Juno barked and barked, but not one of the shaggy heads lifted to look at us. It is very fertile in these canyons, and the cattle graze all year round.

But today the snow had gone. Everywhere, from all things, there fell a constant drip: from branches, from roots, from boulders, from eaves. I went to sleep my second night on the ranch to the uneven rhythm of that wet, pattering sound. In the morning the sun shone on the moisture-soaked earth, and the sound of wet air shaking itself into the Red Deer torrent made a subtle kind of counterpoint. This magic land — this was the North.

I walked again to the river. It was much higher than the day before. In some places water ran over the prairie, keeping pace with the strong current of the river. I saw men at a distance, driving cattle. They shouted and waved at me. But the wind carried their words away, and I couldn't hear. One of the figures separated itself from the group and came riding for me. It was Uncle John. "Back to the house," he yelled. "Get back to the house."

I wasn't used to being shouted at. Without answering, I turned and walked back.

No one was in the house. No one came for lunch either. I got awfully hungry, and when I couldn't hold out any longer, I looked around in the kitchen and ended by eating some dried fruit. It was four o'clock by then, and I was feeling very lonesome and neglected. Even Juno was no company. He kept whining, and every once in a while let out a sharp bark. That made me nervous.

At first I thought I imagined it, but then I sat very still and listened, minute after minute. I was not mistaken. A low mournful sound vibrated through the house.

It was after dark when the men came trooping back, tired and silent. I'd been mad at all of them, but when I saw them, the anger went out of me. I put some coffee on the stove. It was hot and black, and the men relaxed.

"How many you reckon we lost?"

"Hundred head, maybe."

"MacDonald's lost more," Uncle said.

"What happened?" I felt I could ask it now.

Uncle John gulped coffee. "Stock drowned."

"Drowned?"

"The men have been rounding them up for three,

four days, since we first knew it was going to chinook. But there were a couple thousand head to get out."

I still couldn't understand. "But how did they drown?"

"Ice jammed. Blocked the river. Flooded the prairie. We were working in three feet of water, and it was rising all the time."

I tried to shut out the picture of thousands of beasts helpless in the flood.

I filled up the cups all around. Then Uncle John went on. "It went rushing and foaming into the canyons where the herds were grazing. We rounded them out as fast as we could. Got most of them. Got more than some. MacDonald lost five hundred head."

I closed my eyes.

"Happens every year, Miss," one of the men said. "Most times we get 'em out. Sometimes we don't."

I felt sick. Only that morning I'd seen them in the arroyos, red and white patches of them going on for miles.

I knew now what that strange monotonous vibration had been — the lowing of panic-stricken cows and steers struggling for a foothold, thrashing and churning till the water turned muddy. Men shouted at them, horses nudged them, water lashed over them, and their fear burst loose, stampeding them. The young fell and were trodden. They cried their soft low cry of terror, and the walls of the room had sounded with it. I looked at the eleven men sitting there in soggy boots. This, too, was the North.

4

I WAS in the kitchen, just finishing seven berry pies. They were currant — dried currants, at that. I'd never done this much cooking before, and I was up to my elbows in flour. There came an awful knock at the front door, as though someone were kicking it. I walked into the living room and stood uncertainly looking at the door. The thumping continued.

"Who's there?" I asked. An extra kick was the only answer. I was alone in the house. "Who's there?" I asked again.

"Open the door — or I'll leave him on the porch!"

My first thought was that Uncle John had been hurt. I opened the door. A tall young man in a bright red jacket strode in. He carried a man on his back.

"Holy St. Patrick!" I cried. "Is he dead?"

The young man laughed and dumped his burden down on the couch. "Smell him," he said.

I did. The odor reminded me of John L. Sullivan, the fighter. He used to stay at our house. He had a watch with diamond shamrocks on the back, and every time he'd come in smelling like this, there'd be one less diamond shamrock on that watch.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Johnny Flaherty."

So this was the missing Johnny. "Will you turn him over, please." I wanted a good look at him. He

turned him, and I saw a little man with a big, shaggy mustache and a pale face with a yellow tinge to it.

"He needs some black coffee. You'd better be putting it on."

I whirled around. I was five feet, four and one-half inches, but I had to look up, 'way up. "I thank you kindly for bringing him back, and I'll thank you to be on your way again, for I'm taking no orders from an English soldier."

"An English soldier, am I? And what gave you that idea?" He frowned down at me, and he was very good-looking.

"With that red coat, you're either off to a fox hunt or you're a British peeler, or maybe you're both."

"You little chit — look at the size of you and you insulting the uniform!"

That made me mad. He could have noticed my naturally curly hair or my eyes, instead of my size.

"Well, if you're not an Englishman, who are you?"

"I'm Sergeant Mike Flannigan, of the Northwest Mounted."

I never could really have thought he was an Englishman, not with the lilt he had to his speech.

Johnny Flaherty moaned from the couch. I had almost forgotten him.

"Miss O'Fallon," the sergeant said patiently, "will you get the poor man some coffee?"

I decided to let this Irish cop know whom he was dealing with. Without a word I walked off into the kitchen. I heard Mike Flannigan singing, in a good and certainly big baritone, something that went "Heave ho, heave ho!" at the end of every line. In a moment he came in with Johnny Flaherty on his back again.

"Whatever are you doing?"

Mike backed up to the pump and slid Johnny off his back, then whirled to catch him as he sagged limply on the floor. Mike Flannigan braced him with a knee and a hand against the wall. With the other hand he pumped. "Got to sober him up before your uncle gets back."

The water came in a sudden stream. He pushed Johnny's head under it and continued pumping. For a moment there was no reaction except a feeble sputtering. Then suddenly Johnny let out a whoop and began thrashing wildly in all directions and using the same words John L. Sullivan used.

Flaherty's arms and legs flayed out at every angle. The only stationary part of him was his head, which Mike held relentlessly under the pump. Profanity and water ran down the dripping mustache into the drain. And all the time Mike soothed him in a low soft brogue.

"Don't tell me you were celebrating an honorable historical event like the Boer War by getting completely and disgustingly drunk? And what's it an anniversary of, this time?"

"Mafeking," Johnny said. "The Battle of Mafeking." His speech was no longer thick.

"Uh-uh," Mike said. "You celebrated that last time, only six weeks ago. How many times a year

does a date come around?" His pump hand started working. "What month is this?"

"Isn't it February?" Johnny asked. "That's right," he screamed, with his head halfway to the pump. "It's April! Must've got mixed up for a moment."

"You must have," Mike said; and then, in his most beguiling tone, "What did you say you were celebrating, Johnny?"

"The victory of Ladysmith," Johnny said, and they both started laughing. Johnny grabbed a towel and started rubbing his head and face, and then wound the towel around his neck.

He turned to me and gave me a sheepish grin. "I feel rotten, Miss Katherine. Besides which, your uncle's going to be like the black Satan for the next few days. I hope you can bring yourself to overlook the disgusting spectacle I've made of myself."

"She shouldn't forgive you, you old toper, and that's a fact."

"Keep out of this, Sergeant," snapped Johnny, without taking his worried, red-veined eyes off me.

"Mr. Flaherty," I said, "I'm sorry to learn you're a drinking man. My mother always said it was the curse of the Irish, but if you like your coffee as strong as your drink, it's ready for you."

He seized the cup avidly in his hands. "And God bless you for this and for your forgivin' ways. It's an angel, in truth, has come to live with us." He drank the coffee down without taking breath. "I'll have a second cup, Miss, and then I'll go to bed."

Johnny drank down his second cup as he had his first. The front door slammed. "It's your uncle!" Johnny was terrified. "I'm in bed! Tell him I came home peaceful and went straight to bed." And Johnny was out the one door before Uncle John was in the other.

5

UNCLE walked right up to Mike Flannigan and shook him by the hand. "It's good to see you, Mike. What brings you into our part of the country?"

"Well, John, rumor has it that a young lady has been seen in these parts, and I thought I'd better check on it." He laughed and flashed his eyes at me to see how I was taking that.

"He came to bring Johnny home," I said.

Uncle stopped laughing and his mouth clamped into a line. "Johnny home?" he asked.

"Yeah," Mike said, but he didn't seem to want to say anything more than that.

"Come home walking?"

"Sure," Mike said.

"Sergeant Flannigan," I began, "you know very well —"

"I'm not saying he didn't need a little assistance," Mike put in, and looked at me in a way that made me know I'd better shut up. I did.

But Uncle John was mad. Plenty mad. He didn't say anything. Just walked into the room he shared

with Johnny. We could hear them in there going at it. Uncle John would start quiet and end shouting, and then Johnny would shout too, so that neither one could hear what the other was saying. And that was probably just as well. I was embarrassed that Sergeant Mike had to hear it. But he seemed to be enjoying it.

I went on preparing the dinner and setting the table and pretending I didn't know what the words meant, although I did from John L. Sullivan. I was getting madder and madder at Mike Flannigan, so mad that I put two sets of spoons on the table and no forks. He noticed when I took off the extra spoons and laughed harder.

I stopped squarely in front of him. "What do you find so amusing, Sergeant?"

"A young lady like yourself in Alberta Territory."

I didn't know what he meant by that, so I looked at him sharply as though I did know. "Will you please tell my uncle that dinner is ready?"

"What about the hands?"

"They've eaten, all ten of them." I must have sounded tired, for he went for Uncle right away.

They came back, Uncle John not saying much. I didn't say much either, because I was mad, and Mike didn't say much, because he was eating. After a while, when I'd stood it as long as I could, I asked my uncle, in a very polite voice, if he'd care for more potatoes. He put down his fork. "Katherine Mary," he said, "I think you're not too favorably impressed with my friend Johnny Flaherty?"

"I'm not," I said.

"Well," my uncle said, "he takes a lot of putting up with, but it's worth it to have the best cook in the Northwest."

I remembered the mud on Johnny's clothes and hands, and his face going from green to purple under the pump. "He can cook," I said, "but it's a question in my mind if I'd care to eat it."

My uncle pushed back his chair, and so did Mike.

"Well," said Mike, "when are you going to teach Kathy to shoot?"

"You mean go hunting?" I couldn't believe it.

"Johnny bought her a twenty-two in town," Uncle said.

"You won't be needing any ammunition," Mike said, and grinned at me.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, you can use the currants in those seven currant pies you baked."

Was there really something wrong with the pies? I'd been saving mine for later because I was full. But I walked to the table and took a big bite of it to show him. It was as if I had pebbles in my mouth. I wondered what was wrong. But I wasn't going to ask them, because they were laughing at me and because my mouth was too full of that currant rock pile to talk. I made a fake gulp and tried to hold my mouth naturally as if I had swallowed them.

Mike said good-bye. I didn't answer because I couldn't. He took my hand and leaned toward me

till my hair brushed his cheek. "Spit 'em out," he said softly, "and next time, cook 'em."

I did no more cooking for a while. Johnny was back on the job, and he would only let me in the kitchen to sniff. But I made him promise to let me get the dinner if ever Sergeant Mike Flannigan returned.

Oh, it was a fine revenge I was preparing for him! I would make currant pies with currants so soft and juicy they would melt in the mouths of the men, but his I would fill with buckshot. And while the others ate and enjoyed, he would break his jaws. Then I would say, not to him but to the walls, "It is weak teeth these redcoats have."

6

ROSIE was a red-and-white Indian cayuse, and Uncle John had told me Rosie was mine for as long as I stayed with him. But he hadn't told Rosie. She was more trouble than a bag of wildcats. Some days she acted as if she had swallowed a pint of pepper. She dashed here and there, trotted and galloped and jumped ditches, whether I wanted to or not. The next day she would mope; a slow walk was her fancy, a slow walk that grew tireder and tireder and at last stopped altogether. If I kicked her, she'd go into a bumpy jog, two steps walking and two steps trot, and the moment my attention wandered, Rosie stopped.

Hard as it was to ride Rosie, it was harder to saddle her. I threw a blanket and saddle on her back. That was easy. But the moment I threaded the end of the cinch strap through the rings, Rosie's eyes met mine, her nostrils twitched, she sucked in an enormous breath, and her stomach swelled up like a sausage balloon. Pull as I would, I could barely fasten the strap. I mounted her, out came her breath, the saddle slithered around, and the blanket worked loose.

On the ride back this particular day I just let Rosie lope along. I only pulled at the reins when she stopped to eat grass, which she did as often as she thought she could get away with it. Suddenly I jerked her up so hard and short she rolled her eyes and flicked her ears at me. I hadn't meant to, but coming over the hill to the north of me was another rider.

In such wild and open country you rarely meet anyone, but it wasn't that that made me pull at Rosie. Even at a distance I could see that the rider was tall, and that he was dressed in red. I told Rosie that there were other Mounties in the world, and it probably wasn't Mike at all. But I didn't believe myself, and my heart pounded fast and made more noise than Rosie's hoofs.

He was close enough now for me to see his uniform — red jacket, dark-blue riding breeches with a yellow stripe, long brown boots, spurs, holster, beaver cap on top of black waving hair.

"How do you do, Sergeant Flannigan?"

"Get off your horse," he said. That was certainly not the way to greet a young woman you hadn't seen in three weeks. I gave him what I hoped was an icy look and dug my heels into Rosie, who shot off.

Mike wheeled his horse and took after me. It was a short race because he rode that big black horse of his right in front of Rosie. She stopped short; I went pitching forward and would have fallen if Mike hadn't reached out and grabbed me and set me back in the saddle again.

He dismounted. "Get down," he said.

I sat there with my lips pressed hard together, thinking things I could only have said if I'd been Johnny or John L. Sullivan.

Sergeant Mike reached up, put his two hands around my waist, and lifted me down. For just a minute I was standing awfully close to him, and for that minute I couldn't do anything.

But I pulled away from him. "Mike Flannigan," I said, "you're not to push me around and pull me off horses. I'll tell my uncle, and he and Johnny and the ten hands will ride you down, and even if you are a Mounty, they'll hog-tie you and —" I had started out in a low, frigid voice, but by now I was yelling, and he watched me, slightly amused, as if I were putting on a show for him.

"Katherine Mary, you're the hardest girl in the world to do anything for."

I looked at him a little uncertainly. "What did you want to do for me?"

"I want to teach you to manage your horse."

There he was telling me again.

"I know how to manage my horse."

Mike laughed. "If you could have seen yourself bouncing all over, like a jack-in-the-box, you wouldn't think so."

"I ride very well."

"You would if you'd tighten your cinch."

"But Rosie —" I changed my mind. I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of showing me or telling me anything more.

"But Rosie blows out her stomach when you go to pull it tight. Is that it?"

"How'd you —" Then I saw the grin on his face. "Yes, that's it."

"Well, look. Here's what you've got to do." He undid Rosie's cinch and held it ready to tighten. Rosie took her usual big breath, blowing out her belly till it looked like a barrel. When she had it completely extended, Mike cracked her across the back with the flat of his hand. Rosie was so surprised she gave a sort of gasp, and all the breath went out of her. Her sides deflated like a punctured balloon, and in that moment the cinch was pulled in and tightened.

"There," said Mike. "Now you do it."

I tried to, but the first time I didn't hit hard enough, and the second time I forgot to pull the cinch, but finally I got it.

"Did I do it right?" I asked, knowing very well I had but wanting a little praise out of him.

"Now, another thing," said Mike. "You're riding English on a Western saddle. You've got to let out those stirrups." He slipped them in a lower notch. "Try that," and he handed me up.

"How is it? Comfortable?"

I had decided to say it was all wrong, but he asked me so eagerly that I had to let him be right. "Yes, it's much better." He looked at me and smiled, not that teasing grin but a sweet, gentle, kind smile. He had blue eyes, the bluest I had ever seen.

We looked at each other for a few minutes. Then I realized neither one of us was talking. And he was looking at me in a queer way. Of course, the sun was in his eyes, and it might have been that.

7

FOR a week I had been after Uncle John to get his permission to go to the O'Malleys' dance with Mike. And all I could get out of him was "I'm thinking it over."

I made a face to myself, but he caught me.

"And what's the matter, Kathy?" he said. "Don't you believe I'm thinking it over?"

I fired up. "You've been thinking it over night and day for a week," I said. "It's a wonder you've had time to attend to the cattle and the house and the accounts."

"Well," he said, "when's the dance?"

"Tonight."

"Your mother might not be wanting you to run off to dances at your age, even if it is with a Mounty, so I'll have to continue to think it over." He turned toward the door. "But get your clothes ready, just in case —"

When Mike came to pick me up, Uncle John was still thinking it over. He said he'd let me know his decision when we came back.

We laughed together as we saddled our horses.

"Your Uncle John," said Mike, "never says anything straight on. Always hits it sideways."

We rode off over the muddy road. A light irritating rain was falling, and I kept reaching down to make sure none of it was trickling off Rosie's back into the saddlebag. In that saddlebag was my dance dress, very carefully folded, with round twists of newspaper in the folds to prevent creases. In my mackinaw pants and beaver coat I looked like Mike's kid brother, but bouncing on Rosie's side I had a dress that would remind him that I was a girl. Blue and shining it was, with heavy ruffles and a slender waist; and my blue shoes that matched were at the very bottom so as not to crush anything.

The O'Malley barn could be heard long before it could be seen. As we rode up the hill we heard the shrill notes of a fiddle start up, and the laughing and talk die down. Two Indians galloped by us in a wild silent race. The rain stopped for a while, and

there was a pale gleam in the west where the moon was trying to break through. Mike stopped at the barn and told me to go up to the house to change. But I wanted to look in at the dance first.

Four or five Indians were standing around the door. They were dressed in dark-blue suits; and although the suits were all the same size, the Indians weren't. Mike opened the door, and I peered into the huge, dimly lit room. A few smoky oil lamps hung from the rafters, throwing long, flickering shadows on the floor. The dancers were in a fast and furious square dance, but as far as I could make out there were ten men to every woman on the floor, and a few hundred more men lined up along the walls. Three fiddlers played wildly in the back, and near them a tall ferocious 'breed with a dirty handkerchief around his neck plucked at a guitar. I heard the caller yelling above the racket, "Join hands round for a Birdie in the Cage! Get your partner and swing her off the floor! Join hands round — Birdie fly out and Hawkie fly in! Hawkie fly out, give Birdie a swing! Everybody join hands and swing her all around!"

A space cleared in the center of the floor, and I watched a heavy-shouldered giant of a man swing his partner around and around, with everybody clapping and stamping. Her beaded moccasins barely touched the floor, her skirts billowed out, and her head was thrown back, eyes closed. I was frightened and excited and anxious to join the dance myself.

"I'll run up to the house and change," I told Mike. I walked out, and the four Indians in their blue suits looked at me and grinned. Mike appeared, glaring.

"I'll take you," he said.

When we came back to the dance, it was even more crowded. White trappers, 'breeds, and Indians fought over the few Indian girls. I felt eyes staring at me from every corner. Before I threaded my way through the first square dance, I had received twenty proposals, including marriage. I was the only white girl there.

I never had time to sit down and catch my breath. Sometimes in the patterns of a dance I would be swept away from Mike. Arms would tighten around me, and faces would flash by — dark Indian faces gleaming with sweat and grease; red Scottish faces shining with heat; small French faces secretly smiling. The music flew by in wild, erratic rhythm, the laughter was loud and excited, and the floor of the barn shook under the heavy steps of the men.

Unexpectedly I heard Mike's voice in my ear. "Come over to the side," he said, taking my hand. "There's going to be trouble." I followed Mike's eyes and saw a pale man standing uncertainly by the door, scrutinizing the dancers.

"George Bailey," Mike said. "And Bull MacGregor is here with the girl."

"What girl? Who's Bull MacGregor? Where?"

But my questions were answered quickly. Nearly everyone had stopped dancing, and a path opened. At one end of it I could see the giant who had whirled his partner in the air during "Birdie in the Cage." A six-foot-four Scotsman he was, with dirty red hair and an uneven beard. At the other end of the hushed dancers stood George Bailey. He didn't look at Bull MacGregor or the slender Indian girl, half his size, who stood next to him, staring at the floor. Instead, he looked over at Mike. There was whispering and talking from the crowd. Someone snickered, and the musicians went at their fiddles in an effort to start the dance again.

Mike and I watched Bull MacGregor swagger insolently past George Bailey on his way to the door. His girl half ran, half walked along with him. Bailey did not move; his hollow face showed no expression. MacGregor opened the door, and the wet air blew in. But the girl had turned around and stood staring at George Bailey. Her face also was expressionless, but her whole body was tense and expectant. MacGregor tapped her on the shoulder, but she did not feel it. He said something in a low voice. The girl didn't move. He flushed from his forehead into the neck of his open shirt, and he hit the girl in the face, a hard short blow.

We all watched George Bailey. He was crossing the floor, slowly, steadily. His mouth was slightly open and his hand trembled, but he didn't quicken his pace.

Bull MacGregor waited, leaning forward, swinging his huge fists, heavy as sledges. The girl scrambled to her feet and seized his arm. MacGregor flung her off, and she fell toward me and Mike. Her lip was bleeding, and there was a long purple welt on her cheek.

"Do something, Mike!" I pushed him. "Put him in jail."

"Yes, yes, in jail," the girl sobbed, clinging to me. "He kill him, he kill him!"

George Bailey was about ten feet away. He stopped uncertainly, hesitated, but MacGregor rushed him with a bellow that made me understand why they called him "Bull." There was a flurry of punches, Mike and two other men stepped into the struggle, and it was all over in a second. Bull's right arm was slashed and bleeding, and Bailey lay on the floor, shaking his head queerly. The two men helped him to his feet and pulled him away, while Mike stood in front of MacGregor and talked to him in a low voice.

"I'll forget the scratch," Bull said, "but if I see him around again, I'm going to let the dirty 'breed have it."

He turned toward the girl. "And now *you*, come on!" He put his hand on her shoulder and sprayed blood all over us both.

"Sergeant Mike, put him in jail," the girl pleaded. "He beat me, he choke me, he try kill me! Look —" and she started to undo the collar of her dress.

"Let her alone for tonight, Bull," Mike said.

MacGregor growled something and turned toward the door. The blood was still trickling down his arm, but he ignored it.

"Mike," I said angrily, "do something for her. That big bully! I'd just like to have seen him lay a hand on me."

Mike grinned. "All right," he said to the girl, "he beats you?"

"He try kill me all the time."

"And you're through with him for good?"

"Yes, yes, through, finished."

"All right. Come in in the morning and sign a complaint, and we'll arrest him."

"Yes! Yes!"

"And you can stay here tonight. I'll speak to the O'Malleys. They'll put you up."

Mike signed to an older woman, who came over to take her away. Her fingers clung to me, and she repeated, "Yes — in jail, in jail!"

I watched till the door shut behind her. The fiddles started up again with renewed vigor. But I wasn't interested in music or dancing any more.

"Mike," I whispered, "you *will* put that man in jail?"

He smiled. "She won't come in to sign a complaint. She won't even stay here tonight. In an hour she'll go home to Bull."

"No!" I cried, horrified.

"It's happened before," Mike said calmly. "They always go back."

"Well," I said, turning a little red, "if any man ever struck me, if he just laid his littlest finger on me, I'd get the biggest, sharpest knife in the kitchen, and I'd whet it all day on the grindstone; and it's my belief, Sergeant Flannigan, that man wouldn't sleep long in my house."

Mike burst out laughing and swung me onto the dance floor.

I didn't like Mike's callous attitude, and I didn't like that bully's roughness, and I didn't like her weakness if she went back to him, and I was just irritated all around. So I guess I acted a little cool to Mike, and soon he seemed to draw into himself, and then we were riding home in silence.

Finally I said, "It was a very nice dance, and I thank you." And he said, "Yes."

I said, "I certainly enjoyed all the people, and the Indians, and the music." And he said, "Yes."

I kicked Rosie, hard. "You're not much for talking this night?"

"No." He smiled. "But women are unpredictable creatures, all of them. For instance, right now you're sulky, and in a minute you're going to laugh." And he leaned over and squeezed my hand. I laughed. I couldn't help it.

But that was all. He didn't say another word. He didn't squeeze my hand again or try to kiss me. We just rode ahead under the dark clouds. What I say is, men are unpredictable creatures, all of them.

Flashes of lightning ripped the heavens, and

rain blinded our horses. I turned my face to the sky and laughed because the things you enjoy can't hurt you. That's what Mike always said. In spite of that my boots felt soggy, and the wet penetrated my heavy mackinaw.

8

ONCE we had passed the broken-down fence that marked Uncle's property, the horses took heart and began to gallop.

"Ride right up on the porch," Mike shouted. "I want to get you out of the rain." So I rode Rosie under the shelter of the eaves and got off.

"I'll take them around to the barn," Mike said. "You go to bed."

"I've had a very nice evening," I said.

"Katherine Mary, get in the house and get out of those wet clothes." I went into the house, but I gave the door a good slam so he'd know I was mad. And there was Uncle John sitting up.

"It's a quarter to one," said my uncle.

"It's a wonder we ever got here in this rain. The horses almost got mired."

"Where's Mike? Didn't he come in with you?"

"He's seeing to the horses."

"We can't let him go on a night like this. He'll sleep in the bunkhouse."

The door opened and slammed, and Mike strode across the room, leaving puddles of water behind him. He nodded to Uncle. "I told Kathy to get into some dry clothes."

I faced him. "I was just saying good night to my uncle. Any objections?"

Mike was looking grim, and Uncle interrupted. "He's right, Kathy. You're wet to the skin."

What were the two of them — a couple of grandmas? I flounced out of the room.

"You can say good night in the morning," Mike called after me. I didn't even turn around.

I dried all over with a rough towel. It felt good. Then I got into my nightgown. I was still chilly, so I put on my robe too. Then I got into bed and pulled up the covers. I didn't feel sleepy, and my behavior troubled me. After all, Mike had taken me out, and I'd had a wonderful time. And poor Uncle John waiting up till all hours. Then I'd acted like that.

I got out of bed and opened the door to the living room. Uncle was still there by the fire, and I came out and walked to the fireplace. Mike stuck his head around the corner of the kitchen door.

"I'm cold," I said, and held out my hands to the fire. I wanted to say, "I'm sorry," too, but Mike started yelling because I didn't have any slippers on, and when he got through I didn't feel like saying it any more.

"What are you doing in there anyway?" I asked him. "I thought you were supposed to be in the bunkhouse."

"Well," said Mike, "I was warming up some

water for a hot bath. But as long as you're still up, you're the one who's going to get it." I simply laughed.

Mike said nothing more, but poured the heated water from the kettle into a large washtub. Uncle John watched with interest. I pretended to be staring dreamily into the fire.

Mike came to the door. "It's all ready," he said.

"Uncle John, can you make out any salamanders in the flames?" I punctuated that sentence with a shriek, for Mike lifted me off my feet, carried me to a chair, set me down in it, rolled back nightgown and robe till they reached my knees, then stuck my feet into that tub of water.

"It's too hot!" I screamed.

"It's good for you."

"Uncle, Uncle!"

Uncle was shocked into movement, not much, but a little. He stood up. "Mike, I think this has gone too far."

"It has, John," Mike agreed, "and I want to talk to you about it right now." He looked down at me. "You stay where you are." He walked out of the kitchen and shut the door behind him.

I stepped quietly out of the tub, dried my feet with a dish towel, walked without one creak of the floor to the door, and stood listening, hoping to hear Uncle John bawl Mike out. But it was Mike who was doing the talking. I listened to one sentence, then another, and then I realized what he was leading up to, and then I heard him say it. He was asking Uncle John if he could marry me. I gasped. At least I think I did, because Mike pushed the door open.

"I thought I told you to stay in that tub." He scooped me up and set me down again with my feet in the hot water. I had my arms around his neck, and I didn't let go.

"Mike, do you — Do you —"

"Yes," he said, and put my hands back in my lap. He walked over to Uncle John, who was shaking his head and talking to himself. Mike stopped in front of him. "Well, John?"

"I can't give my consent, Mike. The girl's too young, only sixteen. And she's not well. Her lungs aren't too strong."

"I'll look after her, John." And we both knew he would.

"You'll be going back to your wild North, and you can't take a delicate girl like Katherine Mary into a country like that. You know you can't."

Mike looked from me to my uncle. "There's two ways of thinking, when it comes to that. To my mind, the country would harden her, make a strong woman of her."

There was a silence between the men.

Finally Uncle said, "There's no man I'd rather give her to than you, Mike Flannigan, and you know it well. But she was put in my charge by her mother. And her mother would not approve. She's too young yet, and she has no strength. I'm thinking she should go back to Boston."

I stamped my foot, forgetting it was in the tub, and the water splashed all over. "Have I nothing to say about this?" I asked the two of them.

Mike looked at me reproachfully. "Your uncle's too good a friend for me to be talking a matter like this behind his back."

"And what am I? I hope at least that you think as much of me as of my uncle."

"Kathy, of course I do."

"Well, then, you just say it. If you love me, you tell me right here and now. And if you want me to marry you, you ask me, and then maybe I will and maybe I won't."

Mike came over to me and crouched down by my chair so he could see my face. He spoke low so my uncle couldn't hear. "I love you, Kathy. I always have, and I think you've always known it."

I couldn't stand the look in his eyes, the earnest, almost pleading look. I turned away from it. I, a sixteen-year-old, had demanded that this sergeant of the Northwest Mounted humble himself, and he had.

"I'll make you happy, girl. I'll give my life to it. I want you for my wife." He didn't touch me. Didn't even take my hand. But I felt and knew only Mike.

"I'm going to marry him," I said to my uncle. But my uncle was no longer there. Mike stood up, drawing me with him. We held to each other, and I had never had him so close.

I shut myself in my room. All night long I went over it and over it with Mother, and sometimes she cried and sometimes she laughed and sometimes she didn't do anything at all. And that's what I was most afraid of. I could see her opening my letter. She would read it twice, because the first time she wouldn't believe it. I had to stop her worry and her fear by telling about Mike. To know he was kind and good and capable—that would help her. Maybe I could make her know about Mike; but about the country he was taking me to—never.

I looked down at the words I had written: "We will be married here at the ranch on October 20, that's next Sunday. Uncle will give me away, and Johnny will be best man. I have a beautiful dress, all white with lace at the throat and on the sleeves."

I couldn't put it off any more. I began a new paragraph, writing the words that had to be written. "Then we are going to Hudson's Hope, where Mike is stationed. We'll take the train from here to Edmonton. From Edmonton we must travel seven hundred miles by dog sled. Mike says the trip will take two or three months."

I looked over what I had written, and crossed out the part about seven hundred miles and the words "two or three months." Then I told her that my pleurisy didn't bother me any more. I thought writing it down like this would help make it true. Because really I was worried that I might fold up on Mike somewhere along those seven hundred miles to Hudson's Hope.

"I want for you to be here so much," I told her, "but I know you can't leave the house." I would keep the fear pushed down inside of me, and no one would know it was there.

"I'm awfully happy," I wrote.

I was. Awfully happy and awfully in love, and on Sunday I was marrying Mike.

9

WE HAD to leave Juno. He was too civilized to live on the trail. The sled dogs would tear him to pieces Mike warned me. "I'll get you another Juno when we get to Hudson's Hope." He was the last tie with Boston and home.

Well, another Juno was behind me. The train Juno would be scrambling over the ranch. The Boston Juno would be curled up in my mother's bedroom, where her grandmother, the Irish Juno, had had her first pups. And I was going to make Mike give me a Northwest Juno as soon as one of our sled dogs had a litter. For a second I was worried because it seemed to me that only male dogs could do that hard sled-pulling. But then the only dogs I'd seen in the North were sled dogs, and if they were *all* male—

It took me a long time to get used to these Northern dogs. Not dogs, but half-tamed wolves they seemed. Pat one on the head, and you'd lose a finger. I've seen Black-Tip take a bite out of the one in front of him while pulling the sled on the dead run. The greatest and most unbelievable confusion in the world is when dog teams go at each other, and snarl the traces like a wet fishline, and pile the goods in the snow, and mill around in growling fury.

About the only one with a gentle disposition was Black-Mittens. The half-breeds and the Crees seemed to think highly of the black parts of dogs, and so they were named Black-Ear, Black-Foot, Black-Socks, Black-and-White, Black-Patch, and so on, up to the magnificent leader of the team, Black-All-Over.

Every breath hurt me. I was tired. The going had been slow all day, and Mike was up ahead with the runner. Another mile, and he dropped back to my sled.

"How goes it, Minx?" he asked, and squeezed my hand.

I laughed and said. "Fine."

He gave me a sharp look and then began telling me what a good rest we'd have tonight. "This isn't a trapper's cabin. The Howards have a big home with an organ. They had it freighted in."

"Who are the Howards?" What I really wanted to know was: Is there a *Mrs.* Howard? I thought how nice it would be to talk to a woman. Mike jogged along by my side, and his forced breathing punctuated his speech. "Howard's a lumberman. Got a mill up there at Taylor's Flat."

"Is he married?" I asked.

Mike laughed. "Well, all I know is they've got four sons."

I smiled to myself. But the smile went out of me, for the cold was cutting at my insides with every breath. Pain was white, white and cold, and it was around me like a winding sheet. Something beat at my ears and dripped into my mind. After a while it made sense and I knew it was Mike talking.

"We'll be there soon — soon, darling."

Then I think I slept.

The motion stopped. I sat up and looked around. We were in a clearing. Ahead of us was a house, and a charred barn stood a little to one side. All over the clearing were neat stacks of firewood. Mike picked me up. His steps shook me and hurt.

He set me down inside, and the sudden heat almost choked me. There were a lot of people, all talking in whispers. A woman helped Mike undo my furs. "The poor child," she said.

I remember being put in an iron bedstead, and Mike feeding me soup and then lying down beside me. I thought it funny he had on all his clothes and I wondered why he didn't come under the covers.

When I opened my eyes it was daylight, and Mike wasn't there. I sat up carefully to see how I felt, and I knew I was much better. My clothes were folded over a chair, and I began to put them on. I saw the door handle turn very softly and the door open very slowly.

Mike looked in. "Kathy," and he was over by me in a step. He was so close that his worry and his fear and his love were mine too, and in me.

"I'm all right, Mike," I told him before he could ask me. "Shhh," I said. "It's all over. I'm well now."

Mike laughed shakily. "You'd think I was the one who had been sick."

Then Mike went out of the room and came back with something that looked like a dog harness.

"What's that?"

"It's for you," Mike said. He looked at the leather straps in his hand and then at me. "I think it's a collapse of the right lung you've got. Now, don't look scared, darling — because I've got the thing here that's going to help you." And he waved the dog harness.

"That?" I asked.

"It's a brace that will keep your shoulders back. Haven't you noticed how you're leaning forward all the time? Why, the air your lungs are meant to be filled with never gets where it should." I must have looked unconvinced because he added, "A good posture will keep you from getting so tired, Katherine."

"You'll have to put it on me, Mike. I'll never figure out how it works."

"Lift up your arms, then, and I'll slip it on." I did. But instead of slipping it over my arms, it was himself he slipped between them. He kissed me in the hollow of my throat, and it was a long time before we got that brace on.

That evening I met the Howard family. Mike had spoken of the Howard "boys," but the youngest was five years older than I.

I went into the kitchen to ask Mrs. Howard if there was anything I could do. She was shocked at my wanting to help. "Eyes and hair," she said, "that's all you are; eyes and a mop of hair. The only thing you can do that will be of any use is to wash up for dinner."

"Ma," one of the boys called, "where's dinner?"

Mrs. Howard looked harassed. She was stirring four or five pots and keeping a weather eye on twenty pairs of socks that hung over the stove. The line was strung too low, and every time she reached for a dish, the socks flapped in her face. The main course was beans, and she let me put them on the table. They had a very long table, and the Howard men and Mike were seated at it. Everything in the room was homemade — except a gilt organ. It was highly polished, and a candle gleamed at either end, giving it the appearance of a shrine, which it was to this family.

"Ma," Mr. Howard called to the kitchen, "is it beans again?"

"Never you mind, Henry Howard." She came in with meat in one hand and a pot of prunes in the other. "We got dessert tonight." She set the prunes on the table. "These here are known as lumberman's strawberries."

10

I WAS startled by a low wailing cry that rose to a shriek. No one seemed to notice it or even look up. But it started Mr. Howard on a new train of thought. "Hear about our fire, Mike?"

"Noticed your barn was charred. Lose anything?"

The wail had been taken up and answered again and again in a maniacal crescendo of sound. I shuddered with it long after I stopped hearing it. Then I was hearing it again, a low minor wail that built and built until the final shriek tore through you.

"What is it?" I knew from the way the heads swung toward me that my voice was out of control.

"It's nothing," Mrs. Howard said. "A wolf pack's out there crying to get at the bodies of the horses. They smell the cooked flesh, and it's driving them crazy not being able to get at it."

"Yes," one of the boys said, "we lost five horses. Barn was ablaze before we knew it. Couldn't none of us get near it. The horses just roasted, that's all."

"It was terrible," Mrs. Howard said. "You could hear the poor things screaming."

The screaming of the dead horses and the screaming of the wolf pack blended, swelled, receded. I followed the curve of the rising inflection, and when it reached its shrill wailing peak, I screamed too. I jumped up and screamed on the same note as the wolves and the horses.

The men looked at me. I screamed and screamed.

There was a frantic rush for the door. Chairs overturned as the men fought to get out. Away they went, every male Howard, into the night. Mike was on his feet too. He took me by the shoulder.

"Katherine Mary — stop it!" He spoke with a sternness I'd never heard before, and I did stop it. But the wolves didn't. They kept it up. The shrill note of their cry hung in the air, faded, and came again. At the window I saw the frightened faces of the Howard men. I began to laugh, it was so funny. They could listen to tortured horses and a wolf pack in full cry, and it didn't bother them. But a girl's screams had chased them from their home in stumbling panic.

"Katherine Mary, stop it!"

I tried to say, "It's all right — I'm just laughing," but I was laughing too hard to say it, and Mike didn't like my laughing any more than he had my screams. Tears were running through my fingers.

Mrs. Howard went to the door. "Freddy!" she called. "Come on in here and play something on the organ. It will calm her." There was no answer.

"Freddy!" she said again. And Freddy slunk in. He gave me a quick furtive look and sat down at the organ. The tones came low and mellow, but the howling pack held their pitch — making weird dissonant chords. The boy began another song, "I wandered today to the hill, Maggie." It was my mother's song, one she sang as she fixed flowers for the best room and hummed when she hung the clothes to dry. And then I knew what it was all about. It hadn't been the wolves. Their cry had the loneliness in it, and that was why I had to scream and cry with them. I was lonely, too, because I didn't have my mother, and because under my feet, these two months, had been only the trackless white of this dead and frozen land, empty with loneliness.

Mike could see that the music wasn't cheering me up any. He leaned over me and very gently lifted me to my feet. "We'll get you to bed, Kathy," he said.

Upstairs I tried to tell him that it was just that I hadn't felt well, that it really didn't mean anything. Mike's face was full of misery, and I knew an unhappy determination was in him. But he held it in and would say nothing. I put my arms around his neck. "I'm happy, Mike. I love you and I'm happy."

He pushed my head against his shoulder and stroked it. "I'm taking you back in the morning, Kathy."

Mike and I lay awake with our own thoughts. And in the morning he took me on, not back. It was that night that I really became his wife, for I knew that this white land and its loneliness were a part of Mike. It was a part I feared, that I didn't know or understand. But I knew that I had to know it and understand it, and even love it as Mike

did. Because I wanted to be like Mike and then, after our lives had been lived, maybe I'd be Mike.

One night cannot dispose of a feeling or settle an attitude, and many a night on the way up to Hudson's Hope I had to fight back the thoughts of my home and my mother and the tears that came with them. Yet it was a happy time and an exciting one, full of love and adventure. The fears grew smaller, and all they could do was peck at my happiness.

11

WHEN we reach the top you'll see the flag. Then we're there, Kathy."

There was a flag in front of every Hudson's Bay Company store in the Northwest. It meant hot food, rest, fresh supplies, conversation, people, a little oasis of humanity and comfort before going on through the white void. Only this time it would mean more; it would mean our home. After three months of travel, we'd have a home. We hadn't reached it any too soon, either. For it was February, and the thaw set in during March. There was no traveling in this country in spring and summer, except by canoe. There was the flag coming into view, showing that the log house was not one of the half-dozen trappers' cabins that hid themselves among the drooping, snow-laden trees.

I took Mike's hand without saying anything. It was beautiful. The few cabins were grouped on a plateau, and below them hills rolled away, carrying white armies of poplar and pines on their backs. To the north and facing the village was a fifty-foot drop where in spring and summer the Peace River ran the gantlet of dark bluffs.

We pulled up in front of the store, and Mike pushed against the door just as it was thrown open by a big brawny giant from the inside. The two men collided, laughed, and gave each other a couple of pokes, the way men do. He was as tall as Mike, only thicker and bulkier. He was half in and half out of his furs.

"Son of a gun, son of a gun," he kept saying, and all the time hitting and poking at Mike with his big beaver mitts. Then suddenly he caught sight of me. "I'll be God-damned!" he said and stood there staring. Mike took my hand. "Kathy, meet Joe Henderson." I smiled at him and said, "Hello," but the big man was without words.

Mike laughed. "How long are you going to keep us standing out in fifty below, Joe?"

Joe mumbled something in his beard and kicked the door open. No sooner were we in the house than Henderson found his voice.

"Uaawa!" he bellowed. "Uaawa!" A dark Indian woman appeared from the back room and stood poised like a wild thing.

"Where the hell did you go running off to?" And then, as she continued to stand there with frightened eyes, "We'll want some tea, so get busy

with it!" His voice lowered from a bellow to almost a whisper. "You see," he said to me, but without looking at me, "you've got to think out every step for them. We'll want food too, and she could be getting that while the water's boiling. Only you can't never explain that to them."

He sighed and sat down on a packing case, leaving the two chairs to Mike and me. I looked around curiously. The woman worked in the center of the room over the stove. I looked away at once, for she seemed to wince under my glance. I concentrated instead on the room. There was the usual counter with shelves mounting to the ceiling behind it, and a tangle of goods piled and stuffed and jammed into the shelves. Wild masses of cascading flowered cottons tumbled over jelly glasses. Knives speared spools of wire, and a rusty alarm clock sat on top of twelve cans of beans. On the floor were piles of soft, gleaming pelts, and on one of these a naked baby slept, its tawny body blending with the skins.

"What a beautiful baby! Is it yours?" I asked the woman at the stove. She lifted her head to be sure I meant it, to be sure the white woman spoke to her. When she saw that both things were true, she smiled, a half smile that came into her eyes.

Henderson reached for an empty bottle. He had thrown it at her, and she was picking up the shattered pieces before I realized what had happened. A cut over her eye bled onto her hands as she worked. Henderson had not watched to see if his bottle had landed a blow or not, but had turned back to us.

I stood up. "Mike," I said, "I want to see our house."

Mike stood up too.

"But wait." Joe Henderson was upset. "You must eat. You've come a long way today."

I walked toward the door and began putting on my furs. Mike stood uncertainly. No one said anything. The woman looked across at me and then back to the water, which had begun to boil. It was to the water she spoke.

"It bring much honor to house if Sergeant Mike and Mrs. Mike eat."

I unbuttoned my jacket and sat down. Preparations for the meal went on. But the woman did not speak again.

After a while the child on the pelts stirred. I took him on my lap, but he wriggled off and walked on fat, unsteady legs to Joe Henderson. I caught my breath as I saw him grab hold of the giant's pants leg with a small brown fist. The child said something, whether in Indian or gibberish I wasn't sure.

"Does he talk?" I asked.

Joe Henderson gave me a strange look.

"Yes; in the language of the Beaver Indian, he calls me 'Father.'" There was a mocking note in the man's voice, but it was very gently that he stroked the dark head of his son.

"Tell the lady your name."

The child turned in his father's hands and re-

garded me a moment with serious eyes. "Siwah," he said.

Henderson scowled, then turned to the woman, speaking unpleasant sounds in her tongue. She gave no answer, and the motions of her work were not interrupted. He turned to his child. His voice was no longer harsh, or perhaps it was the change back into English. Again he said, "Tell the lady your name."

The reply came promptly. "Tommy Henderson."

12

THE Indian woman served us silently, but did not eat herself. I was glad when it was over and we were out of the hot room with its smell of food.

Mike grinned down at me. "Which way do you think our house is, right or left?" I looked in both directions. Coming in from the top of the hill I'd seen some cabins, but now a forest of pine hid them. "Right," I guessed.

Mike laughed. "Right it is. Come on." But I still stood there.

He looked back, trying to understand. "Excited?"

"Yes," I said. "But that Joe Henderson, he mistreats her. Why, you could kill a person with a bottle like that, couldn't you?"

"Well," Mike said, "maybe."

I could see he was disappointed because he thought I wasn't excited about seeing our house. So I put Joe Henderson and Tommy Henderson and the Indian woman into the back of my mind. And I put my fur mitten into Mike's fur mitten.

"Come on," he said, and turned into the pines. Ahead of us in a clearing stood a cabin. I stopped as we approached it. I was trying to know it all at once, the trees and the rocks, the ground rolling under my feet. This was home. Mike put his arm around my shoulder.

"Don't look so awed, darling, it's just my office."

"Office?" I repeated the word blankly.

"Well, sure. I've got to have some place to lock up the criminals. Unless you want to keep them in the spare room."

He pushed the door open, and I saw a large shabby desk and two chairs, one comfortable and one uncomfortable. There was a cupboard too, all padlocked. It didn't look anything like a jail, and I couldn't see why the prisoners couldn't get out of the windows.

"Do you really keep prisoners here?"

Mike laughed. "Never have. In the first place, there's very little crime. The Indians never give trouble unless there's been liquor smuggled in. The 'breeds are a little wilder. Every once in a while there's woman trouble, squaw stealing. Then I bring 'em in and put them to work."

"What kind of work?"

"Oh, usually cutting me a winter's supply of wood."

"Well, if nobody's locked up in it, what do you need an office for?"

Mike made a serious face. "Katherine, you don't realize I'm a big man up here. That's why I stay here. Sit down, girl, and I'll tell you all about it." He pushed me into the comfortable chair.

"This office is the Hudson's Hope court and hospital." He unlocked the cupboard at the back. It was filled with rows of neatly labeled bottles.

"Medicine?"

"Not much. Quinine, disinfectants."

"You mean people really come to you when they're sick?"

Mike said slowly, "We're seven hundred miles from civilization or a doctor."

"But do you know anything about it?"

"Not much. I bought some books in Calgary."

I looked at this man that I had married. There was more here than a red coat.

"Where's the house? I want to see that."

"It's behind the office." He caught my hand as I started for the door.

"Kathy, I hope you won't be disappointed in it. It's just a house, you know; government-built."

"I'll love it, Mike." And I did. It was set cozily among the trees, and through a side window I could see Mike's office. The house had a large front room and two bedrooms. There was a combination stove and heater, the kind they all had in this country. Logs to keep the room warm were shoved in the back, and the front was a wood stove for cooking meals on. The chinks in the walls were stuffed with moss. Over the bed was a buffalo skin.

I ran around and looked at things and planned the cleaning I would give everything, and how I would have more room by moving the table against the wall, and that I'd make new curtains. I whisked by Mike with a head full of ideas, but he reached out a sudden hand and caught me to him.

"Like it?" he asked. But how could I answer, with him kissing me so hard?

13

THE rest of the day was spent in cleaning, scrubbing, and scouring, and we went to bed very tired and happy. We were excited, too excited to sleep.

"You'll make me a bookcase."

"Yes," he said. "In the summer there is the river, and in winter we walk on snowshoes over the white world." I was feeling very drowsy and contented. I closed my eyes and snuggled under Mike's arm. But a face came before my eyes, the dark, sullen face of the Henderson woman. I closed my eyes tighter to send it away. I was happy and sleepy, and I didn't want any ugliness from the world to get into our cabin. I couldn't keep it out. I saw again the flash of the bottle as it left Joe Henderson's hand — saw the blood falling to the floor.

"Mike —"

"Hmm?" said Mike in a very sleepy, faraway voice.

"Is that Indian woman Joe Henderson's wife?"

"You might call her that."

"But he acts as if he hates her."

There was a long silence. I thought Mike had fallen asleep.

"Yes, I think he does," Mike said slowly.

"But why?"

"Because of the boy. Everything is because of the boy."

"Tommy?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mike, and then he added, "There were two Tommys." I lay still in the dark, waiting for his voice to continue.

"You see, there are many reasons why a man comes to live in a wild land like this. We come, you and I, Katherine Mary, because here we can live the real life, the life men were meant to live. But there are men who are used to the cities, who would never leave them except that they are driven. Joe Henderson was driven when Tommy died.

"He had only the one child, and he idolized him. But the boy was not strong, and Joe quarreled constantly with his wife because he thought she didn't give Tommy proper care. Well, it certainly wasn't her fault that Tommy caught diphtheria. Anyway, he was dead in four days.

"From that day on Joe was driven. It was only when he struck into the Northwest that any peace came to him. He seemed to take a sort of satisfaction in the rigor and the hardships. He came to be known as a steady man, one that left the Indian women strictly alone. Every three or four months, of course, he'd go on a binge. Then he'd talk about Tommy to anyone who would listen.

"Well, the Hudson's Bay Company needed a man here, and Henderson got the job. He's been here four years now. The first year he lived alone. He hated women — you couldn't trust them. Hadn't his own wife killed Tommy? But you've seen him, a big fiery man with red blood in him.

"I was glad when I came in from a couple of months on the trail to find Uaawa with him. I thought it might soften him a little to have a woman around again. And it did, for a while. But as soon as the baby was born, he changed. Of course, he shouldn't have called him Tommy, but he did. And I think it hurt him every time he looked at the child, to see the dark Indian face of him. The other Tommy had been fair.

"He blamed Uaawa for a lot of things — for the boy's black hair and brown face. The woman was Indian, and maybe that saved her from going out of her mind. She didn't fight back, not when he beat her and kicked her around, and she didn't go back to her people. That wasn't her way. She was too Indian. For the child, Joe will do anything. He's Tommy, and he loves him."

I thought it all over quietly, a long time.

"I think he's made a mistake. I don't think he's

fair to the Indian woman. But you can't help being sorry for Mr. Henderson."

Mike didn't say anything. The complicated, tangled pattern of lives, where they touch and intertwine—it's impossible to unravel it. I was sorry I had tried. Who can know anything about anything? Especially when they're sleepy.

14

MIKE left early for his office. I promised to be over as soon as I'd done the dishes and help him straighten up out there. Then I had a good idea. I thought I'd put up a lunch, and we could eat in the office. It would be fun.

I began slicing bread for sandwiches. Suddenly I whirled and faced the room. There was nothing there, of course, but I felt that there was, and I worked uneasily. The feeling of being watched became stronger. Again I turned, this time toward the window, and I laughed with relief; for there, staring in, was a round-faced girl about six years old. I opened the door gently and smiled, so that she wouldn't be afraid. But she bounded off like a deer, stopping a safe distance from the cabin to turn and stare.

"Wouldn't you like to come in?" I called.

She just stood there regarding me silently with enormous black eyes.

"Come on," I coaxed. But as she didn't move; and it was cold with the door open, I shut it and went back to making lunch.

She came silently, so silently that I hadn't really heard her, but I knew she was out there. I went to the door again, this time with a sandwich in my hand. I opened it and held out the sandwich. She looked at it and held out her hand. She fingered it carefully all over, then stuffed the whole thing in her mouth. I had decided that she knew no English, so I motioned to her to come inside. She watched my gesture with intent, curious eyes. Again the cold drove me in.

I counted over the sandwiches and tried to guess how many Mike could eat. I felt a cold gust on my back. The door was open. I continued working and waited for the slight click the door gave when it was closed. The click came. I smiled to myself.

I didn't hear her move, but pretty soon the dark head was at my elbow and the dark eyes on the food. Excitement throbbed in them at the sight of the thick, buttered bread and the slices of meat. I reached down another sandwich to her. Again it was fingered all over with wonder and awe before it was popped whole into her mouth. Two other sandwiches followed. But the last one was not eaten. She carried it off. Stealthily, quietly, she was gone from my elbow, and when I turned to look, gone from my house. I had finished and was wrapping my sandwiches when the door opened again.

A brave in full Indian dress with much beadwork nodded solemnly at me, stalked to the best chair in the house, and sat down. Behind him followed aunts, sisters, uncles, and cousins. Each gave me a nod or a grunt and then sat in my chairs. The last chair was finally occupied, and still they came, seating themselves ceremoniously on the floor.

When they were all in, you couldn't have stepped for Indians. They sat there regarding me steadily and silently. I didn't know what they wanted or why they were here, or what I was expected to do about it. A dozen children were gathered in the doorway, chattering excitedly, and in the middle of the group was my little friend, waving her sandwich triumphantly, and at the same time protecting it from the sudden onslaughts of the other children. "Holy St. Patrick!" I said aloud and stared hopelessly at the expectant faces and the hungry eyes that stared back at me. Could it be that they expected me to feed them?

I couldn't just stand there with my mouth open. I had to do something. I was Sergeant Flannigan's wife. I had a position to keep up in the community. I thought of a speech, saying I was not settled yet but that we'd all have a nice party soon. But, looking into the rows of swarthy, stolid faces, I was convinced that they wouldn't understand my speech, that the only thing they'd understand was food. It was plainly my move, and forty people were waiting for me to make it.

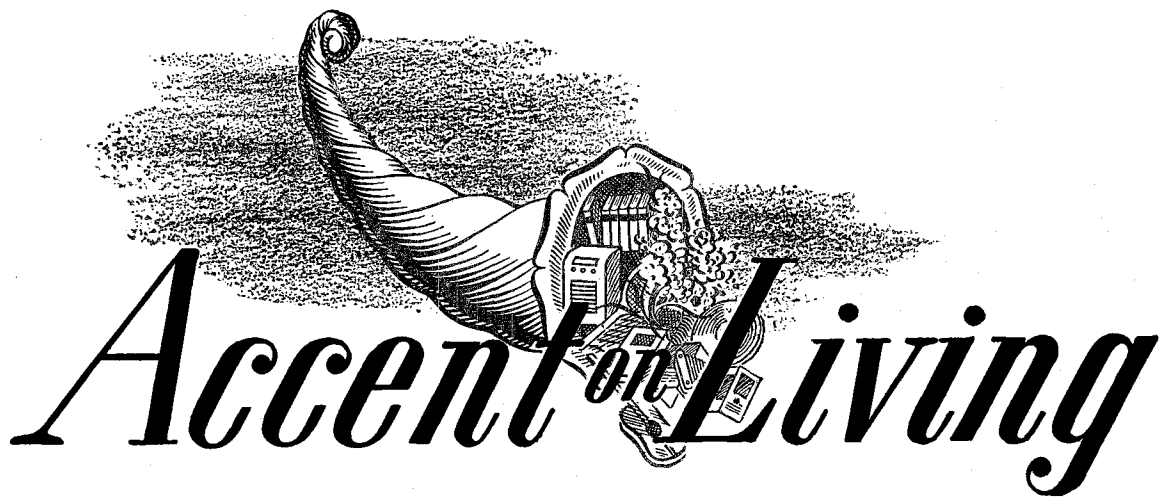
I did. I put on a gracious smile. "What a lovely surprise! I am very glad to see all of you here."

While I was saying this in a loud voice, I was rapidly counting noses. Twenty-eight grownups and twelve children. I had seven sandwiches. By cutting each sandwich into four parts, I would have twenty-eight pieces, each an inch wide. And there was a little meat left. The children could have that. I would put on tea. That, at least, there'd be enough of, except, of course, they'd have to drink in relays because there were only ten glasses.

Well, it was the strangest and silentest tea party ever given. I cut up the seven sandwiches and passed the pieces around. They were accepted gravely and gravely swallowed. But the ice wasn't really broken until tea was served. Then the noise of much sucking and gusty sipping was punctuated by a few belches. This was evidently their idea of a good time. So I smiled and beamed and asked who would have some more tea. This was the only thing I said which they seemed to understand.

When they had had all the tea they could drink, the gentleman who had led the procession rose, grunted at me three times, and left. This was the signal for general departure. The women smiled shyly, and when the last one had pushed the last child out before her, I had to keep looking at the ten glasses, the crumbs, and the spot in the corner where one old crone had kept spitting, to assure myself that I had just given a tea party.

(To be continued)



Accent on Living

This Month

Havana, in February, is a charming place. The Jaimanitas Club, a Moorish palace of marble and mahogany on a private beach six or eight miles south of town, is the most agreeable seaside refuge I have ever seen. A tranquil place by day in the off season, its bar is cool and dark, its terraces are quiet and immaculate. It is not too difficult to come by a Jaimanitas guest card, but most of the visitors seem to prefer golf to the beach.

You reach Jaimanitas each morning at nine-thirty. In its sumptuous locker rooms you shift to bathing trunks. The air temperature at that hour is around 75 degrees, about the same as that of the ocean. The day is cloudless, the coral sand is like snow. A quarter of a mile offshore huge rollers are creaming over the reef which affords Jaimanitas bathers a smooth lagoon. The wind is constant at around fifteen knots. You toast for a half hour or so in the sun behind a windscreen. You fiddle around in and out of the water until noon.

At twelve, you are rather hungry. A frosted Jamaica Rum cocktail, pale buff in its sweating glass, is taken on the terrace, at some leisure, in the sun. You resume in the locker room your cotton suit, shirt, and tie, and go to the bar. Here the formula calls for a frosted Daiquiri, as delicate in flavor as in hue, with its fine whiff of fresh, ripe limes. There may be one or two other people in the bar, sometimes none. You move on, then, to a shady porch, immaculate luncheon tables, and a fine view of the surf. You are out of the wind but you can see the palms all bending to it.

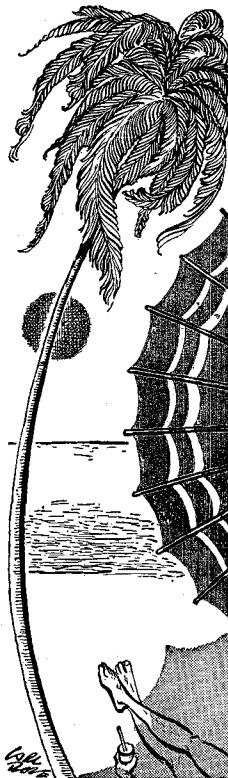
Your luncheon is always the same — moro crabs, *cangrejos moros*. The menu is large and varied, but it would be wild folly

not to stick to the crabs. With them, because the Cubans have failed to appreciate the benefits of a high protective tariff, you have a bottle of Bass, and at a negligible price.

You lean back in an excellent chair. Your bare feet are in clogs or sandals. You watch the rollers and feel very comfortable, and the waiter appears with the crabs. It's a platter bedded with green lettuce against which the black, coral-streaked shells of the enormous crabs — cold boiled — make a superb contrast. There is mayonnaise and you find that it is made with lime juice instead of vinegar, and it has a faint cast of green in its gold. The standard of excellence in a hot country is to serve cold dishes and drinks at just above the freezing point, and never was a salad so fresh, so chill. The crabs are so artfully cracked that one eats them without gymnastics. The bitter, full-bodied Irish ale fits them as nothing else could. They are, as I have said, extravagantly large and a hungry man can barely do justice to two moro crabs. They are one of the best-looking cold dishes in the world, and as a light luncheon on a warm day, they are even better than they look.

By this time the temperature is around 85 degrees. The breeze on your porch is steady. The palms and the surf still beguile the eye. You conclude the meal (and by this time it is around two o'clock) with a coconut glacé, a small cup of strong, fragrant Cuban coffee, and a splash of old Bacardi. Your hours were late the night before and you were up fairly early in order to reach Jaimanitas at nine-thirty. You are drowsy.

The breeze, enemy of a good cigar, is such that you move back to chairs in the bar. Your wife avoids the dark leaf of the island and smokes an American cigarette,



but you have chosen one of the long, narrow, arrogant shapes so rarely obtainable at home — Generales, Fancy Tales, Invincibles. It draws like a cigarette, and you spin out the coffee interval for an extra quarter hour.

You return to the locker rooms, shift into bathing dress again, and meet on the beach at one of the little open-sided pavilions, just a roof on four legs to keep off the sun. With a beach pad under you, rolled up in a light steamer rug, for the sand can nip at you as the breeze picks it up, you sleep for the next three hours. It is impossible that anything could disturb your nap, for no *habanero* goes to the beach in the wintertime, there are only two or three other couples on its whole stretch, and you can hear nothing of them above the wind and the faint roar of the breakers.

It is almost dusk when you wake up. You realize that the chill of nightfall is somehow not there. You feel fully awake, refreshed, and at ease with the temperature. The water has taken on new

colors but it is still warm, clear as a spring. You leave it reluctantly after a final half hour of lounging and splashing about.

You find that the locker room attendant has pressed your clothes and put an admirable shine on your shoes. By about half-past seven you are back in your hotel, pleasantly aware once again of the pale green and yellow tiles of the floor in your bedroom, the linen sheets and pillow cases. You move the mahogany shutters at the windows so that just enough of the warm breeze reaches you as you sit there thinking vaguely of how to spend the evening. By nine-thirty or ten you are on your way downtown to dinner. Around midnight you may be watching the Jai Alai, but more probably listening to the *maracas* or a guitar orchestra or a percussion band. If you like the music, you will find suddenly that it is very late indeed. But you can sleep all afternoon on the beach the next day.

How all this stands farther south is taken up by Ray Josephs (page 110). C. W. M.

FACTS

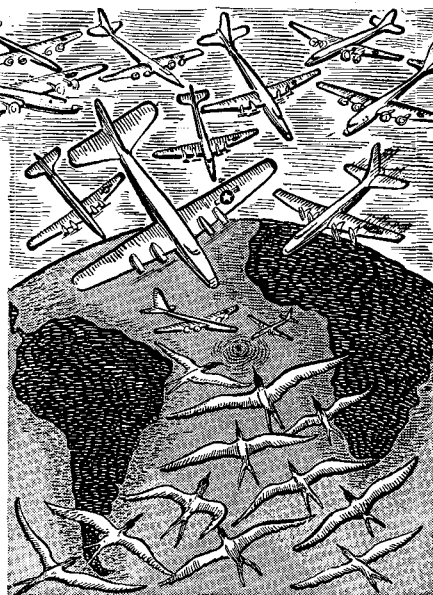
Wide-awakes Through the Windscreen

By LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

IN the early days of the war, when a landing in Africa was big stuff, there was, by the standards of the time, a good deal of air transport across the South Atlantic. The shortest route across the South Atlantic is from Natal to Dakar, but the distance between these two places is considerable. Accordingly, it was regarded as a great stroke of luck that about halfway across the ocean, and a little to the south, there was an island called Ascension.

In peacetime this island was a British cable station, and had a total population of a few dozen, made up of cable company employees and their families. However, such was the importance of cutting down the dead load of gasoline carried by our aircraft crossing the South Atlantic that it was decided to build an airfield on the island, and to garrison the place with sufficient troops to take care of any Nazi attempt to capture it from the sea.

Professor of Physics at the University of Pennsylvania, LOUIS N. RIDENOUR served during the war on the staff of the Radiation Laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This is the third of a series of three short articles dealing with certain of the more bizarre problems of wartime research.



About three thousand engineer troops moved in, and in no time they had constructed a runway. Ascension is a volcanic island which is mostly crags and mountains, and the runway as it finally turned out had a great hump in the middle. If you landed short you were O.K., but if you overshot a little you were going downhill and had a hell of a time keeping out of the ocean. And the runway went between a couple of hills, so that when you came in on your final approach it looked as if you were flying into a cave. But there was a runway, and there was plenty of hundred-octane gas brought in by ships, and it was fine to be able to carry the added load that you could when you took only enough gas to make Ascension.

There was a song that went "If I don't hit Ascension, my wife will get a pension," but the place had a radio beam on it and the real problem wasn't to hit it. In fact, the problem didn't develop until a couple of months after the runway was finished. Everything had gone fine until then. But one day there was a sort of dark cloud in the sky, and it resolved itself into more birds than you have ever seen. These birds, according to the cable company employees who had been there for some time and knew all about the natural phenomena, were sooty terns. It seems that the sooty tern, when he makes Ascension Island, is referred to as a "wide-awake."

It is the practice of the wide-awake, or sooty tern, to come to Ascension to lay its egg, or eggs. Most wide-awakes lay one, but some lay two. Picking Ascension was a sort of masochistic procedure, for it is a pretty rough place. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "Steep ravines, lined with masses of lava and ending in small bays, are typical."

You can imagine the surprise and delight of the mother wide-awakes when they glided in for a landing and found that new runway. Here was a level place, not a steep ravine lined with typical masses of lava. With one mind, the wide-awakes came in and landed on the runway, and there they stayed. They built nests, and some of them laid one egg and some of them laid two. In either case, they were mighty fond of those eggs.

From time to time, of course, airplanes came in too. But the runway, which had been made of lava a few weeks before, was now made of lava and wide-awakes' nests. On every nest was a mother wide-awake who was determined not to forsake her egg until disaster clearly could no longer be avoided. You can see what happened. The mother wide-awakes flew up just in time to come through the windshield right into the pilot's face.

Well, as you know if you have ever landed an airplane, the last few seconds before the touchdown, when the plane is still flying, but only just, are the most important seconds of your whole career as an airman. And it is rather upsetting to get a bird in the face just as you are about to complete the prettiest landing your co-pilot ever saw. There is a lot of kidding at the expense of the Air Transport Command, but the B-17 boys never had any wide-awakes through the windscreen in their rough missions over Hamburg or Emden.

Word of all this got back to the Pentagon, of course, and Headquarters, Army Air Forces, undertook to solve the problem. Their first move was to send down an ornithologist.

This ornithologist had a brother-in-law in the Department of Agriculture, and he remembered something his brother-in-law had said at dinner the week before. "When an insect pest gets out of hand," the brother-in-law had remarked, "we look around for a natural enemy to keep it in check." Birds were clearly the problem on Ascension, and the ornithologist thought about natural enemies of birds. "Cats!" he said to himself. "There are no cats on this island."

So he sent signals back to Washington, asking for cats. His requests enjoyed a high priority, since the problem of the wide-awakes on Ascension was one of the toughest that Headquarters, Army Air Forces, had to deal with in those days. They sent all the available second lieutenants out after cats, and soon a B-24 full of cats was winging its

way down through Trinidad, Belém, and Natal, to Ascension.

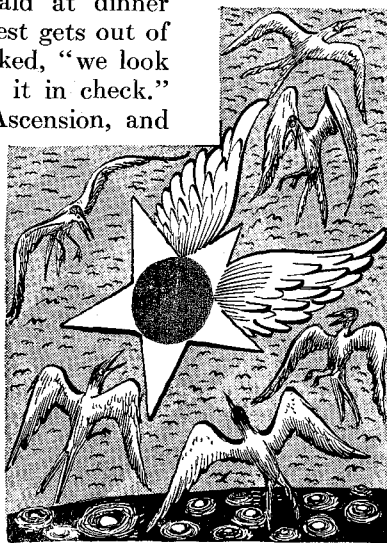
Mind you, this wasn't the only approach to the wide-awake problem that the Army Air Forces had undertaken. On the basis that what can't be cured must be endured, they had asked one of the great manufacturing companies to develop a windscreen which would be impervious to wide-awakes. With characteristic ingenuity, this company built a giant slingshot, and began to lob frying chickens at windshields made of various sorts of laminated plastic, in an effort to find something that would transmit light but not wide-awakes.

Well, the bomber full of cats landed presently on Ascension. And for a while it looked as if everything were going to turn out all right. The cats were killing wide-awakes by the dozen.

Unfortunately, there are also boobies on Ascension. The booby is a bird that cannot fly very well, but has an extremely strong beak and neck. The cats didn't know any better than to tangle with the boobies, and presently the cats were all dead, with holes in their heads. And the mother wide-awakes were still waiting until the very last minute and then coming through the windscreen.

About this time, the first ornithologist was recalled. The Army Air Forces then turned to a friend of mine who is clearly a second-string birdman. They sent him down to Ascension in his own C-87, and he saw the problem at first hand; for when he came in to land, the wide-awakes waited until the last possible moment and then came in through the windshield. The large manufacturing company had not yet solved the problem of making an impervious windshield.

My friend has no brother-in-law, let alone a brother-in-law employed by the Department of Agriculture. Accordingly, he said nothing to himself about natural enemies. Instead, he noted that the difficulty arose from the fact that there were wide-awakes on the runway. They were there, he reasoned, because their eggs were there. So he borrowed a platoon of soldiers and had them trample out the eggs in a fifty-yard square. The wide-awakes went away. Then he rounded up all the soldiers on the island and marched them down the runway with instructions to step on every egg they saw. When this was done, the wide-awakes went away in sadness and my friend went away in triumph. The next year the wide-awakes that had been there before stayed away from the runway and laid their eggs in the typical ravines. No doubt, this would give a lot of pleasure to Darwin, if he were still alive. The great company shelved its slingshot, for there was now no wide-awake problem on Ascension.



TRAVEL Winter Beaches

By RAY JOSEPHS

THE first afternoon we put on our swimming things and started for the beach at Mar del Plata, the *portero* at the door looked at us with the kind of astonishment customarily reserved only for guests arriving with less than two trunks.

"But *Señor, Señora*," he protested. "It is already three in the afternoon. Three."

With the aid of the *diccionario español-inglés* we explained that we realized the hour, that it was hot and that we were hotter, and that having traveled six hours and 250 kilometers from Buenos Aires we couldn't imagine any more perfect time for a dip in the Atlantic.

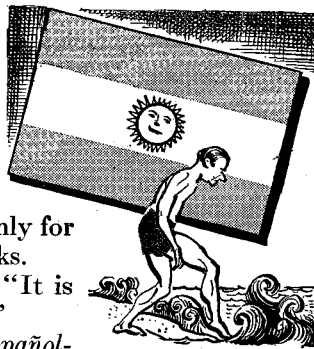
"But three o'clock," he repeated. "Nobody goes at this hour. Nobody. It isn't done."

Before *el week-end* was finished we learned a good many other things about Argentina's leading strand. In true Argentine fashion, relaxation, fun, and informality are never allowed to get in the way of tradition at Mar del Plata. Though it is hot from November on — seasons being reversed below the equator — no one goes there until the last day of December. And once arrived, he finds other unwritten rules just as strict.

There is no long expanse of sand in the Jersey pattern, but a series of beaches, each with its own social standing, customs, and rules of conduct. Crowds fill *Playa Popular* all day long, but it is obvious that this is no *sociedad*, for they change to swim suits at home, bring lunches, and boil water for *mate*, the herb tea which true *criollos* drink round the clock, and even recline on the sand.

Playa de los Ingleses, or Beach of the English, is one step up. The afternoon rule is generally observed, the turnout is smaller, and there is an air of Brighton, even to the voices. Since Argentina's vast British colony prefers the locale, it manages, by frigid looks if not by guards, to keep out almost everyone else, including the *Yanquis*.

The ultra-smart, however, would not dream of any other place than *Playa Grande*. And here the location of one's beach *cabaña*, complete with little wicker chairs, name plate, and dressing table, is as much a symbol of acceptance as a social register listing. Placements are, in fact, in the hands of a Director who performs the same function at the Colón Opera in Buenos Aires. More than one Ambassador has remarked that his *cabaña* assignment is a better clue to the state of relations between the Palacio San Martín and his capital than the diplomatic double-talk of the foreign office.



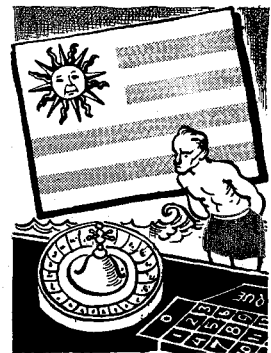
These gayly colored *cabañas* fill half the vast crescent of beach. Beyond stretches an expanse of landscaped green, then a flagstone walk and rows of ultra-smart shops and awninged outdoor cafés, set on levels moving upward to an elaborate series of fountained swimming pools. Beyond these rises another area of landscaped hillocks. Hidden under the pools and hills are a series of underground garages connected with the beach by tunnels.

Marplatense mores place one's arrival — accompanied by retainers to handle the offspring, beach things, and so on — at 11.00, one's departure at 1.00 p.m. You sit on a chair or hammock, never on the sand. Among the elders, dodging a tan is as elaborate a process as getting one in Miami. The reason is the same as that which accounts for the absence of palm trees. Race-proud Argentines, always sensitive to implications that tropical trappings link them with darker-hued Latins from Brazil and Central America, have long avoided both the sun and the palms and have planted Mar del Plata with pines, sycamores, and almost everything else lest any stranger identify Argentines with "lesser" Good Neighbors.

The younger generation has, in recent years, begun to crack this time-honored fustiness. It buys as many lotions and creams as any two-weeks-with-pay *gringos* and assiduously cultivates a nut-brown shade. It strips to outfits as brief as those worn by the Hollywood stars whose photos set the mode, and is undismayed by the annual pre-holiday urgings for more chaste raiment by the church and the authorities. And again reflecting Beverly Hills, it has begun planting palms.

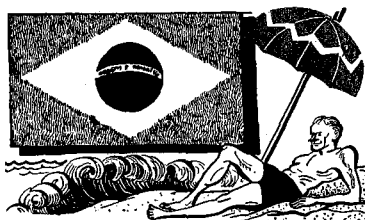
A heavy lunch, replete with wines, then *siesta* until four and Mar del Plata awakens. Only within the decade have *el golf*, *el tenis*, and other sports formerly associated with *los ingleses locos* begun to attract followers. For the vast majority of middle-class vacationists — and only in the Argentine is there a sizable *bourgeoisie* — they are still not done. Most devote the late afternoon to a ride along Avenida Constitución to Miramar, an elaborate tea featuring a sweet cake known as *alfajores*, and finally the twilight promenade along the Rambla.

This is the time when one sees and is seen, when Mar del Plata really asserts the prime reason for its existence. The crowds, dressed in their finest, windowshop the branches of the elegant Buenos Aires, Madrid, Paris, and London stores. Everyone drops in at the salons run by the newspapers of the capital and provinces, to leave messages or pick up



Born in Philadelphia, RAY JOSEPHS attended the University of Pennsylvania. He worked for ten years on the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and went to Latin America in 1940 as correspondent for the Marshall Field Syndicate and *Variety*, the film and theatrical weekly.

mail. Then one does the rounds of the *confiterías* and bars for the pre-dinner *cope-tín*. Once more the classic holds. Even the newer places have clung to the gilt and plush motif of Mar del Plata's oldest mecca, the Bristol.



Shrimps and other sea food, in which the resort abounds, may top the menus at lunch, but dinner returns to the Argentine tradition of meat — and then more meat. Few eat in restaurants; dining at one's hotel, pension, or chalet is the rule. Again and again restaurateurs have failed to break this dictum. About the only exception is the Casino, where, despite prices which skyrocketed after V-J Day, one may still dine sumptuously on sirloin, chicken, and six other courses for the equivalent of an American dollar.

Casino profits have made possible this admitted "loss leader" and the magnificent Casino building itself. A lavishly furnished, red-brick structure, it runs four city blocks along the Rambla; includes a hotel, night clubs, and cafés, sports arenas and underground garages, a baby-tending service and other facilities, all designed to make the loss of your money as painless as possible. There's even a collection of jewel shops to make easy the tradition that winners, to keep their luck, must buy at least one brooch, pin, or ring the very same evening.

Fifty-six roulette tables, more than Monte Carlo had in its heyday, take bets from a *peso* (25 cents, U.S.) up. Eighty per cent of the play must be returned in winnings; five per cent goes to the Casino concessionaire; the rest is divided between the federal, provincial, and municipal governments, which use it for highways, health, building, and, as each succeeding administration says of its predecessors, "for personal projects."

Strangely enough, few of the polo-loving, high-spenders Argentine playboys whose gaming antics have entertained café society *aficionados* in the United States are visible at Mar del Plata, for once more tradition holds that such gambling is never done at home. *Estancia*-owning Argentines, limited or embarrassed by Mar del Plata's not-done traditions, have long been the heaviest spenders at nearby Uruguay's Riviera-like string of beaches.

There are twenty-five of them — and twenty-five casinos — extending along the eastern shore of the Río de la Plata from Montevideo to the Brazilian frontier, and they form the basis of Uruguay's third-largest industry, tourists. The largest casino-beach is at Carrasco, a quiet, shady town reminiscent of Newport in its golden era; the smartest is at Punta del Este, the peninsula where the Atlantic and the Plata meet.

The contrast between Punta and Mar del Plata is sharp and immediate. Mar del Plata's railroad terminus is classic Roman; Punta's is glass-bricked modern. Mar del

Plata's hotels emphasize gilded, crystal-chandelier elegance; Punta's stress clean lines, balconies, and color. Mar del Plata's Casino frowns on informality; Punta's nightly offers champagne to the most attractive *señorita* in *los shorts*.

Morning is beach time in Punta. But lunches are later, *siestas* shorter, and in place of the promenade, everyone hies to the Bosque, an enchanting pine forest planted on the dunes some fifty years ago. Trails for horses, cycling, and carriages lead to tea places where you dance until dark, then dine out in any one of a dozen candle-lit places overlooking the sea or the yacht-filled harbor.

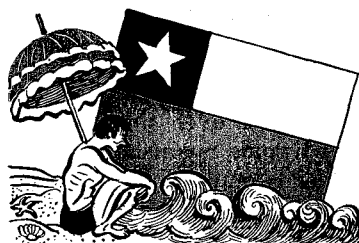
About the only obligatory routine is stopping at the kiosks, where you search for your picture on bulletin boards marked Today, Yesterday, and Before That. Barefooted photographers roam through Punta's meeting places snapping pictures and handing out cards telling where prints may be seen later. The temptation to look, buy, and mail home those pictures showing you at the Casino with a heavy pile of chips is universal.

Punta's casinos, one in the Nogaro, the other at the Miguez, are small. Though stakes are frequently higher than anywhere else in Latin America, the business of winning or losing is gay. Suicides as melodramatic as the lyrics of an Argentine tango are not infrequent at Mar del Plata. They are unknown at Punta. One hears as much French as Spanish and sees the same crowd which formerly headquartered at Nice. And everybody knows the story of *la Marquesa* this or *la Duquesa* that who, with other titled Europeans, thoughtfully acquired Paraguayan citizenship through purchase of properties automatically granting this privilege, and spent the war years following the Latin beach and casino circuit.

There is also much Portuguese — spoken with great animation by Brazilians, who, like the Argentine playboys, frequently prefer to do their gambling away from home. Rio de Janeiro's incomparable, mountain-ringed beach setting is, as a result, less frequented by the *Cariocas* of the Brazilian capital than by visitors from abroad and industrialists down from São Paulo and other interior cities.

Like Chicago's Lake Shore Drive dwellers who go elsewhere for their swims, many *Cariocas* simply don't bother to walk across the Avenida Beira Mar, which runs along the half-moon of beach-ringed Guanabara Bay. They prefer the less crowded beaches of Petropolis and its well-publicized \$13,000,000 spa, Quitandinha, or Uruguay, six hours distant by plane.

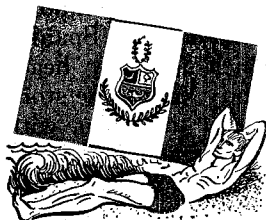
Since capital and resort are so intertwined at Rio, its sole standard Latin beach life feature is the casino. Recently closed by Presidential order but now fighting for their



lives, the Urca, Copacabana, and Atlantico are fabulous million-dollar palaces whose taxes provided a tenth to a fifth of the government's \$600,000,000 income. As in Mar del Plata, all three long used the lure of night clubs with elaborate dinners and even more elaborate shows at inexpensive prices. An abundance of war money made this unnecessary, however; prices are now higher than in Manhattan, and the *norteamericano*, anxious for a look at something really Brazilian, is likely to find the festivities a decided let-down, for any resemblance between authentic Brazilian entertainment and Carmen Miranda is purely coincidental.

Because it is farthest from most of the hemisphere and from Europe, Chile's top watering place, Viña del Mar, is perhaps the least changed of Latin beaches. An interurban train ride from the busy, South Pacific port of Valparaiso; a pretzel-twisted, four-hour train or car journey from Santiago, Viña has an idyllic, slow-paced charm that suggests what southern California — whose cloudless sunshine it matches — might have been like in other hands.

Those Viña cottages which Los Angeles County would term Spanish are, in fact, here called *californiano*. There the resemblance ends. Nothing is built in the shape of anything else. There isn't a gift shoppe or a guided tour for miles. And the drowsy central plaza is ringed with hitching posts,



where venerable, top-hatted coachmen wait to drive you to your favorite cove.

The Casino draws crowds with an art gallery instead of a night club. What Chileans call the *he le-fe*, or high life, is found in the Nitrate

Institute's gardens, where the country's leading export is used to fertilize experimental flowers. International activity centers at the O'Higgins. There Bolivians, Argentines, Paraguayans, and Peruvians have, under favorable exchange, been able to live in Swiss-managed hotel luxury unduplicated elsewhere in the Americas, at rates which have made some permanent voluntary exiles from home.

The visitor heading north from Viña begins to encounter the first of the Latin reflections of United States seaside resorts at San Miguel, Miraflores, and the other Peruvian beaches an hour's ride from Lima. Vendors hawk such exotic importations as *ays krim* (spelled that way on the signboards); painted seashells, pennants, and knickknacks, and within the past year, a weight guesser. Amusement piers and rocking chairs may come next.

The same north-of-the-border influence is also being observed at the beaches around the Caribbean. In Cartagena, Colombia, one of America's oldest cities, a United States chain has taken over the leading inn, done it up with Grand Rapids Spanish, air-conditioning, and blue-plate specials, and is preparing for the visiting *turistas*. Barranquilla, three hours away by new highway, also recently opened an

americano-patterned hotel, beach club, and assorted attractions. And Panama, preparing for a post-war resumption of Canal cruises, has launched a campaign to sell its beaches, game fishing grounds, and jungle jaunts, Indian village visits, and planned entertainment.

Cubans who have seen the same kind of thing developing around Varadero on the north coast of Matanzas Province have become apprehensive. Drawn by its pure-white sand and extraordinary blue waters — thirty minutes by air and four hours by car from Havana — many of Cuba's wealthiest families began building palatial homes there in the early thirties, quietly using them in summer and saying nothing about it to anybody.

Americans who have recently found Florida more and more crowded began discovering Varadero an ideal winter place. The secret is no longer hidden. Subdivisioners have already planted their sights. Real-estate offices have opened, their salesmen stressing the "chance of a lifetime" opportunities. And the first dine-and-dance spot, Kastillito, — "No cover charge ever," — has hung out its neon and is doing business.

No one knows where it will end. But Cubans have already issued a warning: If their *Playa Azul* gets one rolling chair, one hot dog, or one piece of salt-water taffy, they're going to wrap them up in one big package weighted down with several tons of sand and ship it, collect, to Washington with whatever remains of the Good Neighbor policy.



Apples

By JAMES STILL

Now that they've set a standard for the apple
By choosing its forebears and placing it on a diet
And mellowing its shoulders red, yellow, or green
According to chemi-fancy and current market fiat,
And brought it to a norm in taste and dapple,
It's hard to find a fruit that's individual.

I praise the factory tree, the thirty-peck supremacy
Over the ten-peck tree; I hail the standardization
Of fruit as rounding as doorknobs, as waxy as wax
(The eating's the thing, not the explanation);
I acknowledge debt to the society of apples and facts,
To men and grafts that made the tree a hummer,
To pomological genius for developing a steady comer.

My old-time trees are doubtful from season to season,
Though usually they bear in vagrant wild-sweet unreason;
But my apples are the ones to eat for a taste of summer.

RADIO

"Prove You're Human!"

By EDWIN O'CONNOR

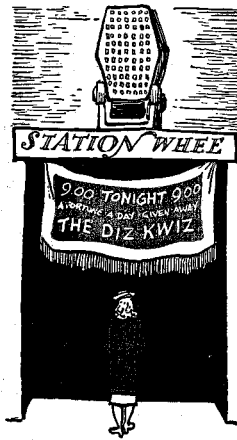
THE modern radio quiz program has one positive value, in that it lends almost unlimited support to those who believe that the human race is marching double-time to the rear, in a frantic attempt to recapture the cave-like simplicity of Pleistocene life. At the moment, the quiz show is the number one exhibit in this department of reverse evolution, and if it is truly a symbol of our times, it behooves us all to lay in a supply of fur suits and to read up on the domestic habits of the woolly rhinoceros.

In the beginning, the quiz program was a relatively inoffensive item, representing an attempt on the part of the broadcasting industry to entertain its listeners by the simple device of proving to them that their fellow citizens were not quite bright. One man, called the quiz master, asked questions of selected members of a studio audience. The questions then were much as they are now, for radio has always found fascination in asking as many people as possible, Who preceded Franklin Pierce as Chief Executive of the United States? or, What famous memorial is depicted on the reverse of a five-dollar bill?

It was those early quiz masters, however, who were different. When they asked a contestant a question, even though it were of a nature so formidable it might well have tried the mind of a Tony Galento, they stipulated that the contestant should answer that question in order to win the attached award. Moreover — and this was their undoing — they held that the answer must come from the contestant himself, with no outside assistance. This was simply too much: radio slowly and quietly began to weed its garden, and one by one these perfectionists and their programs began to disappear. A very few remain today, quaint holdovers from another time, as out of place among their shining descendants as a handful of Sumerian Nail Writers in the lobby of the Ritz. The contemporary quiz master presides over a quiz show which has reversed its field; although it still asks questions, it regards the unaided answer as an irrelevancy. It has established in our lives, firmly and irremovably, the principle that ignorance is not only bliss: it's money in the bank!

The time has come to abandon all the hocus-pocus of the question program, which really is looking for no answers at all. I advocate the substitution of another program, which, while retaining every catastrophic feature of the first, would be simpler, more logical, and more aboveboard. This program would be called "Prove You're Human!" and for the con-

This is the fourth in a series of articles about radio by EDWIN O'CONNOR.



venience of any interested parties I submit it herewith in abbreviated form.

Like all of today's quiz programs, "Prove You're Human!" would have a quiz master, an announcer, abundant gifts, and a studio audience, which would — like all studio audiences — be carefully screened before broadcast time, in order to ensure the presence on the air of its dullest and most untalented members. The program would begin, logically enough, with the announcer giving the clue to the nature of the show:—

ANNOUNCER (*shouting*): Hello, out there!
It's time to—*prove you're human!*

The studio audience immediately responds to this invitation with a series of shrieks and bloodcurdling screams, all of which have a distinctly inhuman quality. This is not a reaction peculiar to this program, however. It is heard at the opening of all quiz programs, and is simply the blood cry of the American adult who has scented the presence of "Something for free."

ANNOUNCER: Ye-e-es, sir! And now here he is — the man with the million-dollar smile and the pocket-book to match — that watchdog of the human race who makes you *prove* you're human — *Curly Cornwallis!*

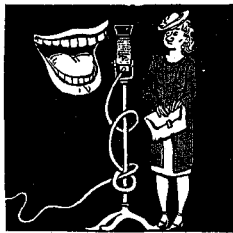
More shrieks and screams, this time coincident with the appearance of a bald man who runs out on the stage, waving with one hand and significantly tapping his bald head with the other. At this latter gesture the studio positively boils with hysteria, the audience shouting its approval of the fiendish twist of wit that gave this hairless man the nickname "Curly."

Finally things quiet down, as the audience senses that Curly Cornwallis is about to start the ball rolling. He does.

CURLY: Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha! *Is everybody HUMAN?*

AUDIENCE (*ecstatically*): Yes!

CURLY: Well — you've got to *prove* it to me! Ah ha ha ha ha ha!



The audience roars, Curly — just to show that he's versatile — laughs, and then everyone settles down to the gay business of getting something for nothing. In a few brief sentences, Curly explains the rules of the program: no prompting from the audience; the contestant must say something that will establish him or her as a human being; and, should there be any doubt, the decision will rest with the studio audience, whose vocal reaction will be registered on a sensitive measuring device known as the "Giant Humanometer."

This done, Curly turns to the first contestant of the evening, a nervous, middle-aged woman with a silly smile on her face.

CURLY: *All right! Here's our first contestant. Now remember — all you have to do to win a swell prize is to give me some proof that you're human. Come on, now — prove you're human!*

CONTESTANT (*giggling nervously*): Ooh hoo hoo hooo!

CURLY (*doubling with mirth*): Ah ha ha ha ha ha!

CONTESTANT (*now panic-stricken*): Ooh hoo hoo hoo HOOOOO!

CURLY (*unsheathing the rapier*): You're either a very nervous human — or a very normal owl!

This is it! Chairs shake, the building rocks, and eventually a laugh-maddened mob settles, limp and helpless, back into its seats, in each heart the breathless entreaty for mercy: "Oh, Curly! Cut it out!" The magnificent funster, however, never lets up. On the stage, his index fingers are curved above his head, to suggest the feathered tufts of the horned owl, and from time to time he yells, "Whoo! Whoo!" Finally, tiring of this, he turns again to his contestant, who is now standing at the microphone only because she is being held up by the announcer.

CURLY (*addressing her*): Well, I'll tell you what we're going to do. We're going to give you one more chance to prove you're human, just to show you that we're all good sports. And I'm going to give you one little hint: one of the best ways of proving you're human is to tell me your name!

CONTESTANT (*struggling valiantly*): I — I'm Adele Carroway — and (*a sudden inspiration provokes a rush of words*) I live in Brooklyn, New York!

CURLY (*turning to the audience in wild excitement*): She did it! How about that, folks? How about that? Ah ha ha ha ha ha!

Down in the audience, the spirit of the carnival prevails. On the stage, Curly can be seen pumping Adele's hand, simultaneously shouting words of congratulation into the microphone. A number of men are observed carefully wheeling a great, canvas-covered object in from the wings. This is the prize.

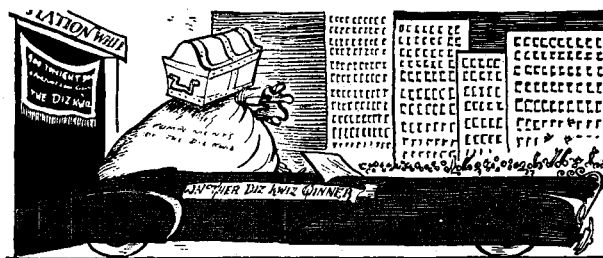
CURLY: Yes, Miss Carroway, there's absolutely no doubt about it — you are human! And because you've proved this so successfully tonight, "Prove You're Human!" has a little gift for you. It's a brand-new automobile, with white side-wall tires!

The canvas is whisked off, and a great gasp passes through the studio, suggesting that a large portion of those present have been reduced to pure jelly by the revealed magnificence. Almost immediately, however, the reverential gasp is replaced by the more customary shouts, whistles, and applause, which diminish only when the lucky winner steps to the microphone to acknowledge her victory.

CONTESTANT (*primly*): It's just what I always wan-ned.

More applause at this. Suddenly Curly runs to the front of the stage, his face deadly serious. He waves for quiet. In his hand is a note just handed him by the announcer.

CURLY (*gravely*): Folks, I've just been told that history has been made on the "Prove You're Human!" program tonight. It seems that Adele Carroway of



Brooklyn, New York, not *only* proved that she was human — she proved it by means of a *compound sentence*! That's the first time this has ever happened on our little program, and Miss Carroway, we want you to know that we think it's pretty swell!

A dignified round of applause is accorded this statement, and in one of the most solemn moments in American broadcasting history, she is handed, as a bonus, a bundle of stock certificates which give her the controlling interest in Electric Bond and Share. She drives off the stage in her new car, the audience cheers, and Curly, by way of appropriate farewell, brings his hand to his forehead in a crisp military salute. Then, Miss Carroway gone, he marches to the microphone, laughs engagingly, and the spell is broken. It is time for the next contestant.

As I see it, "Prove You're Human!" has everything to guarantee it leadership in the quiz field. There is always present a suitably maniacal atmosphere. The prizes would be bigger and better than before, and what is more important, they would be given away in return for much less than ever before — to be precise, in return for nothing at all. "Prove You're Human!" might, in fact, become the last word in radio quiz programs, and if this were the case, what more could one ask of it?

Gulls Flying

By JOHN ROLFE

I LIKE to think

That gulls are lost air crewmen come again
To ride, this time on wings more light, more sure,
The invisible lift and sweep of streaming skies.

I like to see

In the bright poetry of glide and turn
And buoyant climb, the spirit, born for air,
Flung free at last of earth's enchainning power
And glorious in its loved element.

Fly, gulls!

Cut your sharp, scythe-winged course across the sky,
Fearing no storm, no fog, no rugged land,
No thick, unlighted night, no boiling sea!

Mount the bright tower

That cast you down before! Take now the tall
And shining turret for your own. Wheel, gulls!
Cry joy! Cry freedom, pride, wild harmony
With air's wild turbulence. God speed you. Fly!

Books and Men

ANDRÉ GIDE

by CHARLES J. ROLO and JEAN DE SÉGUEY

I

WHEN André Gide published his autobiography in France in the mid-twenties, a scandalized critic twisted the axiom, "*La Nature a horreur du vide* — Nature abhors a vacuum," into "*La Nature a horreur du Gide*." After suffering this kind of treatment from French reviewers for thirty years, Gide, now seventy-seven, has lived to see many of them agree that he is the greatest living French writer. His prestige on the European continent — particularly in pre-Hitler Germany — has been immense, and though somewhat diluted in its passage across the English Channel, it still stands high in Britain. The influence Gide has exerted on Continental writing is comparable to that of Joyce and Proust. More has been published *about* him than *by* him. In the twenties every other literary ism in Europe claimed among its inspirations Gide's doctrine of intellectual adventure — *L'Inquiétude Gidienne*.

By comparison, his impact in this country has been slight. Of the fifty-odd books published by Gide in the last fifty-six years, eleven have appeared in America, but even among serious readers his work is not well known. His talent bears a strongly Gallic imprint; and being a great stylist, he loses much in translation. Though his English translator and friend, Dorothy Bussy, has served him competently, she has not achieved the excellence of C. K. Scott-Moncrieff's rendition of Proust. Over and above his Frenchness, Gide is a difficult and perverse writer, who confesses to having cultivated "the art of being disagreeable to the reader." "To disturb," he once remarked, "that is my role."

With a few exceptions, Gide has cloaked his disturbing ideas in myths, parables, and confessional narratives — forms that seem remote to us and

heighten the difficulty of identification. "Don't understand me so quickly, I beg you," he once said to an acquaintance. "I write only to be reread. . . . My value lies in my complexity." Therein also lies inaccessibility.

Still more distasteful to Americans is the perversity which flavors his books and attaches to the man himself, by virtue of his self-advertised homosexuality and *seeming* moral irresponsibility. His writings show a morbid fascination with neurosis, surreptitiousness, and crime. His hero in *The Immoralist* derives exquisite pleasure from complicity in an Arab boy's theft of a pair of scissors; from conspiring to help poachers elude the traps set by the gamekeeper on his *own* estate.

Gide's fictional world, in which decency and normal love so rarely figure, is peopled by a singularly unsympathetic array of personages: repellantly perverse adolescents; pious fanatics and unctuous priests; French Babbitts, mired in stupidity and self-importance; ineffective intellectuals, decadent sensualists, and dilettantes in crime. And the inconclusive conclusions which his inner logic demands often seem intolerable to our sense of fitness. There is much, in short, that is unpalatable in Gide. What, then, is the reader's reward? What is the source of Gide's greatness?

Taken as a whole, Gide's body of work, which has a marked symphonic unity, constitutes a passport to the highest possible intellectual adventure: the lifelong quest of an extraordinarily perceptive being for values that are neither secondhand nor counterfeit, for adjustment, not to the world of appearances, but to an inner reality. As his American biographer, Klaus Mann, observes: "All human values on which our civilization is based are at stake in his inner dialogue. . . . He echoes our uncertainties, he articulates our dilemmas."

Gide looked at contemporary French civilization and was appalled by the ubiquitous pressure of codes and conventions, of Church, society, and family, of political parties and literary schools. The in-

The author of *Wingate's Raiders*, CHARLES J. ROLO was born in Egypt of British parents and has lived in the United States since his graduation from Oxford nine years ago.

JEAN DE SÉGUEY is the pen name of a young Turkish poet, Hasan Ozbekhan, who, encouraged by André Gide, published his first work in Paris before the war.

dividual, in his attempt to conform to this world of appearances, develops a public personality which, in the Gidean lexicon, is "counterfeit." It is counterfeit, Gide holds, because it suppresses or denies a whole set of impulses and instincts which constitute our *real* personality.

2

WHAT fascinates Gide about the inner reality of human character is this profusion of incoherent desires, irrational longings, and contradictory moral tendencies coexisting in the shadowy lower depths. Gide's picture of mankind is "disagreeable" because he feels that the true structure of personality has been falsified by overemphasis on the rational (therefore bowdlerized) facet of man. His formula is: "One must represent *everything*."

The first step toward self-knowledge is fearless recognition of man's diversity, of the polarity of his moral make-up. Consistency is a distortion of character; the man who truly understands himself is consistently inconsistent. Inner reality, in which good and evil overlap, is a marriage of Heaven and Hell à la Blake. Like Blake, Gide is willing to proclaim: "Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires."

Enactment of our unacted desires, emancipation from the counterfeit world, bring freedom and fulfillment in the elation of rebirth. But the fulfillment is temporary, for absolute freedom breeds defeat: unfettered expression of our irrational impulses and instinctual longings has social consequences which give pause even to the Gidean hero. That defeat is an inevitable element of the human quest is a pivotal notion in Gide's view of life. Yet the adventurer's defeat is preferable to the stagnation of those too weak to seek freedom.

The Gidean hero who follows the dictates of his real self will not weigh the proportion of good and evil, elation and defeat, in the cycle of experience. Gide sees defeat not as tragedy but as drama, not as a reason for despair but as an impetus to continued reaching for *more* life, because defeat itself has a positive moral content.

Experience, then, is its own reward; it may be compared to a slightly overripe fruit in which, after eating through the pulp — part of it sweet, part of it unpalatable — one reaches a core of pure goodness. This affirmative conclusion, arrived at from his premises, which are the reverse of pollyanna, saves Gide from the transcendentalism of Huxley's flight into the timeless universe of the Hindu mystics; from the nihilism of Sartre's Existentialist hell and the frustrating pessimism of most of the American realists; from the dogmatism of the surrender to Church and Party Line. Gide is one of the few contemporary novelist-philosophers whose resolution of the problem of defeat in the world as we know it is formulated *wholly in terms of that world*.

Gide's affirmative doctrine is one of perpetual exploration, a sort of Don Juanism of the psyche. "Movement," says Gide, "is the important thing. I have never wished to *be*, but to *become*. . . . To seek God is to know him." Salvation lies in remaining "*disponible*" — unattached: to ideas, to persons, to possessions. Whenever he has seen a friend's belief harden into bigotry — aesthetic, political, or religious — Gide has broken with him. When his library threatened to become an attachment, he sold off his rare editions and autographed copies, scandalizing those who knew he had ample private means. Never since his youthful break with symbolism has he adhered to a literary school; his sympathies have ranged from Dada to Dostoevski. But for one interlude in his life he has been "apolitical." Attracted to a brand of communism inspired by the Bible, he was soon repelled by the commandments of the Kremlin and the orthodoxy of its French cohorts. A godly man, "dazzled by the Gospel," he quotes Jesus to refute the menaces and prohibitions of St. Paul.

Gide's ethic is one of supreme individualism. "I came to admit only private morals," he records in his autobiography, "and these sometimes present contradictory commandments. . . . All effort to submit to a rule became in my eyes an act of treason . . . which I identified with the Sin against the Holy Ghost 'which will not be forgiven,' [and] by which the individual loses his . . . savor." In an unpublished page Gide adds: "[My] strong Puritan education . . . the habit and need of a discipline, enabled me to see, outside the Common Rule, something other than mere anarchy. . . . To rediscover the pure, beyond the factitious, personality was no easy task. And this rule of life *forever new* which henceforth became mine — to act with the greatest possible sincerity — implied a resolve, a perspicacity, an effort, requiring all my will. I never appeared to myself more moral than when I decided no longer to be moral — that is, to be moral only after my own light. And I came to understand that perfect sincerity — of the motive as well as of the act — which gives to man his highest dignity and worth, is to be won only with ceaseless striving — *Le Paradis est toujours à refaire*." In a characteristically ironic afterthought Gide writes: "I am perhaps just an adventurer."

Gide has squeezed the quintessence out of moral restlessness, and to the resulting threat of anarchy he opposes a sleepless awareness: the categorical imperative must constantly be sought from within. Speaking of Goethe, Gide defined his own notion of *serviceable* individualism: "I do not mean slavish . . . but ready to serve. He was a man of duty: yes, of duty toward himself. Those who have accused him of . . . egotism seem to me to have misunderstood the austere demands that a healthy individualism often implies." The nerve of Gide's antithetic attitude — so far from being irresponsibility — is the desire to awaken in the individual a

stringent sense of responsibility to himself. In its widest implications, so pertinent today, Gide's doctrine is a protest against the submersion of individual responsibility in organized authority, against that "escape from freedom" to which psychiatrists have traced the virus of fascism. In this context, nonconformity becomes an ethical impulse, irreverence a moral condition, revolt a duty for the exceptional being. "To be at odds with his times, there lies the *raison d'être* of the artist. . . . Nothing which pushes to revolt is definitely dangerous."

Gide's heroes are men whom unusual circumstances have freed from the need for conformity and submission to authority. Michel, the Immoralist, is a homosexual like Gide, and both are emancipated by the rebirth that follows a dangerous disease (tuberculosis). Bernard, of *The Counterfeiters*, is illegitimate. Lafcadio, of *Lafcadio's Adventures*, is both illegitimate and rootless. The Gidean hero, repugnant though he may be to most of us, has his redeeming social function. He is protest personified, the man who *never* says "Heil!" — the irrepressible adventurer.

3

GIDE's personal adventure — in literature, friendship, marriage, and the pursuit of ideas — is revealed in his autobiography (*Si le Grain ne Meurt*, published here in a limited edition in 1935 under the title *If It Die*), which ends in his twenty-sixth year; and in his five-volume, half-million-word *Journal*, which extends from 1889 to 1942. The *Journal* is a document whose threefold scope makes it unique in French literature. With the dispassionate intimacy of the camera eye, it records, sometimes in such casual entries as "Visit to Verlaine," more frequently in alluring detail, personal contacts with almost every artist of importance on the European continent in the past half century. An unsystematized compendium of artistic criticism, of greater range, taste, and prescience than Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*, it comments on every major artistic movement from impressionism to surrealism; delves — in a phrase, a paragraph, or an essay — into the work of some two hundred writers, from Homer to William Faulkner.

Gide has lived to see many of his once heretical judgments vindicated. He saw weaknesses in Rémy de Gourmont, Anatole France, and d'Annunzio at a time when their reputations were unassailable; today Gourmont is almost forgotten, Anatole France has been relegated to the second rank, and many will concede that there was more of bombast than genius in d'Annunzio. A number of the unpublished young writers in whom Gide detected talent (Valéry Larbaud, Henri Michaux, Max Jacob) have since won a substantial reputation in France.

Gide has a quasi-religious veneration for the great French classics, but his erudition in foreign literature is immense. Though he did not perfect his

English until he was forty, his translations of Shakespeare, Blake, and Conrad are among the finest in French. His version of *Hamlet*, a play which has never fared happily in France, has dazzled both audience and critics in Paris this current season.

Gide, more than anyone else, has clarified the French view of Nietzsche and Dostoevski; reaffirmed the grandeur of Goethe and elucidated Whitman's greatness; proclaimed the pre-eminence in the novel form of the great Russians and the "English-writing" authors — Swift and Defoe, Richardson and Fielding, Dickens and Melville, whose *Moby Dick* he brackets with his favorite novel, *Moll Flanders*. The *Journal* shows less interest in the English and American moderns. It praises *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *God's Little Acre*, but makes no mention of Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Thomas Wolfe, Dreiser, Lewis, or O'Neill. Upton Sinclair is "fort mauvais," Huxley "unreadable."

In its third aspect the *Journal* records Gide's personal quest with all of the "*Heureuse audace dans l'indiscrétion personnelle*" which Montaigne prescribed and which Gide regards as a stern duty. It shows a Freudian talent for self-analysis more thoroughgoing in its honesty than Stendhal's *Life of Henri Brulard* and his "secret" journals or than Rousseau's deliberately sensationalized *Confessions*. Though the *Journal* and the autobiography are at times disconcertingly explicit about Gide's homosexuality, they avoid the pitfalls of salaciousness and sensationalism, for Gide's most indiscreet revelations are couched in the most discreet manner.

"There are things in everyone's life one must have the courage not to write about." Gide is consistent in his inconsistency. The *Journal* cryptically alludes to his marriage to his cousin, Emmanuèle, as "the secret drama of my life," and the most explicit reference leaves much to the reader's intuition. "The truth is that I cannot disassociate myself from *Em*," he wrote in 1933. "She is the only being I have ever really loved. I love her now more passionately and deeply than ever before. That is why every step forward causes me so much pain. . . . I cannot think without being cruel to her." When Madame Gide died in 1938, Gide — supposedly indifferent to women — astounded everyone by officially recognizing the grown-up daughter born to him out of a liaison no one had ever suspected.

It is completely in character that Gide, who has revealed so much about himself, should have enjoyed keeping this sensational secret up his sleeve. He is not averse to a bit of play acting in public, and has a decided penchant for the diabolic pose, which has intensified his sinister reputation. He tells in his diary of overhearing a woman complain to her companion, "Every time my lover has a talk with Gide, he beats the life out of me."

"All extremes meet in me," Gide once remarked. He offers us God and the Devil, the strait path and the strange fruit. A mixture of Puritan and

Pagan, St. Francis and Nietzsche, he is alternately sadistic and tender, angelic and demoniac.

Gide recognized early in life this oscillation between two moral poles, and saw in heredity the origin of his own "discordant" dualism: "Is it my fault that I was . . . the product of two stocks, two provinces, two faiths?" His father, a professor of law, came from a poor Protestant family of the rugged Languedoc. His mother's clan, the Roudaux, belonged to the wealthy Normand bourgeoisie, and though Protestant, was of Catholic origin. Gide was brought up in a Puritan atmosphere of Calvinist severity. He read the Bible "avidly, gluttonously, but methodically." He also read the Greek myths and the *Arabian Nights*, and remained forever captivated by the sensual flavor of the Oriental world. His great achievement as an artist has been to make his dualism the energizing force of his work.

Gide's appearance strangely mirrors the contradiction of his personality. In the inevitable black cloak with upturned collar and broad-brimmed black slouch hat pulled down over the ears, he is Mephistopheles in priest's clothing. The tall, bony figure with stooping shoulders; the high forehead and bald cranium that crown the slightly diabolic egg-shaped face, the scholarly gravity of speech, the the big tragic mouth with its thin, straight lips — as straight, Oscar Wilde said, "as those of a man who has never told a lie" — these traits belong to the intellectual; the Huguenot. But the springy step and the tanned skin stretched tightly over high cheekbones betray the adventurer who still goes mountain-climbing in his seventies. The restless gray-blue eyes that peer observantly from under the camouflage of bushy eyebrows have an independent life of their own. They are oddly youthful, oddly flirtatious in that septuagenarian mask.

Gide is a retiring man, never at ease in a crowded room. He talks with circumspection and one can picture him mentally erasing one word to select another that is more apposite. Gide always talks about other writers — and always writes about himself.

4

OSCAR WILDE once said to Gide: "Dear, there is no first person singular in art." But all his life Gide went on using the "I" in an eternal debate with his "me." Each affirmation in Gide gives the no to another part of his being.

"A work of art," says Gide, "is the exaggeration of an idea." Each of his books exaggerates a Gidean theme, which is refuted, corrected, or amplified in the succeeding work, itself another exaggeration. Each frees the author from an exaggeration with himself.

Gide started his first book at eighteen. *Les Cahiers d'André Walter* was the confession of a hypersensitive young introvert who — like Gide —

loved his cousin, Emmanuèle, and was in love with chastity. Gide killed off his hero and sought an answer to his own problems in flight. In October, 1893, he set out with a friend for North Africa.

To Gide the Arab world unfolded a terrestrial paradise. His Puritanism relaxed its cold grip under the warming spell of sun and sand, and he was intoxicated by the new sights and smells and savors; the dark cafés of Touggourt, Blidah, and Kairouan; the exotic fruits and cooling syrups; the hot breath of the Sahara at Biskra; and the "sun's dark imprint" on native skins. Like Goethe when he saw Italy for the first time, Gide exclaimed: "At last I have found myself!"

A year later Gide and Oscar Wilde were in Algiers. "I hope to demoralize the whole place," Oscar cheerfully boasted. Gide was his first victim, and a slender flutist named Mohammed was the tempter's instrument of corruption. To Gide the experience was a liberation. "Ah, what a hell I now passed out of," he confessed in his autobiography, recalling the failure of his efforts to "normalize" his instincts. "At last I had found my inborn normality."

Gide's next important book, *Les Nourritures Terrestres*, was a prose poem on the Blakean theme, "Exuberance is beauty," an exaggerated affirmation of the senses grafted on to the Gidean doctrine of flight and non-attachment. At the conclusion Gide advised his imaginary disciple to "throw away this book," for it expresses just one possible attitude toward life. Gide himself had returned to his home and married the cousin he had loved since childhood.

The Immoralist, considered by some critics to be Gide's masterpiece, shows the consequences of applying to life the untrammelled hedonism of *Les Nourritures*. Michel, an archaeologist, has been stricken with tuberculosis while honeymooning in North Africa, and in the exhilaration of convalescence breaks utterly with his past and its code of values. His wife, Marceline, now becomes infected with the disease. But Michel drags her wherever his thirst for new sensation propels him. Early one morning he returns from an orgy in the native quarter of Touggourt to find Marceline dying — one of the most cruel and coldly effective passages Gide has ever written. The Immoralist has tasted the reward of emancipation and the "bitter ash" of the defeat inherent in absolute freedom. "To know how to free oneself is nothing," Michel concludes. "What is so arduous is to learn to live in freedom."

The Immoralist corrected and supplemented the message of *Les Nourritures* with the notion of suffering and defeat. *Le Retour de L'Enfant Prodigue* — conceived on a train trip to Berlin and written in fifteen days — answered the interrogatory conclusion of *The Immoralist* with the doctrine of perpetual exploration, of the ever-renewed escape to freedom. This retouched formula, which now covered the whole cycle of experience, Gide next applied in his two great fictional masterpieces.

Lafcadio's Adventures (first published here as *The Vatican Swindle*) is at once an astringent novel of ideas and a burlesque as hilarious as the best of Evelyn Waugh. A gang of swindlers have extorted vast sums from devout Catholics to "liberate" the Pope, supposedly kidnaped by Freemasons who have smuggled a false Pope into the Holy See. Into this hoax, which symbolizes in caricature the counterfeit nature of the world of appearances, Gide projects four main characters who pass through the cycle of escape and defeat.

Here Gide makes it abundantly clear that his dangerous doctrine is not for those who walk in the comfortable ways of ordinary men, for "freedom is terrifying when no longer circumscribed by duty." Even for Lafcadio, the pure Gidean hero, it holds a moment of shock. Anthime Armand-Dubois, the rationalist, Julius de Baraglioul, the Catholic aristocrat, and Amédée Fleurissoire, the bourgeois Caspar Milquetoast, are deluded by counterfeit appearances stemming from "the Vatican swindle" into breaking with their past. The first two return to their roots for reasons which are equally counterfeit, poor Fleurissoire, who has set out to liberate the Pope singlehanded, meets a senseless and pathetic death. His journey to Rome is one of the great comic episodes in the French novel. Wrenched from a sheltered existence, he is bedeviled by drafts and bedbugs, prostitutes and suspicious pimples.

His murderer, Lafcadio, freed by an unusual childhood of all morality, is the descendant of the Immoralist. Young and handsome, irresistibly charming, unpredictable, at once selfish and quixotic, his inward revolt seeks to express itself in something rash and daring — a gratuitous crime. He pushes Fleurissoire out of a railway carriage "just for the hell of it."

Defeat follows. The law threatens to catch up with him; how can he have thought it possible, Gide interjects, "for any society to exist without laws?" His inner being, too, is stunned: "I lived unconscious; I killed in a dream — a nightmare, in which I have been struggling ever since. . . . Even if I escaped from the police, I could not escape from myself." But it looks at the end as if Lafcadio will let another murderer hang for his crime, as if he will again be *disponible* — available for fresh adventure.

The Counterfeiters, Gide's last work of fiction, published when he was in his mid-fifties, is generally considered to be his most important book. Into a cross-section of middle- and upper-class Paris society, Gide injects a young man, Bernard, seeking emancipation à la Gide, and a Gide-like novelist, Édouard. Gide's idea of the real and counterfeit personality is explored on the twin levels of action and analysis: in terms of Bernard's involvement in an intricate set of plots and subplots, each a story in itself; and in Édouard's notes for a novel to be called *The Counterfeiters*. Gide handles the multiple personal interrelationships like a conjurer manip-

ulating a deck of cards, and here, as in *Lafcadio's Adventures*, shows himself to be one of the subtlest and most economic portraitists in modern fiction.

During the next ten years Gide traveled ceaselessly. Returning to his wife, Emmanuèle, at Cuverville in Normandy, after a trip to Italy, Tunisia, or the Congo, he would be off again a week later to Switzerland or the South of France; he would appear unexpectedly in Cambridge, Heidelberg, or Munich, or titillate the lion hunters by showing up in Vittel, Biarritz, or Karlsbad. But fashionable resorts proved rather a strain: Gide recalls in his diary that when his *Symphonie Pastorale* was in vogue, he was once buttonholed by a matron who gushed, "*Cher maître*, I can't tell you how much I loved your dear little novel — *The Unfinished Symphony*." And he wryly mentions another watering-place intellectual who raved to him about "that masterpiece of yours, *Remembrance of Things Past*" — a doubly exquisite *faux pas*, since as reader for the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Gide had once unforgivably rejected the first volume of Proust's great work.

A trip to the Congo, where he was appalled by the brutality of French colonial rule, awakened Gide's political consciousness, and in the early thirties he spoke and wrote like a fellow traveler. The Kremlin, which imagined it had hooked a whale, invited him to Russia. The result was *Return from the U.S.S.R.*, a courageous and concise testament of disillusionment. There were aspects of Russian life Gide praised, but what shocked him he bluntly condemned: "I doubt whether in any other country in the world, even Hitler's Germany, thought could be less free, more bowed down, more fearful [terrorized], more vassalized."

Gide's Communist adventure confirmed his distaste for involvement in politics. During the Second World War he lived for a time in the unoccupied zone, then escaped to North Africa and went into hiding. He was silent except for a series of sixteen "Imaginary Interviews," which were published in *Le Figaro*, the only Vichy paper that retained any independence. In these dialogues (published here in book form), which deal with French syntax, Goethe's theater, and other literary matters, Gide interwove a subtle but deadly criticism of the masochistic defeatism of Vichy and the collaborators' clownish slogans about National Revolution and Renaissance. Yet, though his stand was unambiguous, he refused, after the liberation of Tunisia, to become involved in the political fracas. "I cannot see," he wrote, "what 'declaration' I could make which would not be, were I to remain true to myself, displeasing to all factions." These words might serve as a comment on all of Gide's work.

Gide has remained true to himself — *unattached*. In a century in which statism has claimed the individual's soul, party lines have competed for the mind, and bureaucracy has circumscribed freedom, he stands out as the genius of nonconformity — the solitary rebel.

AGAINST THE GRAIN

John Jay Chapman

by JACQUES BARZUN

1

TEN years ago there appeared in this country a good fat volume entitled *John Jay Chapman and His Letters*. The author, the veteran biographer M. A. DeWolfe Howe, had woven together a sketch of his subject's life and a collection of truly astonishing letters. The reviewers were properly astonished, and several conveyed their aroused interest. But Chapman's works are hard to find, other names continually crop up, and the interest spread little farther than the column or two that expressed it.

Chapman's Letters were in themselves an astringent dose. One of the most sympathetic critics was moved to wonder whether their author was not mad or half mad, since it was impossible to take him and his ideas as belonging to any known sort of life or tradition on earth. Yet the biography should have been reassuring. Chapman did appear on earth — this one — in New York City, in the year following the outbreak of the Civil War. Descended from Huguenot, Dutch, and English ancestors, including the famous John Jay after whom he was named, Chapman belonged to the upper classes. He went to Harvard, married, took a militant part in reform politics, traveled, thought, and wrote a score of books. Then he died, in 1933, aged seventy-one. Except among a limited circle of friends in New England and New York, he did not, as we say, make a name for himself. What we mean is, he did not make a label stick to his name.

This is all the more reason for making one up now and gluing it on as firmly as possible — JOHN JAY CHAPMAN: CRITIC FIRST CLASS; then perhaps in smaller type, as a footnote: *Philosophical writer, sociologist, humorist*. I borrow the phrase "philosophical writer" from Samuel Butler, who used it about himself, for Chapman and he, besides being contemporaries, have certain affinities. Both were amateurs rather than professionals; both used violent

exaggeration to blast through the hard cake of customary thought; and both believed acidulated humor a good medium for serious criticism. When Chapman wants to entice us to read an original book, he does not combat scholarly abstractions with other abstract modifiers; he speaks like a man, not a book, and we hear a voice: —

"May the Muses forgive me if I seem ungrateful to that race of scholars who have given us access to the literature of Greece and Rome. When I am cross with them, the child scratches his nurse. For where should I have been without the protection and the solicitude of these great drudges who have been at work over my education for centuries? Nevertheless, there is something in a child, when he scratches his nurse, that is justified. She annoys him by her fussiness: she straightens his bib, corrects his manners, rules him in the bathtub, and bothers him with external attention. Is it not in spite of the attentions of the nurse that the inner, baffled, struggling spirit of the child comes into its own?"

"Literature is for our immediate happiness and for the awakening of more literature; and the life of it lies in the very seed and kernel of the grain. Footnotes and critical information attack the creative instinct. The spirit is daunted, the tongue tied by them. Many a lad has known less about Shakespeare after a college course on Shakespeare than he did when the only phrase he knew was 'Aroint thee, witch' — and he didn't know where that came from. Now he can write the etymology of the words on an examination paper; but the witch herself has vanished. Information is the enemy to poetry. If the old Greeks had known as much about Achilles as we do, the Iliad would never have been written. . . .

"The Nineteenth Century has left a hedge of critical literature about every great writer of antiquity. By the time a student has bored his way through the treatises, he is old, and he is dull. He cannot taste the honey, for he has exhausted himself in cutting down the tree. Let us climb and sip. Three generations of modern scholars have befogged and begoggled their wits over Aeschylus and Horace. Let us never read the learning of these investigators. Let us be ignorant, nimble, and enthusiastic.

Born and schooled in France, JACQUES BARZUN came to this country in 1919. He was naturalized in 1933 and is now Professor of Cultural History at Columbia University. He is the author of several books, among them *Teacher in America*, *Romanticism and the Modern Ego*, and *Of Human Freedom*. This is the seventh in his series of critical essays which have appeared in the *Atlantic*.

Let us never drink of that cup of delusion, critical knowledge. A scholar reads the books of other scholars, lest he shall say something that shows ignorance. Conscience and professional ambition keep him at it. He dare not miss a trick; just as the social climber dare not miss a party. Jaded and surfeited, both scholar and climber accept the servitude. They must know all these dull people, because these dull people are in the game that they are playing. Thus, one result of scholars and scholarship is to interpose a phalanx of inferior minds between the young intelligence and the great wits of the past. Must the novice read those forty pages of Willamowitz-Mollendorff which cover each dialogue of Plato like the grease on a Strasbourg pâté? . . . Accurate scholarship, when it prevails, is the epilogue to literature."

It is easy to see from such fragments why Chapman would not be taken up by the professionals — whether academic pundits or established critics. And in their understandable resentment against a man who breaks up their game by hinting pretty strongly that literature is an elemental fact rather than a genteel livelihood, they probably do not bother to discover what he is really concerned about. So many of the attacks on scholarship and on professionalism are only a device to hide imperfect knowledge, or to catch the ear of the groundlings, that it is simpler to dismiss the plaintiff.

2

WHAT then was Chapman's intent throughout the variety of subjects and causes that he espoused? If he was a Critic, why is he not as much a parasite on genius as those he attacked? What did he criticize that puts him in a special category? Quite simply, it was the mind of America. And to put it so, even before amplifying the idea, explains both why he achieved no outward success and why, despite appearances, he belongs to an important native tradition. He must be numbered with James Fenimore Cooper, Jefferson, Poe, Whitman, Emerson, and the prolific tribe of Adamses.

All of these, to be sure, made headway and are easily remembered, at least as names; they had the advantage of a second profession besides that of Critic. Chapman, whose means enabled him to follow his unprofitable bent, made cultural criticism his sole vocation and suffered the penalty. For it is obvious that the Republic has no use for critics of his sort. Partisan objectors, yes; since they satisfy party feelings. But a Socrates, no. Not only does such a man annoy, without furnishing a reasonable ulterior motive, but he is usually hard to interpret — as our modern reviewers still find John Jay Chapman. He seems "mad or half mad."

In 1912, for example, Chapman put one of his visions into action. He went to Coatesville, Pennsylvania, where a particularly cruel lynching had

occurred, and he made a speech in a store hired by him to hold what he termed in his local announcements a prayer meeting. Two persons came and listened to his reading from Scripture and his brief address. Chapman's purpose, besides the desire to commemorate and atone, was purely critical in the special sense I am trying to develop — that is to say, diagnostic. The lynching was a symptom, and the fearful responses to his self-imposed duty were a disease — in his own words, he saw "a seldom revealed picture of the American heart and of the American nature." He did not go to Coatesville as a liberal or a belated abolitionist, but as a witness, and he reported on his experience, not as an agitator, but as a philosophical observer. Chapman was conscious, through most of his life, of the necessary futility of this role: "I am saying things which will some day be thought of, rather than trying to get the attention of any one."

Fortunately, this particular incident is not representative of the problems Chapman found most congenial to his talents. Ideas were his natural element, ideas as embodied in literature, education, and the arts — realms in which his state of isolation did no harm to him nor to his work. I speak of harm because Chapman did not invariably accept his lack of influence. Both at the beginning and towards the end of his life, his passionate and impulsive nature demanded action.

During the later period, after the First World War, which had brought him cruel private griefs, he seemed to align himself with groups thriving on prejudice, and he gave vent to utterances that have in turn prejudiced against him readers otherwise favorably disposed. Like all aberrations, these acts must be noted and then forgotten, at least until one knows his man more fully; otherwise they overbalance the judgment in just the degree to which they were an overbalance of character in the subject.

Chapman was a man of passion, and he necessarily erred more than once in his violent expression of it. Some of his mistakes, both of word and deed, are so striking that they have aroused more curiosity than his wisdom, but this only proves the impressionable foolishness of the beholder. It is surely the sign of a weak critical sense not to be able to get over an odd fact or an unexpected turn of character, and in any respectable culture, biography should be the servant, not the arbiter, of artistic judgment.

The boundary between character and performance is of course not always easy to draw. With regard to Chapman's violence in writing, for example, two views are possible: one, that many of his letters are crude and unforgivable insults; the other, that they are in fact compliments, an onslaught being the most fraternal form of attack. Shaw, who himself has practiced epistolary extermination, has some sound words to say about the greater loyalty of the bludgeon over the insidious hypodermic. The reader, who is not the object of either treatment, can perhaps test his own feelings from passages in two letters

Chapman wrote to Dr. Drury, of St. Paul's School, the second fragment showing on Chapman's part a saving consciousness of his own methods: —

"Do you really think that if I *had* any ideas on the parent and child question I'd waste them on you? But just now I am taking a loaf and trying to forget the whole subject. Is the education of the young the whole of life? I hate the young — I'm worn out with them. They absorb you and suck you dry and are vampires and selfish brutes at best. Give me some good old rumsoaked club men — who *can't* be improved and make no moral claims. . . ."

"Your school English is monstrous. I say 'your' just to be disagreeable — as one says 'your' railways, 'your' climate, etc. to foreigners — for I know you can't do anything about it."

To anyone who questions Chapman's linkage with tradition, the desire to "do something" about things should provide an answer. The trait is certainly Western European, and its moralized political aim gives it further the American stamp. Chapman's early need for action at the very beginning of his career, around 1885, coincided with the first stirrings of post Civil War reform. Chapman joined the City Reform Club, founded by Theodore Roosevelt, and gave up a dozen years to maneuvering, addressing crowds, pamphleteering, and quarreling with T.R. The happy result for us is the pair of descriptive and philosophical volumes, *Practical Agitation and Causes and Consequences*.

Had the tradition of cultural criticism been continuous from Tocqueville to Whitman, instead of spasmodic, these two small books of Chapman's might have taught and inspired a whole generation. But they were too sinewy, too concentrated, and too simple all at once. The critic has to have an audience that knows what to make of his utterances — or else he must exhort them to do this or that in detail, which is not his business and spoils his art. The muckrakers later on were highly articulate in this way, but they never achieved a style nor condensed their indignation into a thought. Compare with theirs a gambit in Chapman's best manner: "It is the ambition of the agitator to use the machinery of government to make men more unselfish. Insofar as he succeeds in this, he is creating a living church, the only sort of state church that would be entirely at one with our system, because it would be merely a representation in the formal government of a spirit abroad among the people."

As for the negative side: "Misgovernment in the United States is an incident in the history of commerce. It is part of the triumph of industrial progress." And later, amid the cool perfection of his reciting how industrial progress, individual lives, and party politics intertwine into a fabric of corruption, comes the characteristic irony: "During the year, a very nice point of law arises as to the rights of the railroad to certain valuable land claimed by

the town. The city attorney is an able man, and reasonable. In spite of his ability, he manages to state the city's case on an untenable ground. A decision follows in favor of the railroad."

The critic is of course a man who can keep his eyes open even when his heart is beating high. With all his impulsiveness, Chapman the reformer could see himself exactly as he looked to what we would now call "his society": "After canvassing the whole community, the stranger finds five persons who are willing to work to defeat the district attorney: a young doctor of good education and small practice, a young lawyer who thinks he can make use of the movement by betraying it, a retired anti-slavery preacher, a maiden lady, and a piano tuner."

3

BUT it is not entirely a joke. An early insight which he had happily no chance to recur to enabled him to say: "We have escaped an age of tyrants, because the eyes of the bosses and their masters were fixed on money. They were not ambitious." This conclusion moreover leads him into his main theme — the mind: "Mere financial dishonesty is of very little importance in the history of civilization. Who cares whether Caesar stole or Caesar Borgia cheated? Their intellects stayed clear. The real evil that follows in the wake of a commercial dishonesty so general as ours is the intellectual dishonesty it generates. . . . This state of mind does not merely prevent a man having positive opinions. The American is incapable of taking a real interest in anything. The lack of passion in the American — noticeable in his books and in himself — comes from the same habitual mental distraction; for passion is concentration. . . . When a man takes a living interest in anything, we call him a 'crank.' There is an element of self-sacrifice in any honest intellectual work which we detect at once and score with contumely."

What Chapman was pointing to was not an innate lack but a defect of culture. The clear-eyed men of passion kept being born in this country as elsewhere, but they found no outlets; they spoke as if to a soundproofed generation. Emerson, on whom Chapman wrote one of his finest essays, had long since made the same complaint: "To be great is to be misunderstood. . . . The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs." Whitman, for all his pump-priming of the democratic cultural springs, warned of a "certain highly deceptive popular intellectuality" which is "an almost complete failure in its social aspects and aesthetic results." In Henry Adams the same insight turned civic passion into a toxic vinegar — to such a degree that we find Chapman relishing *The Education* but also excoriating it as "an odious book . . . by an egoist who conceives himself to be an intellectual."

With a common impulse that marks them as American, all four — Emerson, Whitman, Adams, and Chapman — look upon education as the source of present evil and potential good in the national life. They pray for teachers, scholars, and true universities. But they have in mind much more than the improvement of the institutions and the professionals. Chapman's lifelong concern was not so much to reform education as to make it work — for the first time on this continent; thereby giving it a national use and a national value.

The first step was to break just this popular association of intellect with institutions, this bad habit of looking upon learning as properly quarantined in the classroom. To this end Chapman worked in a manner that knew no limits of occasion or seemliness. From the epistolary rockets which he discharged at the headmasters of his boys' schools to his vivid expositions of the intangible in *Learning and Other Essays*, he kept his eye not on formal arrangements but on live situations. A striking example of his far-sightedness occurs in the severe but just portrait of President Eliot of Harvard, with its account of the "social idea" in education: —

"This idea was vigorously carried out by the authorities . . . when they made the discovery that something was wrong at Harvard, that nobody loved anybody there, and that the thing to do was to give weekly teas at Brook's Hall, to ask everyone, to get ladies from Boston, bishops from anywhere, social people at any cost, social talent to bridge the gulf between instructors and instructed. Nobly they labored. It was shoulder-to-shoulder, never say die, love one love all, more tea, more ladies."

But President Eliot, then universally revered, "was the spiritual father of the glacial era theretofore in progress. . . . I have sometimes stopped to shake hands with him because I thought it was right — and also, I confess, because I thought it would cause him pain. Such is the silliness of the undergraduate mind. The trustees, the ladies, bishops and steerers of Harvard, having received new warmth themselves . . . got at President Eliot and thawed him out. . . . [He] responded to the treatment; he glowed, he beamed. He really did have a warm place in him and they moved this round in front where people could feel it; and by Jove, the new Legend was launched."

Under the mask of frivolous anecdote lies Chapman's optimistic thesis that intellect can be a social force. To train intellect for social uses, the teaching institution must nurture it in a social setting. Chapman accordingly became one of the first critics of false specialization through the elective system, and one of the first advocates of general education. For as things stood he saw no meaningful relation between the university and the *literacy* of the country it was supposedly serving. On the one hand were the few boys who are born with an insatiable desire for true culture, and on the other, the rest who "come up to college with broken sets of rudimentary

reminiscence, and without knowing what they want or how to get it." Neither group received anything but mechanical attention in the free-for-all of higher learning. It was sheer travesty to "set a man to making original researches in anthropology and Hindu metaphysics when he has had no experience of life and only a classroom knowledge of books."

4

WE should linger on that last phrase, "only a classroom knowledge of books." It implies that there is some other kind of knowledge of books, though the public, and especially the century in which we live, summarily denies it. Books are felt to be one thing, of casual importance, and not a nourishment that can be taken in one of two ways. The distinction hardly ever arises, and that is why it is wise to seek it in the remainder of Chapman's writings — the volume on Emerson and others, the *Glance Toward Shakespeare*, the *Greek Genius*, the essays on Dante, Plato, Whitman, Lucian, William James, and the several translations of Greek drama.

Long before we have finished, we know that John Jay Chapman was one for whom books — or certain books — were a necessity, not for relaxation (neurotic ideal!), not for the cultivation of the genteel virtues, even less for the absorption of "valuable" knowledge, but for the extension of the sense of life, and especially the sense of the scale of life. In the superb piece on Balzac, Chapman shows how this happens, how in the writings of the masters art and life are continuous, and consequently how a piece of art becomes, for the fit reader, a piece of life added to his personal stock. "The internal world of his fiction is the real world for Balzac, and he contrives to make it the real world for his readers. He does this by methods which are so subtle that we can rarely perceive them . . . one sees it rather than reads of it; one experiences it rather than sees it. . . . Even when he bores us he interests us. There is a residuum in his thought. We go back to it after the book is closed; we find it in our mind and ponder it."

This being so, Chapman felt that art of this sort was a secret, a mystery. "We cannot hope to know what it is." He finds an image for it in a comparison with the death chair, which kills men by means of a low alternating current. Great artists fashion "life chairs which vitalise men through an exceedingly high and perfectly steady current." De Quincey had already spoken with similar feeling of the "literature of power," of which it is no exaggeration to say that we can live by it.

When so classed, a work transcends ordinary criticism. Formal flaws can be seen and may be docketed without affecting the essence of the creation. This invulnerability is in itself the sign of true power. What then becomes the role of the

critic? He can, of course, number the specks, but his principal task is, on the one hand, to clear a path for the normal mind to those "life chairs," and on the other to moderate the recurrent enthusiasm for facsimiles. Chapman did this notably about Stevenson, at the height of the latter's popularity. Without contempt or lack of sympathy for Stevenson's real gifts, the critic weighs the product of their application and concludes: "The truth is that as a literary force, there was no such man as Stevenson; and after we have racked our brains to find out the mechanism which has been vanquishing the chess players of Europe, there emerges out of the Box of Maelzel a pale boy."

I have quoted enough to show that Chapman himself had a share of that power which can do without copying models and hoarding echoes. His prose is light and strong, and finds images without poeticizing, just as it leaps connectives surefootedly. Occasionally choppy in his essays for fear of academicism ("gamboge and style, with its however's and moreover's and semicolons"), Chapman in his letters never deviates from perfect informality — the rarest of all literary gifts. This, if we can trust our stated preferences, ought to make him reasonably popular today. But we must remember his stand on intellect. "We are ungrateful," he says, speaking of William Lloyd Garrison, "to the intellects of the past. . . . Yet everything we know and live by is due to the mind of someone." We who might be his readers may assent to this proposition, but we do not believe it literally and viscerally. We think that what we know and live by was put

on the market, some time back, by General Electric — and that they are probably working on an inexpensive "life chair" even now.

Besides, Chapman cannot be popular so long as he remains what he is, a master of concise commentary. Though he knew much — because he knew much — his mind was not a tureen of facts periodically ladled into a book. His aim was to convey general truths; not to inform, but to reform by awakening and compelling reflection, like Balzac's residue. Unhappily, we are not used to this discipline. We have commentators, but it is notorious that they are not allowed to comment. They give us the low down, and we have a tendency to stay right there with them.

Yet all these reasons why Chapman is not ready-made to our tastes are as many reasons why we should take up and read him — against the grain perhaps, at the outset, but not for long. He is not beyond us, nor are we beyond him. The resistance we oppose to the re-examination of our past and its buried treasures may be simply a symptom of the fatigue induced by too much relaxation in front of a box with a dial on it. In imitation of the box, our best authors have got into the habit of telling us that their ideas are easy, that the last thing they expect from us is an effort. No wonder we yawn before we are hurt. By contrast, it might be fun to stiffen the dose once in a while and try the effect of a tonic. Who knows? — there might even be a virtue in it from the point of view of national morale and the social capacity to conduct our affairs with intelligence.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS

by ROBERT E. HAYDEN

WHEN it is finally ours, this freedom, this liberty, this beautiful and terrible thing, needful to man as air, usable as the earth; when it belongs at last to our children, when it is truly instinct, brain-matter, diastole, systole, reflex action; when it is finally won; when it is more than the gaudy mumbo-jumbo of politicians: this man, this Douglass, this former slave, this Negro beaten to his knees, exiled, visioning a world where none is lonely, none hunted, alien, this man, superb in love and logic, this man shall be remembered — oh, not with statues' rhetoric, not with legends and poems and wreaths of bronze alone, but with the lives grown out of his life, the lives fleshing his dream of the needful, beautiful thing.

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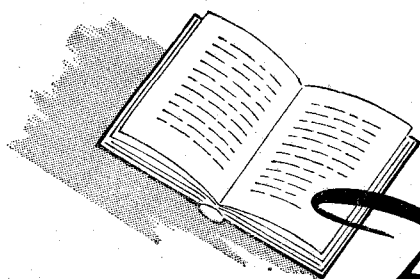
FEATURES

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THE ATLANTIC

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

O would those happy days were here
When our *Atlantic* wa'n't so queer,
When every page was white and clean,
No jaundiced sandwich in between.

So writes Mr. George F. Wing of Melrose, Massachusetts, and to him and to other long-suffering readers we make this New Year's pledge: that at the earliest opportunity in 1947, the *Atlantic* will again be printed on paper which is clean, firm, and white. It is our hope that the new stock will be available by early summer, and our expectation that the legibility of the *Atlantic* type page can then be restored to what it was before we went into battle dress.

Almost a century ago, a good-natured British lion and his secretary were inbound to Boston aboard the passenger ship *Canada*. It was his first trip to the New World and he was coming over to lecture, urged to do so by James T. Fields, and wisely advised during the passage by James Russell Lowell, who was soon to be the first editor of the *Atlantic*. The lion stood six feet four, was broad-shouldered, with hair prematurely silver. He was Dickens's only rival, and his latest novel, *Henry Esmond*, was to appear in London during his absence.

The crossing had been rough. The passengers had spent thirteen days "in that horrid little cabin below where we are tumbling and rolling and bumping and creaking in the roaring black midnight," and Thackeray was a relieved and hungry man when at last he reached the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. Fields had already ordered the dinner and invited a few friends, and remembering Thackeray's curiosity about American oysters, had taken care to procure the largest speci-

mens available. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. "How shall I do it?" asked Thackeray with a look of anguish. He was told. "Opening his mouth very wide," writes Fields, "he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he gasped, 'and as if I had swallowed a little baby.'"

Although people did not turn out with flags and drums to receive him, as they had Dickens a few years earlier, they did come, and in droves, to hear Thackeray lecture. He had prepared a series of six talks on English Humorists of the Last Century, and when he needed a seventh, as he did before the tour closed, he dictated it in the course of a single day, lying in bed, chain-smoking and dictating to his secretary from breakfast until the dinner gong rang. His talks were amusing, his tenor voice carried well, and his accent was fascinating. Although he might down canvasback ducks and no little claret before mounting the platform, he never forgot for a moment that he was here to entertain. He needed the dollars, for his daughters and for his wife, who had long since been in a sanatorium. His fee was about five times larger than the going rate of our native talent. He expected the tour to net him close to \$20,000 (which Baring's were to invest for him at 8 per cent in America), but when Providence turned out only 500 strong, half filling the auditorium, he was quick to return half the promised amount. "Nobody must lose money by me in America," he wrote, "where I have had such a welcome and hospitality."

To judge from the comments, it was the charm of what he said, even more than the substance, which brought down the hall. William Cullen Bryant, covering the first lecture, on Swift, for the *New York Evening Post*, was impressed by Thackeray's gigantic size and by the fact that he looked so old; he praised the enunciation and the "utter absence of affectation of any kind" and the lecture itself as a "work of art." Yet he had little respect for Thackeray's summing up of the Dean's character, and other New Yorkers, notably Henry James the elder, were even



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more severe. "Thackeray," James said, "could not see beyond his eyes, and has no ideas, and merely is a sounding-board against which his experiences thump and resound: he is the merest boy." I gather that he was at his best in what he calls the "very good foggy literary society" of Boston, where with congenial men like Dana, Fields, Longfellow, and Lowell he would fall into that easy chat of which he was master. As Prescott the historian wrote of him, "I do not think he made much impression as a critic. But the Thackeray vein is rich in what is better than criticism."

And how did he find us? He came to us not as so many Englishmen have, with pride that only fortifies itself, but open and ready for new impressions. "Broadway," he wrote, "is miles upon miles long a rush of life such as I never have seen . . . houses are always being torn down and built up again . . . the rush and restlessness please me, and I like (for a little) the dash of the stream." "They begin without a dollar and make fortunes in 5 years . . . the pace is awful. No man lives in his fathers house —" "In 50 years the population will treble that of Britain —" "Here is the future: here is the great English empire to be when the Gauls and Cossacks may have trampled out our old freedom . . . Lord Lord I am going away presently a thousand miles to give a few lectures: a thousand miles is as nothing here: there are thousands and thousands beyond Cincinnati; and plenty and liberty for every man for hundreds of years yet to come. I almost feel young again as I drink up this young air."

I have been quoting copiously from *The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray*, in four volumes, so skillfully edited by **Gordon N. Ray**. One enters and is absorbed by the intimacy, the many-peopled activity of these pages in which the manly, pensive, bantering voice of Thackeray awakens the characteristic response from "Old Fitz," from Fields, from his differing and adoring mother in Paris, from his two sprightly daughters, and from those women to whom he turned in his loneliness. "I can't live without the tenderness of some woman," he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield even as he knew that he was breaking with her; he felt that he was too old and spent, past his prime (at forty-two!), too old for the American Beatrix, Sally Baxter, whom he had found in New York and was falling in love with. What emerges from the reticence of these later letters, what identifies us so touchingly with the man, is Thackeray's feeling of insecurity at the thought of oncoming death, his urgency to make money now, and quickly, for his children and demented wife, before he goes, and his realization that he is spending himself prodigiously. When vitality surges up in him, he feels an incentive for public life, for Parliament, perhaps, and when he is down, he confesses his fading interest in literature. ". . . but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun, any more. I don't seem to care about these any more, or for praise, or for abuse, or for

reputation of that kind. That literary play is played out, and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all."

I feel that I have come to know Thackeray, and not only Thackeray but his inner circle here, in London, and in Paris. And I feel that we owe Mr. Ray immeasurable gratitude for the fair-mindedness, the enormous patience and sympathy, and the self-effacing scholarship which have made these four volumes as impeccable as they are alive.

Hell in Haiti

History comes down to us in its most immediate form in the great journals and letters of an epoch. When Pepys talks to himself, when Horace Walpole records his day, when Thackeray shares his life with Mrs. Brookfield, we who come after are made participants in a century as plausible as our own, but more picturesque. The great autobiographers, Cellini, William Hickey, and Henry Adams, to name three, achieve the same immediacy; and so do the great historians Thucydides and Winston Churchill, who partake in what they write. But in biography, history comes to us at one remove, and in the historical novel, at two.

Novelists like Reade, Stendhal, and Tolstoy have genius enough to span the distance, feeding on source material and the partisan chronicles of biographers and historians; then blending and rearranging, they end by creating individuals in a pattern so true to life that no after age can question it. Charles Reade's Middle Ages, the Waterloo of Stendhal, and the St. Petersburg of Tolstoy are facts fired by great imagination. But let us not be spendthrift in using that adjective "great." When I turn into *Lydia Bailey* to be told by the blurb writer that the author, **Kenneth Roberts**, is "America's greatest historical novelist," my back goes up. I want to be shown that this book belongs in a great company.

As I see it, these are the obligations of your historical novelist: to tell a good story, to create one or more characters so true to their time and so credible that they radiate confidence, and to supply, through a network of detail and incident, the verisimilitude of a vanished age. In *Lydia Bailey* Mr. Roberts has linked together two scenes of spectacular violence and color, the uprising of the blacks in Haiti under Toussaint L'Ouverture and the guerrilla leader Dessalines, and the fierce hijacking of American ships by the Barbary pirates. In a chain of events stretching from the State of Maine to the Caribbean and thence to the Mediterranean, Mr. Roberts's hero, young, likable Albion Hamlin, is enticed into both of these lurid episodes. Albion falls in love with a miniature painted by Gilbert Stuart. The original of the little picture, the lovely Lydia, has disappeared in San Domingo, and with an ingenuousness that makes me suspicious, Albion sets out to find her. The clues lead him into a hypocritical courtship, then to French *émigrés* in Philadelphia and William Bartram's Garden, and thence by some

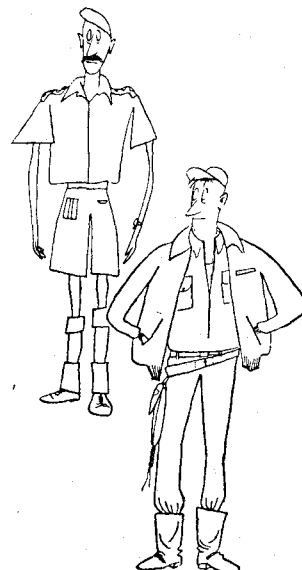
This is the Story

BY DAVID L. COHN



This is the story of a thousand places and a thousand people. With the perfectly timed thrust of the master raconteur, David Cohn tells the story of a walk through bombsmitten London with Jacob Epstein; he reasons why European women make better wives than American, offers a brilliant summation of the bitter story of Palestinian colonization.

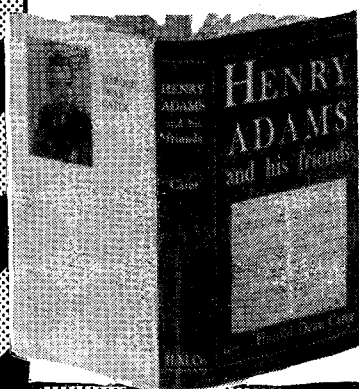
Here are a Mississippi cotton picker turned grave-digger, a Polish widow, a Monte Carlo courtesan, a Jewish colonizer, a Hindu industrialist — the people who are so different yet so much the same. Serious, meaty and constructive, impatient of hypocrisy and humbug, it has the Cohn flavor and characteristic abundance of witty and delightful absurdities. **\$3.50**



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This new collection of Henry Adams' letters highlights a generally undiscovered facet of his personality. Here is Adams in the small circle of his intimate friends in Washington, and on a jaunt to the South Seas where he listened to the memoirs of the Queen of Tahiti, in affectionate correspondence with the young nieces who refused to let him become a complete recluse. From these letters Henry Adams emerges as a scholar, teacher, writer and warm-hearted dilettante.



Editor: Harold Dean Cater, a historian, bases much of his new material on Adams on the recently discovered John Gorham Palfrey letters which form the nucleus of this collection. **\$7.50**

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sleight of hand to Haiti. Here he pops out of the frying pan into the fire, picks up Lydia, who is never surprised by unexpected events, and with her pops back into the frying pan, coming home to Portland by way of the Barbary pirates.

It is unfair to skeletonize a long story, and I give these few ironic clues because I want to suggest that Mr. Roberts has disappointed me in his first two obligations. The ingredients of a good story — or to be precise, the ingredients of two good stories — are here, the first centering in the Caribbean and ending after the escape, and the second cycle, which begins in France and which runs its own quite independent course. I wish the novelist had concentrated on either, for the two halves of the book are not firmly integrated or fully developed.

I wish Mr. Roberts had a clearer sense of what to eliminate from his first drafts. His novels, even the best of them, have a tendency to sprawl, and in this case, as in *Northwest Passage*, there are a beginning, a middle, and an end, and then without pause for breath, another beginning and middle and end. It adds up to too much, and in the protraction, in the constant shift from one background to the next, the main characters lose their orientation, they become flat rather than forceful, the victims of romance rather than of a reality.

But in the heat and the fighting at Haiti, in his description of the manor houses now in black hands, in his account of the burning of Cap François and the storming of Crête à Pierrot, in his caricature of Dessalines, in his vignettes of rapine and slaughter, Mr. Roberts achieves verisimilitude. The compulsion here comes from the clash and color of the incidents, rather than from any character.

American ingenuity

I know few observers of social and economic conditions who are at once as shrewd and as humane as **David L. Cohn**. A Southerner born in the Delta and early cognizant of the roots of poverty, a Mississippian who has compared the brutality of "white supremacy" with the humanism taught him by William Alexander Percy (author of *Lanterns on the Levee*), a business executive who made his stake cleanly in the New Orleans of Huey Long, an economist who knows from the inside the ramifications of a company like Sears, Roebuck, the author of a sound book on the American tariff, and of short stories which Sinclair Lewis has rated among the best about the American Negro, Mr. Cohn has grown to be an American free lance of diverse knowledge and fair judgment.

In 1944 and 1945, with the approval of General Somervell, he flew abroad to watch our Army Service Forces in the field, traveling some forty thousand miles to observe our technicians, our free-speaking GI's, as they performed their prodigies in Europe, Corsica, the Near East, India, Burma, China. He kept notes all the way; and these, on his return, he has expanded into a swift, colorful, highly personal-

ized chronicle, *This Is the Story*, an enormous and active mosaic not of combat but of how American Innocents Abroad were reshaping, however temporarily, an alien and laggard world.

Mr. Cohn, who is a good linguist, had traveled widely in Europe before the war, and as he studies Britain, Florence, or the Paris of Liberation, it is with remembrance of the days of appeasement, the reckless conversations he heard in the Warsaw of 1936, and of Vienna's plight before Hitler marched into Austria.

But when he comes to Palestine and Iran his new measurements begin. He is quick to note the GI ingenuity with which we operated the Persian Gulf ports such as that hellhole Khorramshahr, and the ingenuity with which our Transportation Officers ran the Iranian Railway from Teheran to Ahwaz. His strictures on the disease and illiteracy of Iraq and on what has happened to the 100 million dollars of oil royalties, his sane and comprehensive scrutiny of India, his interest in *Yank's* poll of what the girls in Cairo think of American soldiers, his pen portraits of leaders like Chaim Weizmann, Lord Wavell, and General Pick, the engineer who built the incredible Ledo Road — these are but a few of the high lights in a book that is copious, farsighted, and at its best, prophetic.

An apologia

It is not often that a statistic gets away from the editorial department, but when it does, it is apt to be a whopper. Such was the case in the January *Atlantic* when I referred to the "20 billion tons of newsprint" which came out of our forests last year. It should, of course, have been 20 *million* tons, the figure including not only newsprint but all kinds of paper produced in the United States. In a friendly note Mr. Charles S. Proctor of the Proctor Paper Company writes: —

"To keep in stride with your 20 billions I think I should address you, not as Mr. Weeks, but as Mr. Millenniums.

"In truth our forests are being depleted very fast. About seventy-five years ago, when wood pulp was first used in the manufacture of paper, 'Wood Pulp' (Senator Warner) Miller of Herkimer, New York, said: 'We have here, in these great forests of Maine and New Hampshire, stock enough for hundreds and thousands of years.' His vision was cock-eyed, to use the vernacular. So we have to go farther afield for our pulp; Alaska, perhaps, bye and bye. With the introduction of wood pulp, Newton Upper Falls, Massachusetts, began to lose its prestige as the largest papermaking center of the United States, that locality producing about six tons per diem, which, if all *newsprint*, would not supply even one of our small suburban dailies.

"*Nota Bene*: The twenty million tons of *all kinds* of paper produced in the United States this year equals about two carloads *every minute, day and night*, of each working day."

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LINCOLN ETERNAL

by A. W.

A SHELF OF LINCOLN BOOKS, by Paul M. Angle
(Rutgers Univ. Press, \$3.00)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: HIS SPEECHES AND WRITINGS,
edited by Roy P. Basler (World Pub. Co., \$3.75)

LEGENDS THAT LIBEL LINCOLN, by M. S. Lewis
(Rinehart, \$2.75)

THE DIARY OF A PUBLIC MAN, Prefatory Notes by
F. Lauriston Bullard (Rutgers Univ. Press, \$3.00)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE WIDOW BIXBY, by
F. Lauriston Bullard (Rutgers Univ. Press, \$3.00)

LINCOLN'S WAR CABINET, by Burton J. Hendrick
(Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.00)

THE LINCOLN READER, edited by Paul M. Angle
(Rutgers Univ. Press, \$3.75)

That the fascination which Abraham Lincoln exerts on students of his life and times is shared by the American public is indicated by the ready acceptance of an apparently never ending succession of "Lincoln Books." The second half of 1946 produced the first six listed above, and the latest comer, Paul Angle's *Lincoln Reader*, might have been added to the 1946 list if it had not been chosen as the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for February, 1947.

In July, 1946, Mr. Angle published his *Shelf of Lincoln Books*, which he correctly described as a "critical, selective bibliography," covering the really significant and important contributions to the body of Lincolniana of the last eighty years. Only one of the other six volumes in our present list appeared in time to be included in his bibliography. Perhaps it would be well, in the future, for publishers to present Lincoln bibliographies in loose-leaf form. They may be out of date in a matter of months. With the Lincoln material in the Congressional Library which is to be made available in 1947, an indefinite expansion is indicated for the future. And, if only the present rate of one Lincoln book a month is maintained, it is not safe to assume that these additional volumes are, or will be, trivial or repetitive. Lincoln scholarship today is too highly developed and too widely diffused to permit the offering of hasty or ill-considered works on the subject to critics or to the public. An author must be at least abreast of modern Lincoln scholars and have something new and interesting to say, if his contribution to the vast existing corpus of Lincolniana is to meet with any kind of approval.

There is nothing new in the idea of a Lincoln bibliography. The value of Mr. Angle's volume lies in its "critical and selective" qualities. In the first place, he has omitted all the trash and trivia. In the second, he has assessed the contributions of the more important books with knowledge and fairness. Certainly it is a book which no student of

Lincoln, not already equipped with his own library and opinions, can afford to be without.

I should like to quote *in toto* Mr. Angle's remarks on Mr. Basler's *Abraham Lincoln: His Speeches and Writings*, first because I am in entire agreement with the opinions expressed, and also because these remarks present an excellent example of Mr. Angle's shorter criticism: —

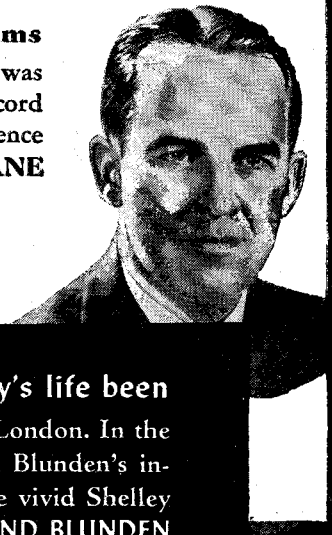
"For the scholar, Basler's selection is clearly superior to Stern's [*The Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln*, by Philip Van Doren Stern, 1940], and many general readers will find it equally satisfactory. The collection, chosen for literary significance, historical importance, and human interest, comprises 228 items to Stern's 274, but every letter or speech is complete. Moreover, Basler's is the only general collection of Lincoln's writings in which a successful effort to achieve textual accuracy has been made. In more than three-fourths of his selections the editor has taken his text from the original document or a photostatic copy of it; for the remainder he has relied upon the best authenticated printed version. Like Stern, he introduces each selection by a prefatory statement.

"In an Introduction of considerable length Basler discusses the devices by which Lincoln, often unconsciously, gave vent to his 'love of words and symbols and his eternal craving to entertain people and to create beauty.' His analysis, though occasionally somewhat technical, is both keen and sound."

In a spirit of noble abnegation, the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* have ordained that no book published by the Atlantic Monthly Press shall be reviewed in this magazine. This regulation, which each month causes high blood pressures and an occasional attack of the falling sickness among the *Atlantic* staff, may surely be waived in the review of a group of books. It would be absurd to omit Burton J. Hendrick's *Lincoln's War Cabinet* from a list of current Lincoln volumes. Mr. Hendrick's scholarship as an historian of the period is of the highest order, his studies and estimates of the personalities of the members involved in Lincoln's immediate entourage are of an equally valuable and penetrating biographical insight. Each member of Lincoln's War Cabinet is presented whole, his background and upbringing, the forces developing his character and personality, the motives and nature of his actions — the portrait of each of these uncommon, ambitious men is complete and satisfying in itself.

But, central and controlling among them, emerges the steadily growing figure of Lincoln. They were — most of them — slow to admit his stature and pre-eminence. Seward and Chase had good reason to believe themselves better qualified than their chief for leadership. The event demonstrated his superiority. It is in tracing and developing Lincoln's control of his discordant cabinet and his eventual acceptance by them as a leader of heroic

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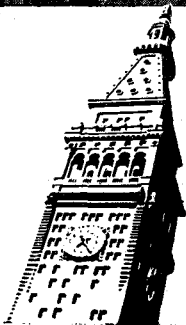
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proportions that Mr. Hendrick's book achieves unity and a dramatic integrity. No other historian or biographer has told the story of this group so well or so impressively. And it is only through understanding the complexities presented by the combination of external events and the internal dissensions of his administration that Lincoln's greatness as a leader can be appreciated.

Mr. Lauriston Bullard's two volumes are not so "important" as the preceding ones, but they are interesting as candid discussions of debatable questions. The Widow Bixby did not lose five sons — as the War Department told Mr. Lincoln — but two. No original copy of Lincoln's famous letter exists, the so-called "facsimiles" being clumsy forgeries. John Hay is reputed — at second, third, and fourth hand — to have claimed that *he* wrote the letter. Mr. Bullard produces the copy of a letter signed by John Hay in which he stated that the Bixby letter itself was genuine, presumably meaning that Lincoln composed and signed it. Mr. Bullard believes that Mr. Hay, a young man at that time, with a rather lush prose style, was wholly unable to write such a letter in the authentic Lincoln idiom. If he did so, it was a unique performance on his part. While Mr. Bullard cannot disprove the pro-Hay testimony, few will question his judgment of the internal evidence and the vast difference between the known Lincoln style and that of Hay's acknowledged writing.

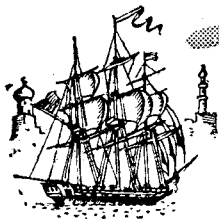
The Diary of a Public Man has puzzled Lincoln scholars ever since its original publication in the *North American Review* in 1879. Neither the *Review's* then editor, the brilliant Allen Thorndike Rice, nor his successor, Lloyd Bryce, ever revealed the name of the author of this important, but incomplete, diary covering the Washington scene on the brink of the Civil War. No Sherlock Holmes among Lincoln scholars has discovered his identity. If authentic, the *Diary* has really great historical value. If a literary hoax, it is a performance of astonishing virtuosity. It could only have been forged by someone with an amazing knowledge not only of the period but of the way of thinking and feeling and writing of a cultivated man of the world, in a time of chaos and confusion, conveying the "intimations," as Carl Sandburg writes in his foreword, "of that strange hush preceding a hurricane." Mr. Bullard presents all the known facts about the *Diary* in an excellent preface, concluding that, although all scholars would gladly accept it as a genuine historical document, the doubt remains. "And if this 'Diary' is in fact a fake, it has full right to be pronounced an — almost — perfect crime." Published for the first time in a medium-priced edition, with full notes and references, this extraordinary document is now made available to the general public.

In *Legends That Libel Lincoln*, Montgomery S. Lewis has gone to great pains to prove that Abraham's father, Thomas Lincoln, was not a shiftless,

penniless itinerant farmer; that Abraham was not driven insane by wild, tragic grief over the loss of Ann Rutledge, who was not the love of his life; that he did not fail to appear at his scheduled marriage to Mary Todd; that Mary Todd Lincoln was not a hellcat and a shrew but a good wife and mother, afflicted with a growing "cerebral" malady, which culminated in insanity; that she was shamefully maligned by contemporary and later writers who pictured Lincoln's home life as a hell on earth in order to augment his tragic stature as a man of sorrows. Most readers will agree that Mr. Lewis's arguments are, on the whole, convincing. One may feel that these "libels," based largely on Herndon's opinions and material, have been already generally discounted, and that Mr. Lewis is using a gun of rather too large a caliber for mosquito shooting. His book, however, will correct some popular misconceptions.

The Lincoln Reader, edited by Paul M. Angle, can be most easily described in the editor's own words: it is "a biography written by 65 authors. From their writings 179 selections have been chosen and arranged to form an integrated narrative. Great names in Lincoln biography — Carl Sandburg, Ida M. Tarbell, Lord Charnwood, Albert J. Beveridge, William H. Herndon, John G. Nicolay, and John Hay — stand out prominently; others, like James G. Randall and Benjamin P. Thomas, are better known to scholars than to the general public. Quite a few whose writings appear here have been forgotten by almost everyone, and at least two who wrote contemporary news stories which I have included have never emerged from anonymity. And I suppose there are not many readers who would include Lincoln himself in a list of Lincoln biographers, yet some of his writings have notable biographical significance."

This modest statement, however, does small justice to the wise selectivity shown by the editor. The idea of a coherent biography consisting of the best selections from a number of authorities dealing with each phase of the subject's career is, in itself, a bold conception. In the case of Lincoln, where the mass of available material is really stupendous, the task assumes terrifying proportions. Only a scholar of Mr. Angle's broad and comprehensive grasp could have succeeded in this undertaking. That he has succeeded is apparent to anyone after reading a chapter or two. Moreover, his success is achieved with an appearance of ease, as if — as was probably the case — he knew his material so thoroughly, and had already so assayed and assessed its comparative values, that the matter of choosing what to publish was no difficult affair. This apparent ease, this sureness of touch, are possible only to one who is a complete master of his subject, and Mr. Angle is obviously such a master. If this book is read in combination with his *Shelf of Lincoln Books*, in which the various authorities quoted in *The Lincoln Reader* are wisely and good-



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HAROLD NICOLSON, reviewing *Complacent Dictator* in *The Observer*, found in it "a frankness unusual even in unprofessional diplomats . . . admirably written . . . I read this story with fascination and delight."

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naturally appraised, the reader has in his hands a complete course on the life of Abraham Lincoln. This knowledgeable reduction of a great volume of material into significant selections which combine coherently as a biography is a genuine service to the general reader, which will also be applauded by scholars. In addition, it is presented as a fascinating and deeply interesting book.

The selection of this volume by the Book-of-the-Month Club is a wise choice. It is notably well illustrated and is distinguished in format. Credit should be given to the Rutgers University Press, under whose imprimatur four of the seven Lincoln books described above have appeared. This is a real contribution to American scholarship concerned with the most American of our great men and heroes, that eternal Lincoln who, in simple truth, belongs to all men and "to the ages."

THE SHORE DIMLY SEEN

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Ellis Gibbs Arnall

LIPPINCOTT

GOVERNOR ARNALL will be forty years old this coming March; so *The Shore Dimly Seen* can hardly be called a definitive autobiography. But Mr. Arnall is jogging along in his profession, which is that of politician, at a fairly steady clip. It was a generous gesture on his part to commit his personality to the kind of public scrutiny which may be had only through a book.

For it remains true, even in this day of the ghost writer, that a book exposes its author as nothing else does. A book protects the reader from the deceptive magic of the warm handclasp and ready smile; it leaves him free of the mass contagion which oratory, even radio oratory, inspires. If more of our politicians could be persuaded to undertake midstream autobiographies, as Governor Arnall has done, representative government would function with perhaps a little more firmness and assurance.

This is all easy to say, because, on the whole, Mr. Arnall does very well by himself. He gives us a man of candor, courage, good motives, and intelligence.

Of candor, we have his admission that he has looked toward politics since he first began to feel the promptings of ambition, and that success in politics begins with careful fence-building and is achieved through the medium of artful electioneering and an "issue." Of courage, Mr. Arnall spares his readers specific instances; but the readers have no trouble detecting it. His motives are those of all men of good faith. And his career has been a creditable application of such motives to public affairs.

Thus Mr. Arnall's thinking on American industrialism is conditioned by the handicaps to industrialization which the South has suffered. His sturdy and reassuring anti-monopolism has its springs in the South's difficulties with railroad monopoly. His approach to the Negro question (and his discussion of this makes the best pages of his book) is at once humane and Southern. His views on the vices of demagoguery were acquired at his own front door. And his attitude toward the consuming problem of this age—which is that of reconciling nationalism with peace—has that kind of simplicity which, valuable as it is, comes out of unfamiliarity.

Mr. Arnall's book is useful for what it tells us of the "new" South. It is useful for what it tells us about Mr. Arnall. And it provides comforting evidence that a clean and simple prose style can be compatible with the profession of politician.

PHILIP WAGNER

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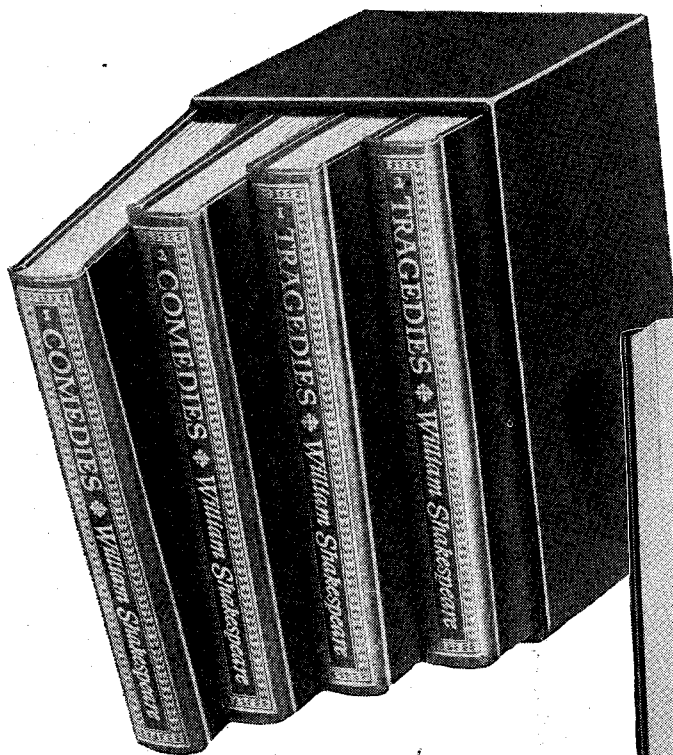
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MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE

Eric Hodgins

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THE desire to buy an old house in the country and fix it up is a disease, like dipsomania, and apparently incurable, though not always so painful as Mr. Blandings's attack. Everything happens to him that can happen to anybody, and more, one hopes, than does happen to anybody. He and Mrs. Blandings are like a couple of young trout in a school of pike. It is funny, and you laugh and laugh, but all the while your pocketbook bleeds in sympathy with theirs. It is most horribly true. You read about Mr. Hackett, and you say to your wife or husband, "That's old Gouge to a T," or about Mr. Retch, and say, "Remember what Mr. Chisel did to us?" Mr. Blandings among the lawyers, the architects, the contractors, the bankers, the carpenters, the plumbers, the neighbors — the methods change, but the end is the same: he is thoroughly trimmed.

And he is such a nice chap, following the gleam, but barking his shins all the time; watching his bank balance melt like butter on a hot plate, and wondering where he will get more butter. As Mrs. Blandings says plaintively in her diary, there is something wrong somewhere.

His story is simple. He and his wife see a "sweet old farmhouse," nestling against a hill; they fall in love with it; they buy it. Then Mr. Apollonio charges them for telling them it is too decrepit to renovate, and they pay Mr. Perlasky to pull it down. They pay Mr. Funkhauser, an architect, for blueprints to modernize the house that is now no more, and engage Mr. Simms, an architect of saintly patience but still expensive, to superintend the building of a new house on the old site.

In the course of this glad-sad-mad chronicle Mr. Hodgins discloses himself as an accomplished novelist, with a shrewd eye and a deft touch. William Steig's psychoanalytic drawings add greatly to the hilarity. Together they provide a complete antidote for dream-housing. But will it stop a single city person from buying a sweet old farmhouse in the country? Probably not.

ROBERT M. GAY

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John F. Fulton

CHARLES C. THOMAS

SURGEON, diarist, traveler, bibliophile, molder of more than a generation of medical students in the highly technical field of brain surgery, a specialty of which he was virtually the founder, Harvey Cushing always wished to be remembered as a "good doctor." The tradition of medicine ran strongly in his family. Not content to follow the more simple lines of practice, Cushing chose deliberately the hardest and least known type of surgery, the exploration of the brain, bringing to it thorough investigation, sound judgment, and a deep understanding of human nature.

The story of Cushing's life has been compiled by his biographer in a manner that would have won the wholehearted approval of Harvey Cushing himself. He liked "to look all around a problem," and his junior colleague, Professor Fulton, has taken the precept of his teacher. Cushing had already set down the lines of his own biography when he wrote his *Life of Sir William Osler*. Dr. Fulton, moreover, found an abundance of basic material, for Cushing kept diaries, many of them cleverly illustrated, from the time of his school days almost up to the end of his life. By judicious selection from these and from Cushing's other writing, Dr. Fulton has produced a readable account which should stir the imagination of the average reader. For Cushing was a somewhat controversial figure in medicine, a man who was frequently dogmatic and sometimes clearly wrong. His peppery temper not infrequently

displeased his contemporaries, but no one ever questioned the worth of his contributions.

Anyone who wishes to understand the last fifty years of life in America should read this fine biography.

HENRY R. VIETS, M.D.

1 1 1

TOUCHED WITH FIRE

\$3.00

Ed. by Mark DeWolfe Howe HARVARD UNIV. PRESS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR., has attained the position reached by few, where everything he wrote, said, and did should be recorded in readily available form. An important joint contribution to Holmes lore is made by Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Howe, in this collection of the "Civil War Letters and Diary of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr." The highly appropriate title was made possible by the justice himself in a Memorial Day address.

The contacts with fire of a junior officer of the 20th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, and later an aide-de-camp to the commanding general of the Sixth Corps, flash vividly through more than three years of war. Participating in many important campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, and wounded in three of them, Holmes is not expounding theory. His diary, letters, sketches, and maps reveal a highly intelligent and brilliant young man outlining to his family details of life at the front. There are pleas for letters and more letters; familiar requests for personal articles, clothing, delicacies; an urgent call for the *Atlantic Monthly*. There burns enthusiasm for the cause he calls a crusade.

At times Holmes betrays pessimism for the success of Northern arms. There are the perennial "grousings" peculiar to soldier life, sharp criticism of inefficient superiors, and the normal querulousness evoked by unfair bestowal of credit for the deeds of one's own organization. All are components of the *esprit de corps* of a good fighting unit. Writes Captain Holmes, "I really very much doubt whether there is any Regt wh. can compare with ours in the Army of the Potomac."

There is an occasional trace of the colloquialisms and the colorful literary style of the future justice: "A bullet has a most villainous greasy slide through the air." "My hand is cold so that I sling a nasty quill." "I irk the lengthened tale when told with pen." The "utter absence of comfort is the least fault of that modern Gomorrah" — Washington.

Here controversy about accuracy of portrayal of the man, as in biography or the drama, is impossible. These are the genuine beginnings. Garb, title, and topic may be strange, but this is the youth who became Mr. Justice Holmes.

RAYMOND S. WILKINS

1 1 1

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To quote an affirmation from the jacket of this richly stocked anthology is perhaps the most economical way of describing the author and what she has undertaken to do: "An epicure's zestful visit to the festive boards of ancient and modern literature." Upwards of seventy such boards or cellars are represented, lavish reminders that one of the great pleasures of human life has always been the selection, preparation, and consumption of food and drink. The reader is bound to be impressed by the list of authors who have savored this noble fact. It gives a peculiar unity to Mrs. Fisher's listings: a gusto just as conscientiously asserted by John Evelyn in the seventeenth century as by John Steinbeck in the twentieth.

FRENCH PERSONALITIES AND PROBLEMS

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the same belief in the importance of cookery held by the *Atlantic's* Della Lutes in her country kitchen and by André Simon of the Wine and Food Society. Mrs. Fisher has indexed her authors alphabetically, and the reader can glance at the S's, for example, to judge the range of her choice: —

George Saintsbury, Edgar Saltus, Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Sévigné, William Shakespeare, André Simon, Sydney Smith, Tobias Smollett, John Steinbeck, G. B. Stern, James Stevens, Eugene Sue, Robert Smith Surtees, Jonathan Swift.

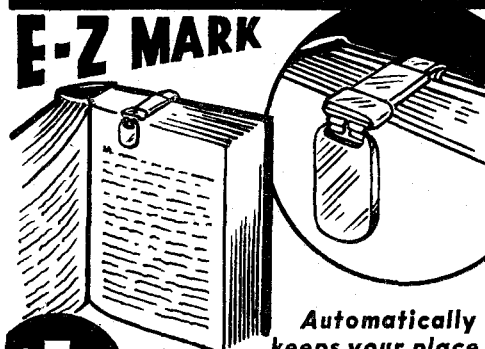
Mrs. Fisher acknowledges assistance from a dozen or more of her friends, but even so, one can think of no other food authority of the present day who has read so widely or chosen so well. Her own comments and introductory notes are always to the point, and would make a highly readable short book in their own right. She has brought to bear just about every author who ought to have been included, and if she has omitted something from *A Guide for the Greedy*, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, I am perfectly willing to write the latter off as a rival gourmet who was more or less in business for herself on this sort of thing. Any Surtees meal is worth reading, and one would have to toss a coin to decide between Mrs. Fisher's excerpt from *Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities* and the buffoonish dinner in *Handley Cross* at which Jorrocks, the uninvited guest, ate the larder empty all by himself. The Bemelmans story "No Trouble At All" is enthroned here with the great, where it belongs. Finally, let us thank Mrs. Fisher for serving forth the Doctor's banquet from *Peregrine Pickle*, gamy, hot, and horrifying as ever and sadly in need of a reading by dehydrated exquisites.

CHARLES W. MORTON

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SIMON AND SCHUSTER

LAUGHTER is something, in the approximate words of Sir Max Beerbohm, of which no one has ever died. He ought to know. Another man who ought to know is Louis Untermeyer, editor of the present assembly; and after some vastly cheerful hours in the company of his selections I am ready to say that he is one of the top authorities. His anthology arrives as something new in the field, covering such disparate matter as humorous stories, poems, essays, tall tales, jokes, boners, epigrams, "memorable" quips, and "devastating" crushers. We have had in recent years two very fine and comprehensive volumes of laughter: *A Subtreasury of American Humor*, edited by E. B. White and Katharine S. White, and *A Treasury of British Humor*, edited by Morris Bishop. It seemed to one reader that these two books, which ought to be boxed as an entity, practically slammed the door in the face of other contenders for at least a decade to come. But no. Here is Mr. Untermeyer with something else again — British and American — as a worthy third.

One always looks for omissions in a book like this; it would be disappointing not to find some. A few readers will fail to understand why Sir A. P. Herbert, W. W. Jacobs, Noel Coward, A. A. Milne, Walter D. Edmonds, and Phyllis McGinley, for example, have no reserved seats. Herbert and Edmonds especially; for who can be funnier than A. P. H.? and the author of *Drums Along the Mohawk* has other risibles up his sleeve besides the much-anthologized "Death of Red Peril." But this is Mr. Untermeyer's choice, and the main thing to observe is that he has chosen brilliantly and widely. He eschews for the most part the terribly well known; "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" is still a Thurber ascendant, one may suppose. But there are many sketches by the late Stephen Leacock even funnier

than "My Financial Career." It is joy itself, however, to find resurrected from forgotten pages of the parent *Life* the little Lardner sapphire called mysteriously "I Gaspri — 'The Upholsterers.'"

As to small change: than Mr. Untermyer, no one can tell a good story better. Even pedestrian old stuff is pretty spruce under his editing, and the really good jokes take wing. You don't have to rummage in this collection. Just open it — and chain it down.

DAVID McCORD

THURLOW WEED: WIZARD OF THE LOBBY

Clyndon G. Van Deusen LITTLE, BROWN, \$4.00

THE life of Thurlow Weed, which began in 1797 and ended in 1882, spanned an era in American politics which, in many ways, makes a rather sordid story. This period gave rise to the spoils system, the legislative lobby, the alliance of business and politics, and, as the essential human agent combining these several phenomena and manipulating them for private advantage, the political boss.

Weed's unfinished *Autobiography*, supplemented by the *Memoir* of his grandson, Thurlow Weed Barnes, two valuable contributions to the political annals of a stormy epoch, were published more than sixty years ago, and have the prejudiced interpretations and studied omissions inevitable in personal and family recollections. Meanwhile a vast amount of material has been accumulating in great American libraries, historical societies, and private collections. Professor Van Deusen, of the University of Rochester, has made an exhaustive study of this material and has produced a book that combines instruction and entertainment.

This judiciously written narrative makes clear that the popular reputation Weed has enjoyed for a century and more rests on substantial ground. All the arts associated with the word "boss" he cultivated in high degree. He was a tricky politician, a merchandizer of votes, both at the ballot booth and in legislative chambers, a remorseless spoilsman, an impassioned partisan, a speculator in stocks on the basis of inside political information, a lobbyist who accepted bribes from corporations for "jamming through" bills they favored and "killing" measures they opposed, and the recognized legislative agent in Albany for the New York Central Railroad and the George Law traction crowd in a monstrously corrupt era — all of this greatly to his personal advantage, for Weed, whose youth and early married life had been passed in squalid want, spent his mature life and old age in luxury.

Mr. Van Deusen attempts to discover some items to put on the credit side of Weed's character and life. Weed had that loyalty to friends, that devotion to family, that geniality and gift for conversation and anecdote, and that generous, charitable nature that seem the *sine qua non* of the most successful machine leader, and he acquired an influence that extended far beyond his own state.

The one conspicuous inadequacy in Mr. Van Deusen's book is the extremely sketchy treatment of the most important episode in Weed's career — his effort, in association with Seward, to seize control of the Lincoln administration. It was this same intrigued-against President who gave Weed the opportunity for at least one great, unselfish public service. He sent Weed, in 1861, on a kind of Colonel House mission to Europe. His arrival coincided with the Trent episode, and his daily letters to Seward probably had much to do with Seward's skillful handling of that crisis. In this instance Weed stepped out of his role of party manager and for a brief moment became a statesman.

BURTON J. HENDRICK

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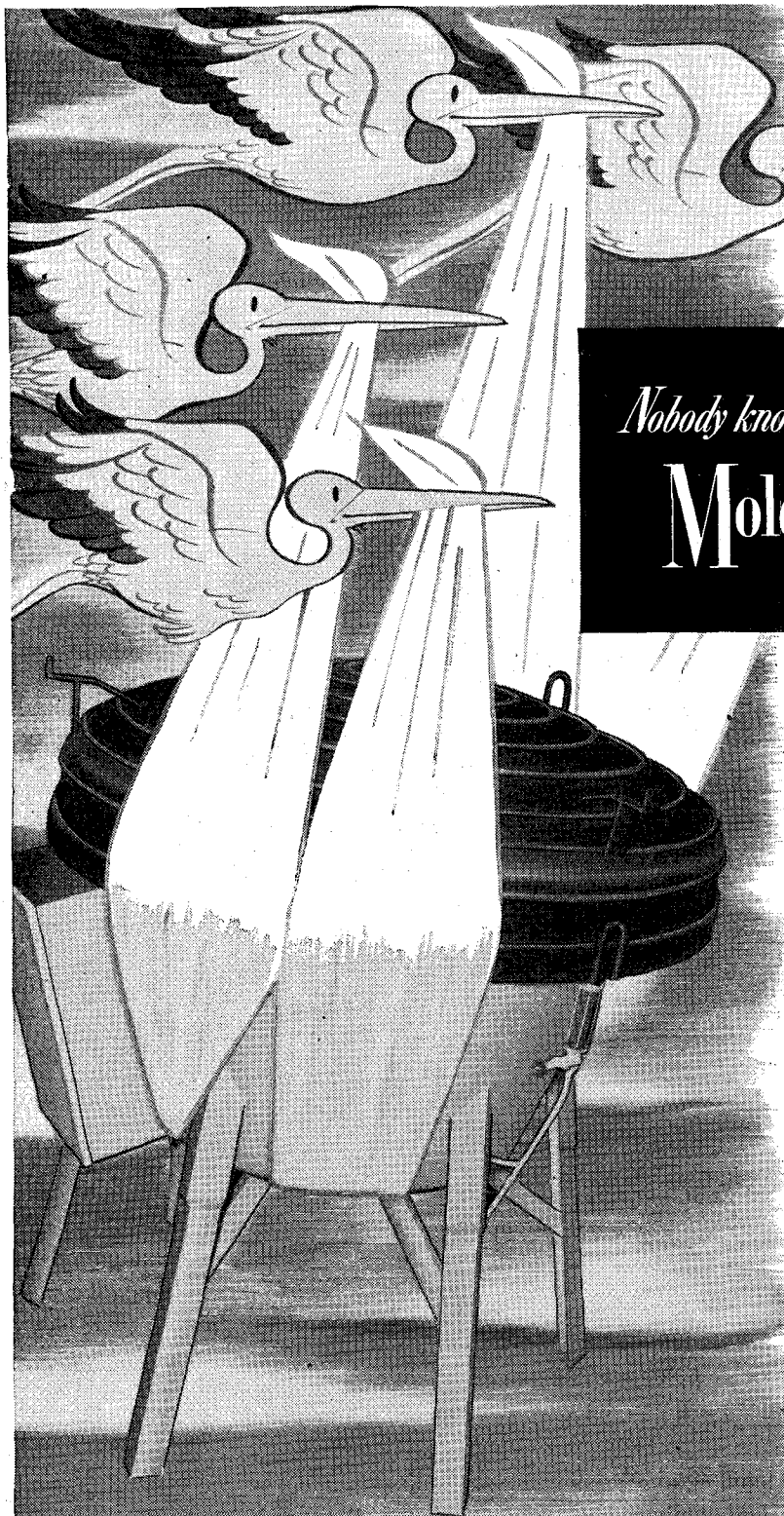
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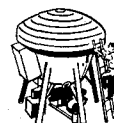


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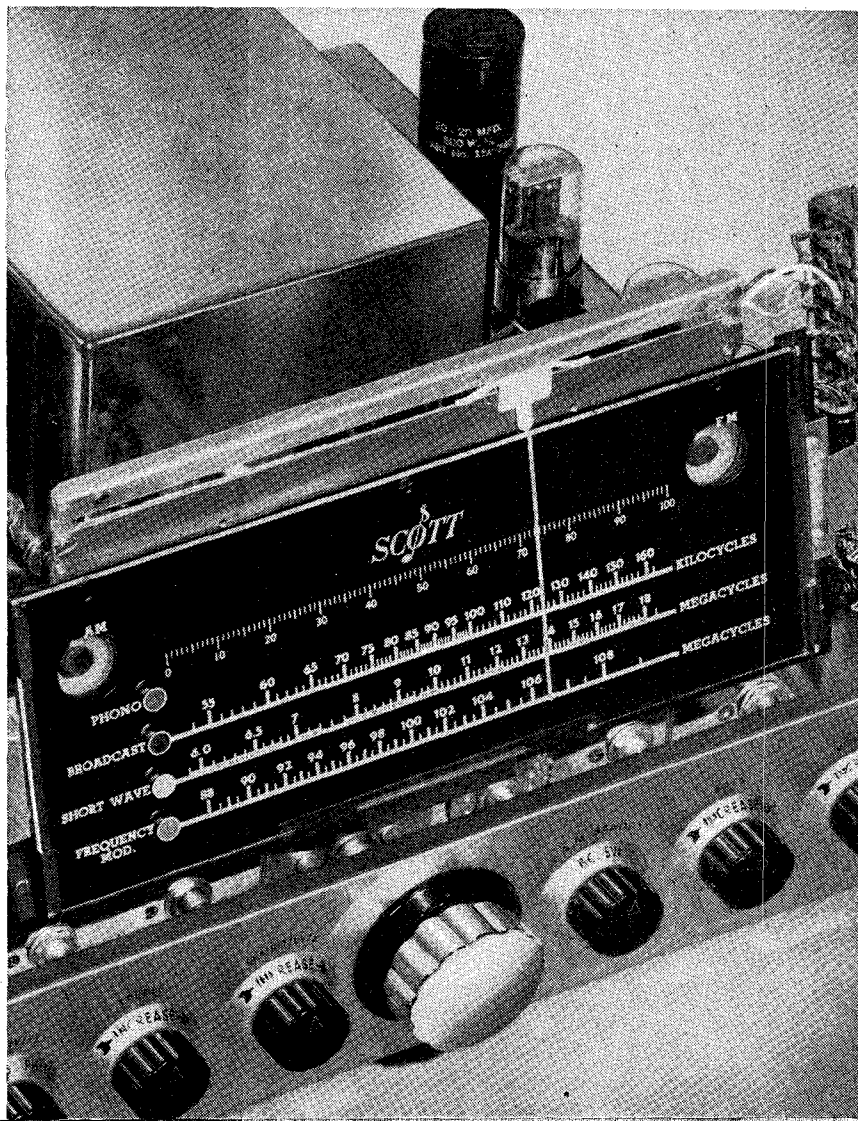
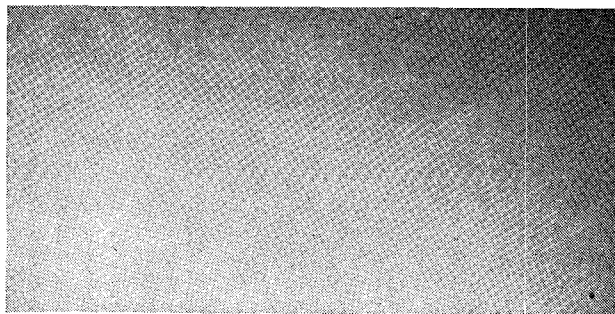
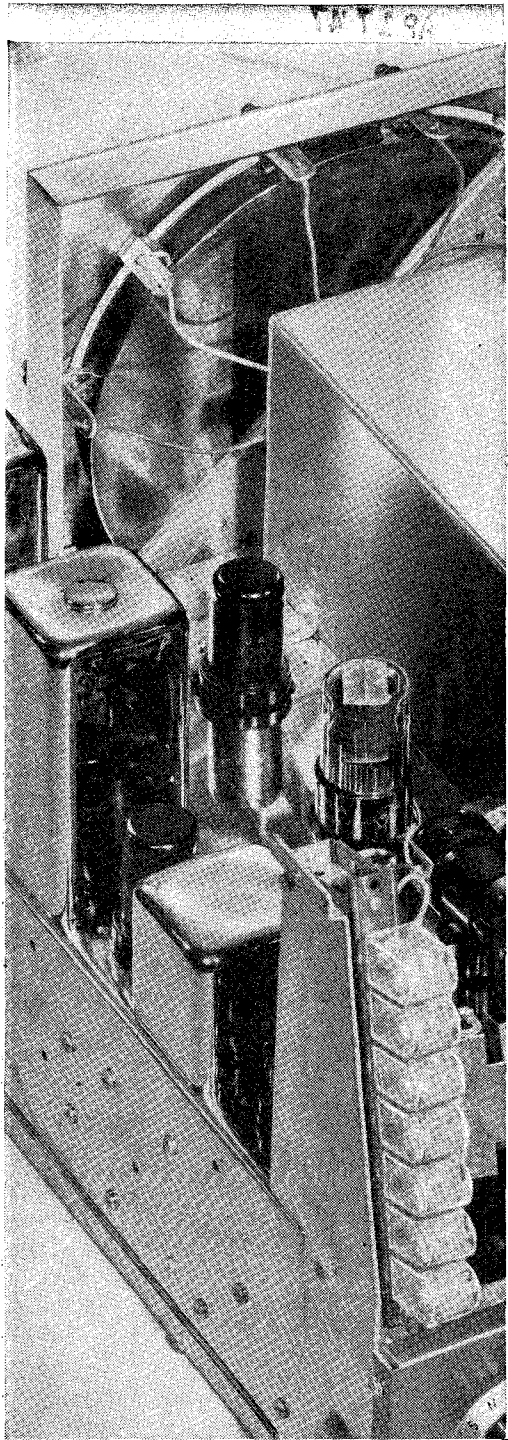
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